

INTERVIEW: Ex-Hustler Publisher Paul Krassner on Sex, Dope, Fun & Politics

High Times

October '78

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by Yuri Brokhin
Stoned Soviet Dissident

PARAPHERNALIA '78
Inside Story
of the \$350-Million
Business of Dope,
Decadence and Hash Pipes

GAY '90s
LEGAL NARCOTICS
Grandma's Medicine Chest

**WHY I HATE
MY BOYFRIEND**
by Catherine Guinness

**WHY I HATE
MY GIRL FRIEND**
by Victor Bockris

**RAISING SUPER
FEMALE PLANTS**
by Mel Frank

VIVA PEYOTE!
Magic Cactus Pix

**DOPE &
SEX**

**5 HORNY HIGHS
FOR SEX-CRAZED
DOPE FIENDS**
by Ed Dwyer

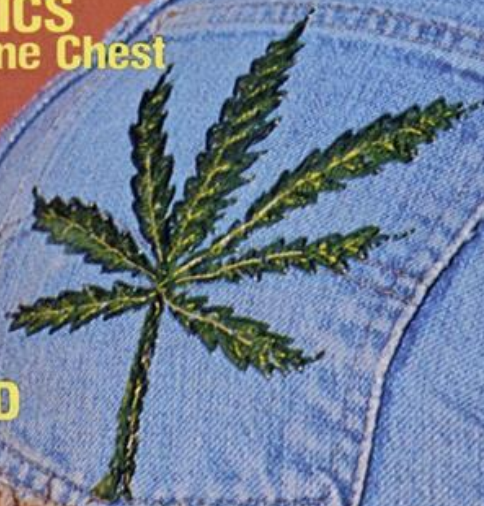
**4 THEORIES OF
SEX & DOPE**
by "R." Dope Connoisseur

**I WISH
I INVENTED SEX**
by Blondie

**9 REALLY RAUNCHY
SEX MAGS**
by Dean Latimer

**10 DELIGHTFULLY
NAUGHTY SEX TOYS**

TED NUGENT
Big-Game Hunting
in Africa



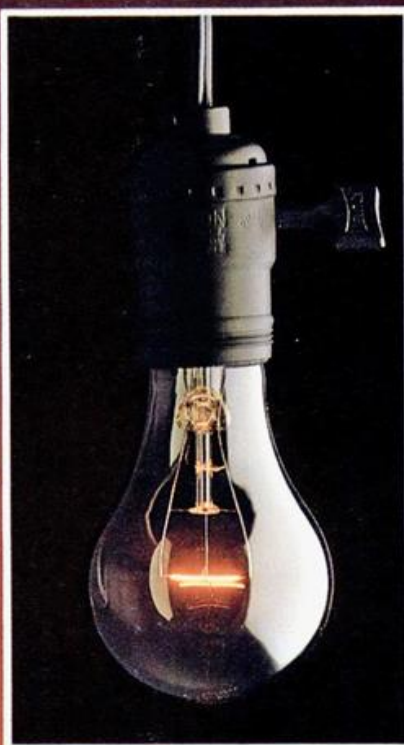
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REF: The Journal of Pharmacy and Pharmacology (University of London), 1976, 28pp. 1-7.



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Interview:
Paul Krassner 40

Paraphernalia '78
A. Craig Copetas 52

A Harvest-Time Exclusive
Mel Frank 57



Dope in Russia
Yuri Brokhin 61

Centerfold: For Medicinal Use Only 65



I Was a Dope-Crazed Sex Fiend
Ed Dwyer 68



High Style: Sex Toys
Steve Becker 71

Why I Hate My Boyfriend
Catherine Guinness 74

Why I Hate My Girl Friend
Victor Bockris 75

La Grande Chartreuse
Bernard Garfinkel 77

Dope Pictorial: Viva Peyote!
Mel Brown 80

Comix 85



HIGHWITNESS NEWS 27

Congressman Links Pot Smuggling & Terrorism 27
Fall Smoke-In Update 28
Cal. Judge Topples Pot Laws 31
High Crimes 32
Cocaine Confidential 33
Tim Leary's Son Busted for Acid 35



THE PLANET 95

Trans-Europe Canal Nears Completion 95
L.A.ers Clash in "Car Wars" 97
'Lombo Witch Pulls 50,000 Votes 98
Indian Ban on Movie Kisses Lifted 103
Rhodesia Trains Kids' Army 104

Cover by Mick Rock and Ernie Thormahlen

DEPARTMENTS

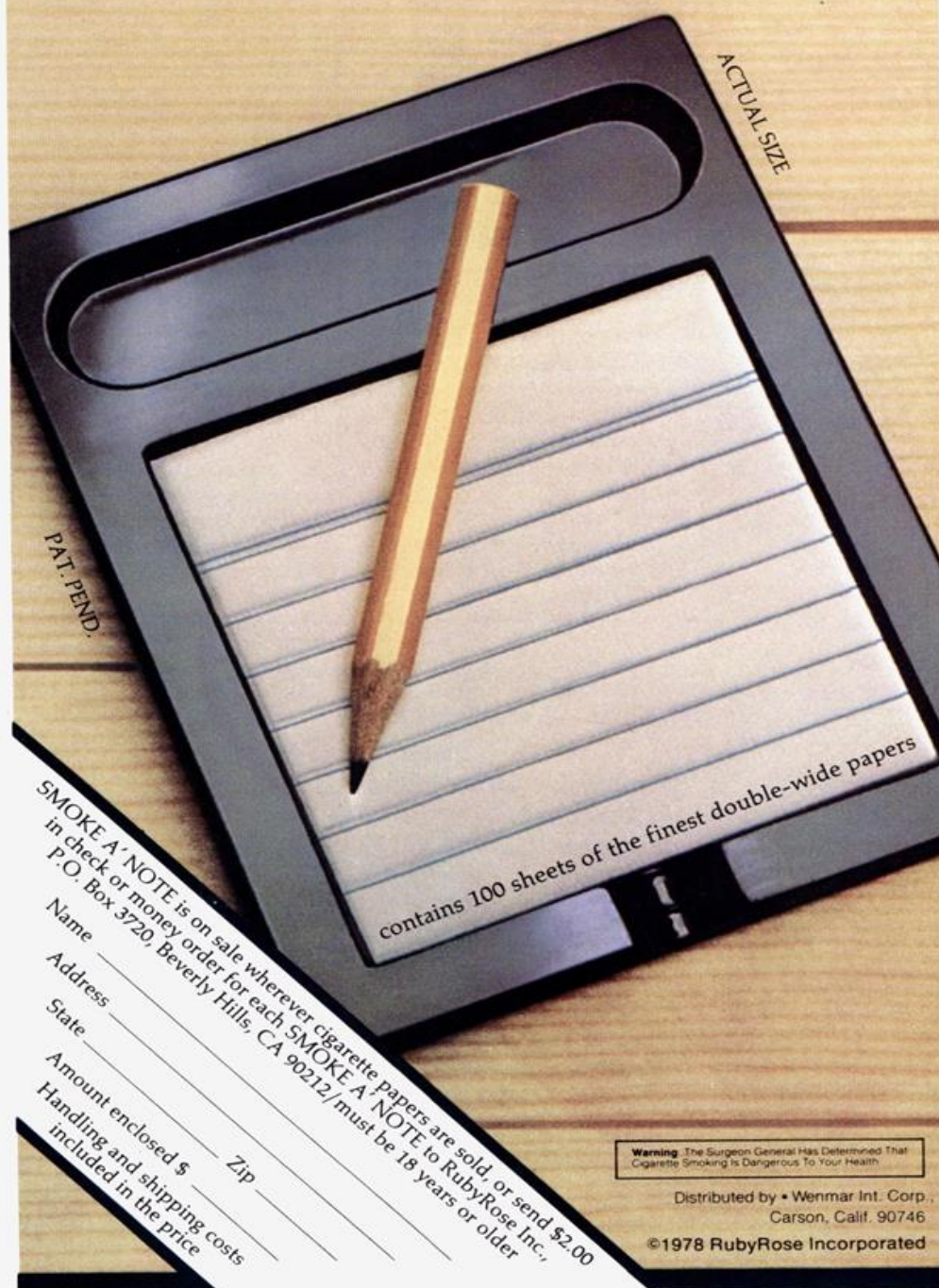
Opinion: Debbie "Blondie" Harry	6
Letters	8
Adviser	12
Sports	14
Sex	16
Media	18
High Society	22
Dope	24
Trans-High Market Quotations	38
Stash	109
Health	111
Law	113
Records	115
Books	123
Flash	129
Sideshow	130

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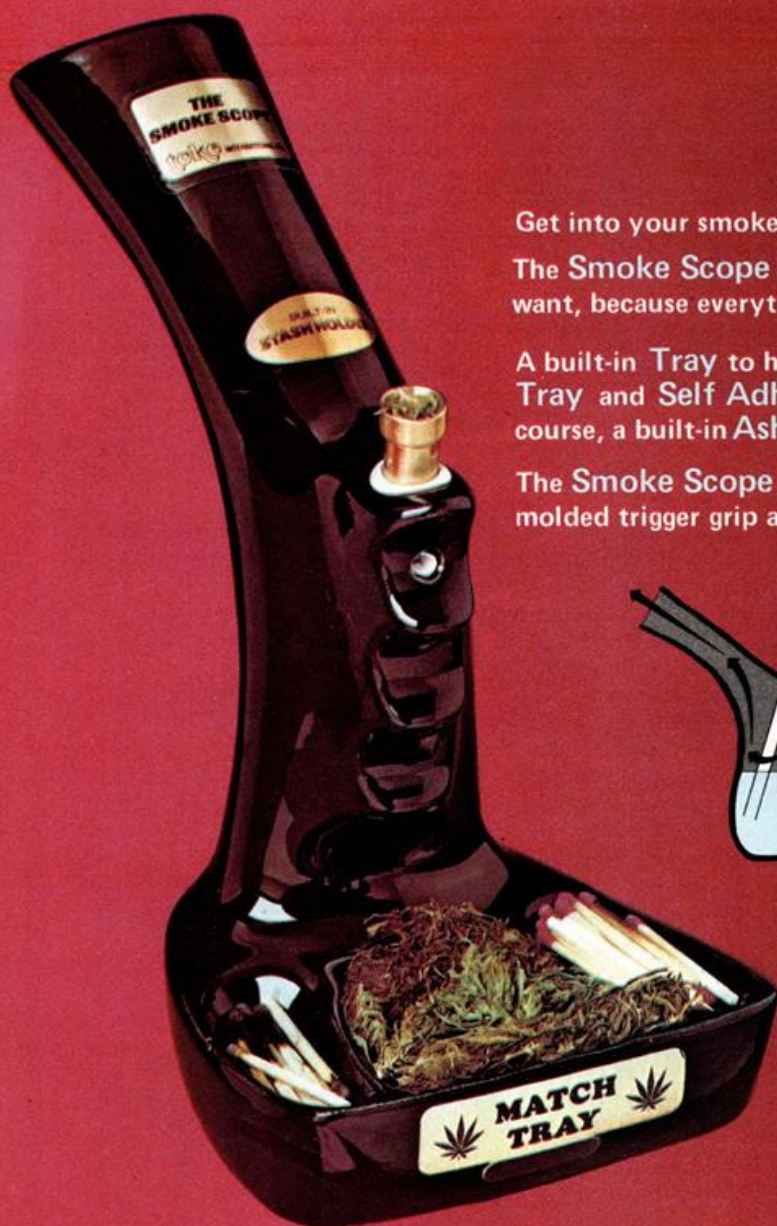
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Opinion



Chris Stein

I Wish I Had Invented Sex

Well, uh, High Times called me and said they were dedicating this issue to sex or some such and that I should write some such. Since sex is one of the main activities people get high for, and since I have been asked "How does it feel to be a sex symbol?" about a thousand million times in the last six months, it all seems very natural, and after all nature is gonna win no matter what all you suckers do.

Sex sells more magazines, books, movies, records, etc., than anything else. Only violence runs a close second, with flying saucers and drugs tied for third. I wish I had invented sex.

"So tell us how it feels to be a sex symbol, Debbie."

"Well Johnny... uh, why don't you go fuck yourself with a double water-sprouting, pulsating, rubber, motorized, body-temperature dildo—then and only then will you know the truth, the answer you have sought."

The real truth is that I learned about sex at the zoo. As a cute but clumsy four year old, I was taken to the Central Park Zoo by my mom. We stood peacefully watching the bears while they sat and scratched themselves, when out of the blue came superjerk in his weather-beat-in raincoat (à la Columbo) flashing his worn-out privates. My mom was pissed off. I couldn't have cared less, except he seemed to have three of 'em and I couldn't get much of an explanation from my mom.

Years later I discovered that the male of the species is equipped with nuts and that these in fact were what I had mistaken for two extra wangs.

My only sex-related problem is the unexpected biological urge at the most inappropriate time, e.g., lines at the supermarket or crowded buses and elevators. And if I can be completely open with all of you perverts, the supermarket is the place for a turn-on. I can't say exactly what it is that turns me on: the bright lights, the Muzak, the smells of the deli department floating around the aisles or the bloodied uniforms of stiff white-duck material. I don't know, I don't know. And it doesn't cost 25 cents to get in!

Pinball is sex. The flashing lights, the tension, the facade, the score, the climax and anticlimax, and after all, as the pros say, "All you need is one good ball."

Game shows on TV are sex—big orgasms as we see what's in the box! Everyone knows rock 'n' roll is sex.

Just sex is not really sex because it's private and you're not supposed to think about it. Better you should go beat one of your friends to death with a meat ax. That would be much less perverse.

I can only think of one market where sex has not been totally exploited: furniture. We use furniture most in connection with active and passive sex.

I got a couch
Shaped like a penis
I just hope
It don't come between us.

Well, when Wayne County saw this couch of mine, he was fit to be filled with "Crocodile Tears." (The Mumps.) I couldn't blame him, after all those years of searching the 42nd Street and Village sex shops for battery-powered cock rings and padded toilet seats, the poor thing was exhausted. I am surprised that there isn't more furniture like those tables in Clockwork Orange or even more bidets like in Europe.

I really did have a couch shaped like a penis, only it made one of my chairs pregnant, and I threw them both the fuck out.

So that's my report. Don't believe everything you read, however, especially things related to rock 'n' roll, since no one in the business can read or write, especially rock 'n' roll writers and/or musicians. And remember, boys, if you're tired of shaving, get laid more, so your hormones come out of your cock instead of your face.

Love and X,

Debbie Harry

—Debbie "Blondie" Harry

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Blow and the Beast

Your fascinating account of "The Dope and Sex Magick of Aleister Crowley" [*High Times*, July '78] prompted me to do some research on my own. The University of Texas here in Austin has a large collection of Crowleyana, and I came across the London Sunday Express for March 4, 1923. It contains the story of Betty Mae Loveday, "Sister Sibylline," who had just returned from Crowley's Abbey in Sicily and offered the following observations:

"Indeed, as a general rule, Crowley is not seen by anyone before teatime. He remains in his own room—cauchemar, or nightmare, as it is called—drugging himself. His room is filled with drugs of all sorts; there is a great bottle of raw hashish, and bottles of cocaine, heroin, morphia and ether. He distills his own opium, a lot of which is smoked in the 'Abbey.'

"Anybody can have whatever 'dope' they like by asking for it. The length of the ceremony lasts from 20 minutes to several hours; it depends on the amount of cocaine that the Beast has taken. On some occasions his brain is so vigorously excited that he can go on talking for any length of time."

Crowley was forced to leave Sicily soon after this article was written.

—Artly Snuff, Austin, Tex.

The First Narc

Having waded through "Hashish & Terrorism" [*High Times*, July '78] in hopes of learning something about the Khalif Baybars al-Bunduqdari, I have only one question: who was he, anyway? If he was actually "raised among the marauding Quipchak camps along the Volga," then he was a Russian Turk! So how comes it he's running Egypt in 1266 A.D.? Sounds like a pipedream to me.

—H.I. George Abdel-Farag, Washington, D.C.

Not only was he Russian, but Circassian, with bright red hair and one blue eye: the other eye being as red as his hair with a cataract. Thus his slave price was only \$90 when in 1242, at 15, he was bought by the Egyptian army and trained as a crossbowman—bunduqdarah—for the Bahri Mamlukes, the White Slaves of the Nile.

By the age of 20, Baybars was unofficial

head of the Mamlukes, mostly Russian mercenary slaves like himself, when he cut off the head of the erstwhile Cairo sultan during a revolution. The succeeding sultan promptly kicked Baybars and his Mamlukes out of town, and he spent the next decade fighting out of Damascus. When the Mongols invaded Syria in 1259, Baybars rejoined the Egyptian army and personally chased them back across the Euphrates. On his way back to Cairo at the head of the triumphal column, he crossbowed the khalif to death and assumed the throne himself at 32, ruling to his death at 50.

Aside from periodically wiping out the hashish industry, Baybar's rule was unprecedentedly "liberal." His first official act was to plunder the all-powerful Cairo grain cartel during a famine, distribute free grain to the peasantry and fix grain prices forever. And besides eliminating the Mongol threat to Islam, he virtually exterminated the loathsome Frankish Crusaders in Palestine, wiped out the Assassins and negotiated a peace with the Golden Horde of Turkestan that lasted for generations.—Ed.

Right On, "R."

I read "Bring Back Mexican" by "R.," the Dope Connoisseur [*High Times*, "Dope," June '78], and I agree with him strongly as to the great qualities of Mexican dope and the decline in the recent market. But I don't feel he is very tolerant of those people who didn't start out smoking Mexican and thus "have their cannabis sensitivity stunned into a stupor by the sudden strength."

My own first smoking experiences were with a potent hash, yet I can still dig the more subtle highs of less exotic dope. Whether you grew up on Mexican, Colombian or even hash is irrelevant. What is important is that you appreciate all types of dope.

—David Hill, Laramie, Wyo.

I had not smoked any Mexican weed for over a year, and by a strange coincidence I had just smoked a couple reefers of some dyno Mex when I started to read the piece by "R." in the June issue. The high brought back a feeling I had totally forgotten. It was not the same as a Colombian high, but it was a great buzz. Let's follow the Connoisseur's advice: Bring Back Mexican! —Joe Norton, Albuquerque, N.M.

Huffster's Last Stand

I enjoyed "Glue Confessions" by Joe Schenkman [*High Times*, June '78]. I used to get together with my buddies to huff glue on weekends. We also got off on fingernail polish and Pam—the kind you just spray in the bag and go to heaven on. We would go to the Food Fair and rip off

wine and huff glue and polish all day long. I preferred white lunch bags instead of brown ones.

One of my biggest kicks would be to catch someone drinking Boone's Farm wine and throw a lit match in their bag! You talk about something that zaps the mind—let someone light a bag of glue in your hand while you're fucked up and try to put it out! Glue burns like crazy. In fact, we damn near burnt the woods down behind the bowling alley where we used the huff and drink!

—A.B.C., Richmond, Va.

"Rat Pack" Kudos

Jim Hoberman's "Hollywood Rat Pack" [*High Times*, June '78] brought back memories of the Hollywood jet-set era of the '50s and '60s. The layout illustrated an emotional image of that period. Your cover story was well researched, and the nostalgia was beautiful. The story deserves kudos for keeping alive that glamorously tacky culture in America's past. I truly enjoyed it.

—Greg Duran, Denver, Colo.

Congratulations on writing a thoroughly honest and interesting article on the "king of show business." Frank Sinatra [*High Times*, "Hollywood Rat Pack," June '78]. Most articles written on this man usually tend to be not only boring but inaccurate. The man deserves credit for being what he is: the greatest entertainer of the twentieth century.

—Joe Amodei, Jr., Hulmeville, Pa.

'Quat Mutants

I have been cultivating cannabis for several years and have germinated thousands of seedlings. This season, working with seeds collected from L.A. stashes, I have observed an unusually high rate of deformed and aberrant seedlings. I have checked my observations by hatching seeds from previous years, and, in spite of greater age, the old seeds showed far fewer defects and abnormalities than the seeds representing the 1977 harvest.

Since official analysis of paraquat-contaminated grass is running at 20 to 25 percent by PharmChem figures, I am wondering if the use of mutagenic herbicides by the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) is actually leading toward an increase in the mutation rate of the target species.

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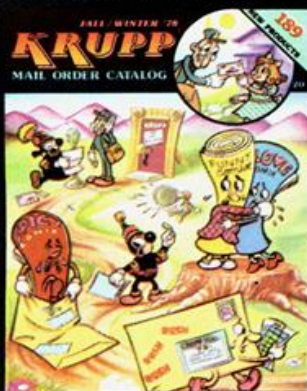
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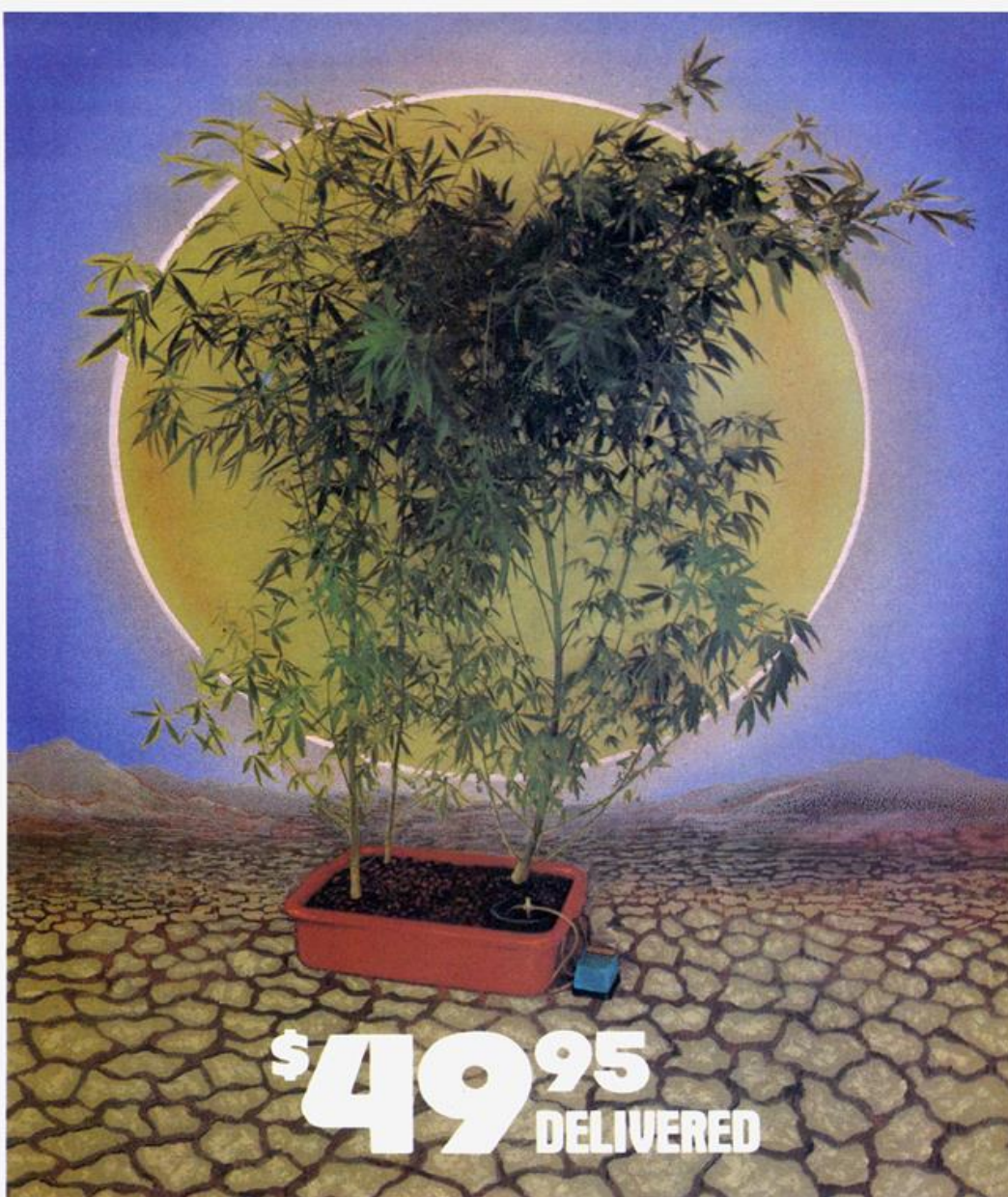
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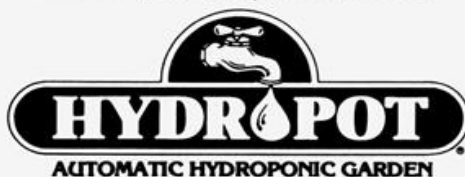
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colchicine treatments but were never able to get a hold of colchicine itself, a similar sort of opportunity awaits in the form of paraquat-treated seeds.

A word of caution—don't expect miracles. The vast majority of all mutations are either lethal or detrimental. Only a lucky few genetic aberrations lead to positive adaptations. Therefore, plant all the seeds you can, and observe whatever comes up with a careful and critical eye. You might have a jackpot plant come along and blow your mind at harvest time.

The U.S. government is spending millions of dollars and more than a few Mexican and Venezuelan lives to accelerate the evolution of cannabis, and it would be most shameful of us to let the seeds of poisoned bushes go to further waste. Which is all to say: damn the DEA and keep planting!

—Solo Freeman, somewhere in
sinsemilla country

'60s Stink

Fenton Lawless's article, "For Sale: The '60s" [*High Times*, "Media," June '78], was excellent and almost indescribable. H. L. Mencken described it to a friend in a letter 50 years ago: "The natural state of a reflective man is depression. The world is such a botch." R. Crumb perhaps put it in a more up-to-date fashion: The only answer is despair.

High Times is one of the few nationwide publications in existence that retains any integrity whatsoever. Keep writing about the rights of the people to live their own lives and think their own thoughts unhampered by their stifling, boorish governments and unshepherded by the unscrupulous buffoons of the media.

—Walker Chandler, Zebulon, Ga.

Regarding Fenton Lawless's sour look at TV in "For Sale: The '60s" [*High Times*, "Media," June '78]: This is a prejudgment of what might be a genuine turn-on. Just remember that the '60s were the present—that's all we ever had, and we've still got it. So let the rehash turn into a rebirth. The flower children grew up and went to seed, and now there are 30 million of us. We can take the game whenever we decide to get together. —Charles Runyon, Jerome, Ariz.

NORML Narcophile

Your "Highwitness News" article by Michael Kesten [*High Times*, June '78] reports that NORML's Oregon state director Bill Dwyer praised the DEA, Coast Guard and Customs for their "excellent investigation leading to the arrest of 17 suspects" in a Thai-stick bust of an operation Dwyer thought run by selfish out-of-state interests.

I am shocked that such a thing could happen to all of us who support NORML.

Our trust has been betrayed by Bill Dwyer's endorsement of the criminal acts of those who would destroy all pot and further condemnation of those who risk their lives and freedom to bring a quality product to the people of Oregon.

I urge the people of Oregon and NORML to call for this man's immediate resignation before he inflicts more damage to our cause.

—A. Deeler, San Francisco, Ca.

Credit Where Due

As a crew member of the Coast Guard Cutter *Steadfast* out of St. Petersburg, Florida, I speak for the crew when I request a correction of your report in "High Crimes" [*High Times*, May '78]. It was the *Steadfast*, not the CGC *Dauntless* out of Miami, that seized both the *Eco-pesca IV* and *Miss Connie* with over 90 tons of pot on board.

Your correction will be appreciated as it will enhance our reputation as the hottest boat in the seventh Coast Guard district and the Federal Drug Interdiction Program. We're the best, and you can bet we're proud of it.

—Name and address withheld

Subliminal (Drink) Ads (Moxie)

My thanks go to Gilbert Choate for his review of Wilson Bryan Key's two books on subliminal advertising [*High Times*, "Media," July '78]. Had he been on the staff of *Time* or virtually any other establishment magazine, his review would never have made it to print. The entire advertising industry has never admitted to the use of subliminal techniques, yet these plays are invariably always used to prepare commercial advertisements.

An enlightened public could flush this unethical practice from the favor the media seem to show for it. I would love to see more reviews and articles like Mr. Choate's, but due to the number of publications that thrive off revenues from Madison Avenue, I doubt if I will.

—Steven Duncan, Portland, Ore.

Erratum

Please note correct address to order the D-Hydro Bottle (\$12) featured in the June '78 "Flash": Box 865, Stony Brook, New York 11790. And our apologies for not crediting Linda Hoag as coauthor of "The Dope and Sex MAGICK of Aleister Crowley" in the July '78 issue.

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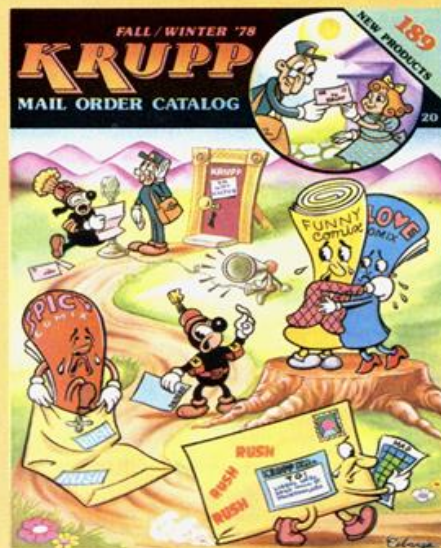
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N₂O Safe, but Dispensers Add Toxins

Q. My biology professor has been telling all his classes that nitrous oxide whiffing causes brain damage. For years now, we've been keeping a tank right here in the dorm next to a box of balloons for anybody to use. This is a med school too, and we haven't seen anybody's cerebellum oozing out of his ears lately. What gives? —James Alexander, Boston, Mass.

A. If you're lucky enough to score 100-percent pure, anesthetic-use N₂O, you haven't anything to worry about. A lot of people in high circles have been abusing this very entertaining substance for years and never noticed any drawback.

However, most people only have access to N₂O in the form of compressed-gas cartridges used as a propellant for whipped cream. This can be decidedly dangerous, because quality controls over "food-use" N₂O are a lot looser than controls on anesthetic nitrous; and the whipped-cream apparatus itself can add contaminants to the gas. According to the May 1978 issue of *Neurology* magazine, a lab in Ohio tested one of these whipped-cream gimmicks and came up with 23 contaminant chemicals that were added to the gas by the rubber seal in the aerosol can and two more gasses besides the N₂O in the cartridges to begin with. Three of these contaminants—toluene, trichloroethylene and phenol—are known to cause nerve damage in humans. N₂O itself, the authors said, "is not known to be neurotoxic."

Pot Tolerance

Q: I'm a 19-year-old student who's been smoking since I was 12. Thinking back to my early years, I remember getting incredibly high from smoking just one joint of average Mex or even homegrown. Now I smoke gold, black hash, Thai and other exotic blends, but it's not the same high as in the "old days." What can I do to bring back that "old high"? I haven't had a break for any great length of time since I started toking. —Alan Schoharie, N.Y.C.

A: Dopers who've smoked a lot of grass for years, then stopped for long periods of

time (in the slammer, usually), report that when they resume smoking, the psychedelic effects are just as vivid and euphoric as when they first tried dope—and the high is considerably garnished, the second time around, by sweet nostalgia and sentimental flashbacks to their first honeymoon with marijuana. One way to achieve this might be to just reduce smoking long enough for all the cannabinol molecules to leave your body: it takes a week for one's system to eliminate just half the cannabinoids from a single joint, and trace molecules can be identified as long as two weeks after smoking. A two- or three-week respite from dope, then, might well set you up for a really delightful reacquaintance with the herb. If you go ahead and try this—or, if anyone reading this has ever tried it—we're interested to hear the results.

New Memory Drug

Q. Everybody in the Bay Area is talking about some new memory drug that has just been developed out of an African black-magic potion at Stanford University. Do you know if this stuff really works?

—T. McCourt, Mountain View, Ca.

A. Glad you remembered to ask. According to Stanford researcher Dr. Ken Davis, after a prolonged series of controlled experiments the drug physostigmine "noticeably improved the capacity to learn new information in normal people." It is hardly a new drug, though. Physostigmine is an alkaloid compound extracted in 1864 by German chemists from the Calabar bean, used for thousands of years by West African witch doctors in "ordeal" ceremonies. Defendants in witchcraft trials swallow a preparation of Calabar bean and demonstrate their guilt or innocence by whether they live or die. The bean either kills within five seconds or not at all, depending on the witch doctor's mixture. It is likely some of these trials are rigged.

At any rate, physostigmine has a stunning variety of uses in medicine. In the 1800s it was discovered to perfectly annul the effects of poisoning by curare—a South American plant. Noting the resemblance of curare poisoning to myasthenia gravis, doctors began using it to treat that malady too, and quite successfully.

Most interesting of all, physostigmine is also one of the few agents besides marijuana that is known to reduce intraocular pressure in cases of glaucoma. How it accomplishes this or any of its other effects is entirely unknown. Researchers hope that by studying the actions of physostigmine and grass they can someday soon determine the precise mechanics of memory itself and of the intimate interlocking of the mind and body. ■

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With Ted Nugent in Darkest Africa

by Ted Nugent as redacted by Scott Cohen

Call me Mr. Outdoors. All my life I wanted to go to Africa, and finally I said fuck it and went. My passion was a bow-and-arrow hunt in Africa. Bow hunting demands more of a meticulous hunt than a firearms hunt. With firearms the shooting can be done at 400 to 500 yards—if you are an expert marksman—whereas with a bow and arrow you're limited to 50 yards at the most. Ideally, 20 yards. *Ideally*, 10 yards. Anyhow, I finally found a hunting outfit with good recommendations, and I hired the Sudan Safaris in Juba, Sudan.

I went over the first of March and took my 75-pound Jennings bow and a gross of aluminum hunting arrows with razor heads. I shoot a number 21-17 aluminum, 32-inch arrow. I shoot a 75-pound, two-wheeler compound bow. I went over there and got in the bush. I got in the bush around the fourth of March and started hunting the fifth. The first day out I killed a water buck. A water buck is a 400-pound antelope that inhabits the thick bush, and I wasn't able to get any closer than 300 yards, so I took him with my 7-millimeter (mm) Remington Magnum. In addition to the bow and arrow, I took a Browning Safari bolt-action 7-mm Remington Magnum with 175-grain Core-Lokt Remington ammunition. I also brought a Weatherby .460 Magnum, which is an elephant rifle and the most powerful rifle in the world, and to make a long story short I spent close to three weeks in the African bush and killed four antelope and two Cape buffalo (weighing a ton each) with my bow and arrow.

The remainder of the 18 head of big game that I killed I killed with my 7 mm and my .460. Out of the 18 head of big game, 7 are in the *Rowland & Ward's Record Book of African Game Animals*. It was a wild, wild time. The rain season came almost two months early and wiped us right out of camp. There were three German hunters, three professional hunters, myself and about 20 black natives who were our trackers, guides, skinner and gun bearers. We hunted every day from sunrise to sunset, driving through the bush until we came upon fresh tracks or fresh spoor, which is shit, and we'd track the animal according to the lay of



**I had to shoot
the old bull.
It was him or me.
Jesus Christ, he just
tumbled to the ground.**

the land. If a good stalk got me in range with the bow and arrow, I used the bow and arrow. But if the wind wasn't right or the range wasn't right, I'd abandon the bow and arrow and whip out the 7 mm. Two of the animals were over 450 yards away. But my Browning 7 mm has a 3x-9x Redfield variable scope on it with literally pinpoint accuracy, and as long as I have a steady mount I can kill consistently at 400-plus yards.

The two Cape buffalo I killed with my bow and arrow. One I killed with one arrow through the heart. The other Cape buffalo, which is a big old bull, I hit three times—once standing at 20 yards. Then he took off running, and I shot him two more times. One hit him in the leg and one hit him in the gut. So I had the first arrow in the neck, one in the leg and one in the gut. The one in the leg severed the femoral artery—the main artery running down the inside of the hip. We tracked him for two miles, and finally I had to dispatch him with the .460 Magnum. We trailed him through the thick bush, and I came upon him at ten feet. Then he turned to charge and I had to shoot him. It was either him or me. Jesus Christ, it was like crushing a baby with a ballpeen hammer. The thing just crumbled to the ground.

It was extreme. Especially when the professional hunters didn't believe I could kill a Cape buffalo with a bow and arrow. The Cape buffalo is unanimously agreed

to be the most dangerous game animal on earth. I struck it right in the heart, and it ran only 50 yards before it faltered and dropped.

The same day I got the big buffalo with the bow and arrow, I also got a 500-pound, ten-foot male lion with the 7 mm, an eland with the .460 and the antelope with the 7 mm at 400 yards, and a dik-dik with the bow. Because the rains wiped us out of the hunt so early, we weren't able to get to the elephant area.

I kept all the skins and horns of all 18 head. The lion is being made into a full rug, and I'm keeping all the claws and teeth. The entire skull I had bleached, and I'll have that on display. The buffalo heads and horns will be mounted, and the kudu I shot will be mounted—full-shoulder mount. The Grant's gazelles and the eland will be full-shoulder mounts.

For over a week I never saw a bed. All I had was a small cot, but that was the ultimate compared to sleeping in the bush every night for over a week on the ground with lions roaring, hyenas running through camp ten feet from you and a leopard coming right into camp and stealing our meat. I slept with my rifle every night.

We were hunting not too far north of the Uganda border and Idi Asshole. When we finally got back to Juba, the government had stopped all domestic flights, and I had to give a Spanish big-executive with a Lear jet a wad of money just to get out. I was desperate. I was on a plane for 37 hours: from Juba to Nairobi to London to New York by the Concorde to Los Angeles. A helicopter met me at the Los Angeles airport and shuttled me backstage of the California Jam concert. I was supposed to go on at 4:00, and I got there at 3:30. I went right onstage. ■

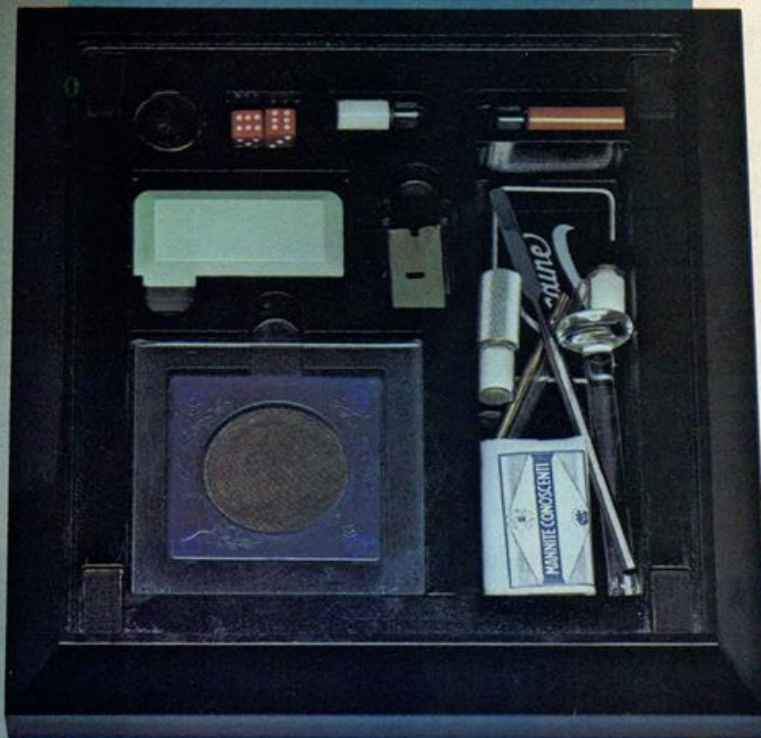
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Making It on the Run

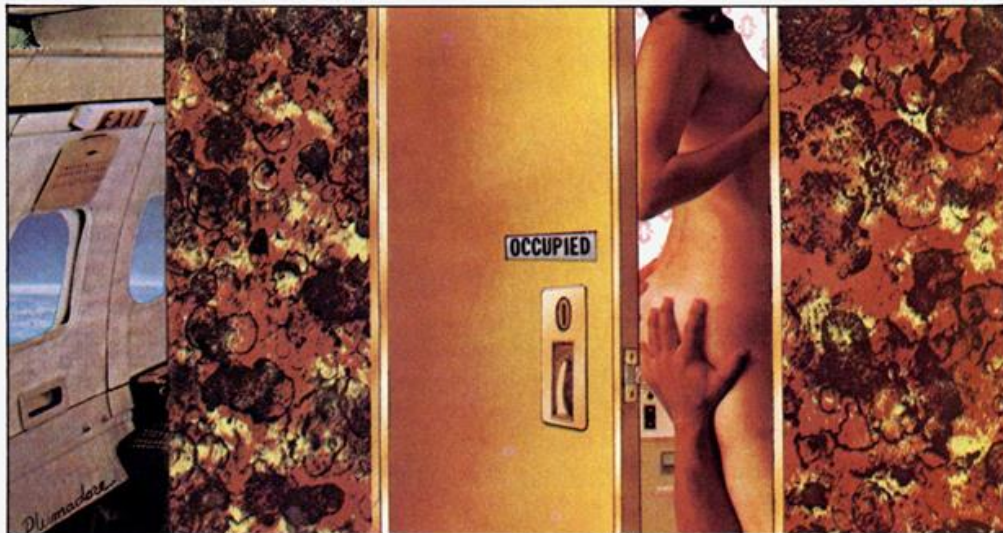
by Deborah Friedman

Imagine. You're being gently lapped to fantastic orgasm while cruising for burgers in the sweet-smelling leather interior of a fast-moving Italian motor car. Perhaps coming and coming and coming while completely naked and vulnerable in a dark, rocking New York subway car? Today's sex nomads are making it fast, making it in motion. They indulge in that certain wicked friction, getting off like crazy while engines hum beneath their bodies, wherever it feels good, wherever imagination, sex and the situation come together for one blissful instant. You owe it to yourself to know how to leap at these opportunities, to savor the feast of erotic motion, so *High Times* dedicates this sex column to making it on the run. I ventured forth with tape recorder and collected the following carnal encounters.

Alana, a 22-year-old dope dealer:

One time I was flying from Miami to New York and a much older man was sitting next to me. We started rapping. He was in hotel management. He wanted to know about the hotels I had stayed in. We got into discussing this bathtub in the Mutiny Hotel. It was big and ostentatious, and it sat in the living room. You couldn't help but want to take a bath when people came to visit. Then we started getting on the subject of sex. We were pretty damn drunk by this time. One thing I love is when people talk dirty—when they know the right choice of descriptive adjectives, the right subjects. They pick up on the kind of things you'd like, and they try to entice your mind with fantasies. That's what this man was doing. He was very adept at it. I really got into it and decided to suck his cock. I especially like doing that when I'm drunk and have been pleasantly seduced into it. I usually am a willing victim to sex. The stewardess started freaking out, but I wasn't going to stop. She saw she couldn't do anything, so she walked away. Afterward we went to the Warwick Hotel where he was staying and had a real good time together. I never saw him again. I'm not into that. No attachments. I guess sex and the hotel business are synonymous.

Certain men are my partners in fantasy. We discuss our fantasies and try to act



**There's something about the road...
the wind, the white line and the drone
make it easy to get horny.**

them out. One time we decided to wait until it was very late and fuck in the last subway car. We had it planned—we knew where the longest stretch between stops was. We pulled out all the light bulbs and when it was right, we were ready. I sat on top of him and we started fucking. I was wearing a skirt, no underwear. We humped our way through the train ride until we got to the first stop. Then I sat down beside him again, people got on, and we laughed all the way home.

I used to live in a car with a wealthy, eccentric cocaine dealer. He hated to live in a house. He picked me up hitchhiking in his white Mercedes Benz. He had rigged up the car so that the front seat would slide under the dashboard, line up with the back seat and make a big queen-size bed. I lived with him one summer. We made a study of parking lots in the New York area. We discovered all the different possible vertical positions when the seats were upright. When they were down it was just like a bed. Sex on the move is easier for men because they just zip down their fly.

Henry, a 30-year-old poet and a regular on the lecture circuit:

I average over 20,000 miles per year, so I spend a good deal of my day in the car. My car has become many things, including my boudoir. The motion and noise of my car is very meditative, almost mantralike. Cars seem to stimulate me autoerotically and I usually end up thinking about sex. Often I find that just jerking off in my car is a lot more pleasant than going out and actually getting laid. Sometimes the act of getting laid is a real pain in the ass, especially when you're on new turf. To be at all selective is all but impossible. It's difficult when you're on the road. So you have to rely quite heavily on your imagination and your right hand. Your right

hand is always gonna be there, never gonna say no, never gonna eat you out of house and home and never gonna complain.

There's something about careening down the road...the wind, the flashing of the white line and the drone of the car make it easy for me to get horny. I usually end up jerking off. I try to concoct an erotic situation in my mind and explore all the possibilities and innuendos of that situation. You have to be a little discreet about jerking off on the Interstate, however, because there are a lot of trailer trucks passing and they can actually look down into your car and watch you. So I keep an alert out for them. Other than that, it's a wonderful experience. I've got to be moving; I can't jerk off at a red light. It's great cruising down the road, sitting there jerking off. You look to your left and there may be someone very attractive. No one suspects. I'm sure everyone is doing it. That's one of the reasons why the automatic transmission has lately become so popular. You don't have to shift. It's very settling, very soothing. In a very real way, jerking off while driving is my form of yoga/meditation.

Kelly, a 29-year-old film director:

I always wanted to make it on an airplane. I take a lot of planes, but it never seemed to happen. Then one time I was coming back to New York from Paris in tourist class with three across. I'm by the window. There's a little old lady in the middle and a handsome 45ish man in the aisle seat. We all start drinking, and he and I start talking. We talk and talk. It goes on for a few hours and we get drunk. We haven't even had any sexual chitchat, which can sometimes serve as a preliminary. Suddenly, the lady who is still in the middle offers to exchange seats with me so that she can sack out and the man and I

can sit next to each other. As we are switching seats, he looks at me. I look at him. How do I know if this stranger shares my fantasy? Maybe he's an airplane fucker. I had always wondered what the procedure was. How does one go about this? Do they say, "Hey baby, wanna fuck?" or what? He looked at me. I looked at him. He went back to the bathroom. I went back a minute or so later, and that's how it happened.

We were in there about an hour. Angry people were knocking. After a while, they knew something was going on. There was no escape for us. There was no way to hide the fact that we were in there together. So we devised a plan where one would exit first; then the other would follow discreetly up this small narrow aisle past 75 people impatiently waiting to pee. So we did, with heads held high.

Back in the seats, this being a transatlantic flight, everyone was sleeping with blankets and pillows. We got a blanket, pulled up the armrest between us and played with each other while drifting off to sleep. He lived in New York, I lived in New York, but we never saw each other again.

Dr. Harrison R. Rogers, a sexologist specializing in sexual aberrations:

I first got interested in sexual aberrations because I used to do it in telephone booths. Then I got interested in other people's sexual adventures. I try to follow all the weird cases.

One very unusual case was with Mercedes. That's not a car, it's a woman. She had a habit of finding sex in the rear seat of airport limousines. It must be great to stretch out there. She used to ride from Grand Central Station to LaGuardia Airport. She would go out and pick up guys waiting for the airport bus. She was a very good talker and loved to have sex with strangers. She didn't want to go to these swinging clubs and have to pay for it or be seen by people whom you didn't want to be seen by. She had worked LaGuardia for about six months. She came to me because she felt maybe there was something wrong with giving free sex to businessmen on their way to catch planes. She was also worried about getting caught. I told her she wouldn't get caught if she gave the driver a piece once in a while. So she went back and worked it out with the drivers. Now they allow her to use that rear seat and turn the lights out as long as there are at least six or eight seats between the rear and the last passengers. She enjoys that ride over the Queensborough Bridge. It's the romantic allure inherent in the road itself that can be exciting. She's very well adjusted, thanks to Carey Transportation.

We invite you to tell us your latest erotic and sensual adventures, opinions and stories. Send letters to: Sex, High Times Magazine, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003. ☐

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True Smut

by Dean Latimer

This is what the porno neophyte sees. I imagine, on the first few trips to the smut shop: men brutalizing women, bondage and domination; it leaps right out at you. But after a long, depressing decade of writing mainly for the sex press—I have bravely striven to put my disability to good use—I can assure everyone that actually the *converse* situation, women dominating men, sells by a respectable margin over this stuff. But this is what a healthy person sees first in a porn shop, men beating up on women; the other stuff just doesn't catch the eye, since a healthy person wouldn't be interested in it in the first place.

But everybody is into degrading women, or so it seems, except maybe me. To tell the truth, I shot my wad—so to speak—on all this Times Square truck years ago and no longer employ it by preference for jizz fodder (much preferring *Cosmopolitan* magazine and Saturday-morning kiddie TV shows like "Isis"). It's still just about exactly the same as it was years ago, too, for the most part. **Hogtie** and **Slave Market**, the bondage specialists, are still running shots of girls in their panties all festooned with ropes and manacles and tennis-ball gags, managing to look bored to death even in "positions of strained, agonizing bondage panic."

But every ointment has its fly: there was a woman in *Hogtie* pictured kneeling on a carpet, wrists handcuffed to ankles, wearing a cute white décolleté slip that lacily covered her thigh tops and very pretty breasts, contributing to a sweet peekaboo effect that was good for a self-inflicted orgasm, even at my jaded age. But then, I didn't have to pay four bucks to look at her.

Then there is **Rubber Life**, another moldy oldie that hasn't changed a trace since the '60s. *Rubber Life* is still mainly full of pictures of women dressing each other up in rubber-fetish outfits, French-maid skirts and such made of latex, which makes your flesh crawl to think of it. Again, though, amid all this sweaty sleaze was a sequence study of a grim-looking older woman *changing diapers* on a much younger and prettier damsel, who had just

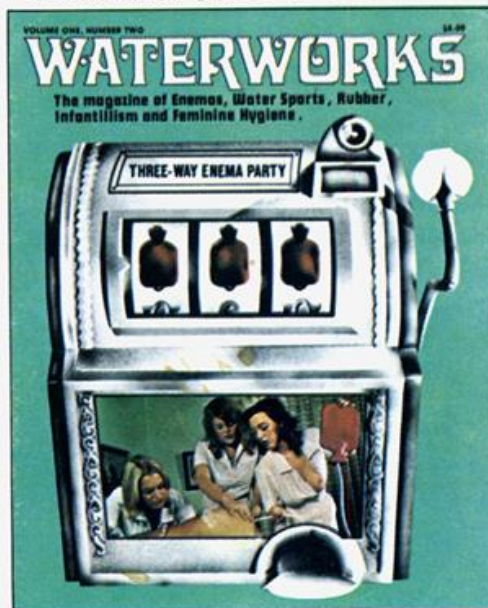


The girls in *Hogtie* and *Slave Market* manage to look bored to death, even in "positions of strained, agonizing bondage panic."

wonderful long blonde legs, good for another dollop of come.

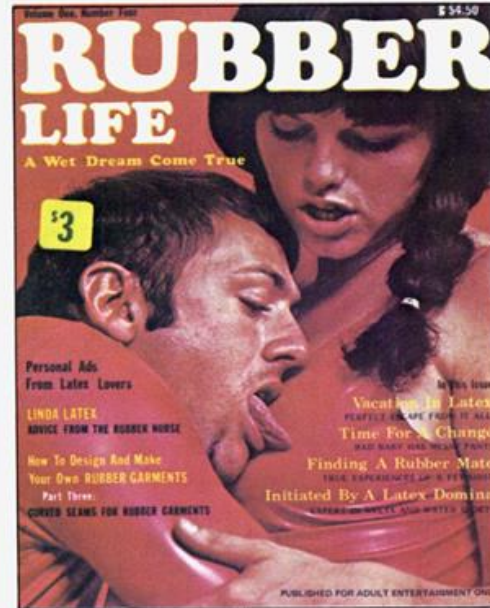
Which leads into **Waterworks** and **Enema Hotline**. Now, piss freaks and enema devotees just have to be the most liberated people on the face of the planet, if "liberation" is taken to mean the absolute annulment of distinctions between sexes, ages, races, species or even *atomic weight* in the selection of a sex partner. No one in gay or women's liberation could conceivably object to either one of these publications. The enema-ee in the photos is just as likely to be male as female, and ditto for the golden-shower recipient; and anyway, with anything this extravagantly infantile, who's to say which participant has the upper hand?

Persons who get off on such material,



doctors say, are basically fixated at the enuretic phase of prepubertal emotional development, when every child reasons simply, if there's a hole in it, either stick something up it or suck something out of it. Mild pain is also enjoyed by such persons—they can take it or dish it out, it doesn't signify at all—so the hydraulic frolics in these pornzines are typically accompanied with some very *real*-looking spanking, forced oral sex, tying up and general harassment. Good for a couple brisk sessions of onanism, for me, on the company tab.

Cleaning up our act a trace, we look into **Blood on the Road**, which has cover lines like "Bloody Beaver"... "Menses Madness"... "Rag-Time Doll." This has all the appearances of a "deep pink" magazine, after the dreary fashion of *Hustler*, *Chic*, *Gallery* and so on, a stultifying series of close-ups of lubricated vaginas, each with labiae minora and majora fully unfolded, revealing nymphae and congested clitorises. But no, some of these vaginas have Tampax strings dangling from them. *Menses aficionados* (if such indeed there be) should be warned.



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though, of the fine print in the publisher's statement, page two: "No actual bodily waste fluid, blood or material elimination is portrayed; all such acts presented are simulated." This is the very nadir of erotica, offering absolutely no incitement to self-abuse even for an accomplished pervert.

But hold now, everything in this line appeals to somebody. Another title that left me mainly cold was **Donkey Sex**, a Scandinavian import depicting women having carnal knowledge of barnyard animals. The two women shown cavorting with this beast were nude except for push-up bras. "Do they wear them to turn on the donkey?" a teenaged secretary seriously asked me. In the back of this little booklet is a five-page study of Bodil



Joensen, the celebrated Copenhagen bestialist, administering oral love to a 350-pound white Landrace boar.

In the last analysis, it is the West Coast neighborhood porn papers that gave me a bit of a lift, at least enough to give this column a mildly upbeat ending. **Ooh!** and the **L.A. Star** are paper-covered, black-and-white, newsprint hardcore pornzines. The East Coast equivalent of these would be *Screw* magazine, which is distinctly male supremacist in orientation, frequently devoting entire issues to photos and articles about fellatio—a once-pleasant sexual recreation that in recent years has become a kind of symbol of male backlash against women's liberation. In these West Coast papers, the blowjobs are conspicuously more proportionate with other gestures of interpersonal affection.

The written copy in these things seems to be mainly reader contributed rather than professional hackwork: the writing smacks of just plain folks, neighborhood men and women bragging about their sexual exploits, real or imagined, to each other. These very honest and even appealing sexual "confessions" appear side by side with news dispatches about parquat poisoning, punk-rock concert and record reviews, and actual investigative journalism pieces into local dope scandals and such.

You know that things may finally be changing in the tired old world of porn when you see a photograph of a man made up very prettily as a woman, over an ad reading: "DOMINANT TRANSVESTITE, white, aggressive, neat, well built, disciplinarian, will instruct in B&D and the arts." ■

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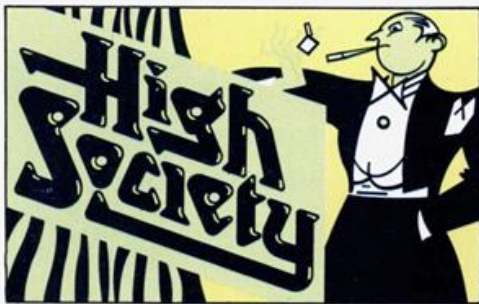


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Roman Polanski, exiled in Paris to escape U.S. prosecution for alleged rape of a Hollywood nymphet, has admitted to French reporters that he has a \$10,000 contract on the life of **Charles Manson** for the murder of Polanski's wife **Sharon Tate**.



Lynn Goldsmith

Rod Stewart's manager **Billy Gaff** says he's having a tough time keeping Rod the Mod away from the popular rock-star pastime of blowing his profits up his nose. "It's difficult to go to a party in L.A. where there isn't cocaine," says Gaff, "but Rod would never go off the rails. He's too fond of his looks and his body. My plan is to have him around for as long as Sinatra."

A recent Atlanta benefit to defray attorney **Scott McLarty's** fees for the defense of 14 pot protesters busted at a local smoke-in featured **The Unknown Dealer** in a skit called "Let's Make a Deal," various smoke-in movies and rock music provided by **Joe English**, former drummer for **Wings** whose current band is **The Tall Dogs**.



Ben Weaver

Outlaw country rocker **Willie Nelson** took advantage of being in Washington, D.C., on a recent concert tour by paying a call on **Jimmy Carter** and pleading with the president to stop the spraying of paraquat on marijuana in Mexico.

"I don't consider marijuana a drug," says singer **Minnie Ripperton**. "I have dabbled in smoking marijuana. In fact, when I was taking chemotherapy because I had breast cancer, it was suggested that I try marijuana because it takes away the nausea caused by chemotherapy and it relaxes you. It's also good for people who suffer from glaucoma and a few other diseases. They're going to have to legalize marijuana one day. They're just trying to figure out how to tax it and package it."



Memory Shop

Malcolm McDowell, who played a student terrorist in *If* and a killer punk in *Clockwork Orange*, will reportedly produce and star in an upcoming movie version of England's recent Operation Julie acid bust, in which more than 100 people involved in an "acid factory" were rounded up, including David Solomon, author of *LSD* and *The Marijuana Papers*, chemist Richard Kemp and Kemp's lover, Dr. Christine Bott.



Tom Houston

Margo St. James, founder of the national hookers'-rights lobby COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), was guest of honor at a recent fund-raising party at the home of Miami Beach **Mayor Leonard Haber**. The proceeds will go to support the Equal Rights Amendment, which St. James says is significant legislation for hookers because it gives women the right to do whatever they want with their own bodies. "Give me two weeks in any capital city and some good-looking women," says St. James, "and I'll deliver the ERA on a platter."



Black Star

Star Wars II, the second of eleven forthcoming sequels to **George Lucas's** popular flick about revolution and smuggling in outer space, will be filmed in Kenya because that African nation conveniently includes both desert and jungle terrain. Dopers in the cast and crew are reportedly overjoyed that in Kenya high-quality marijuana costs only \$5 an ounce and good coke runs only \$25 a gram.

—Harry Wasserman

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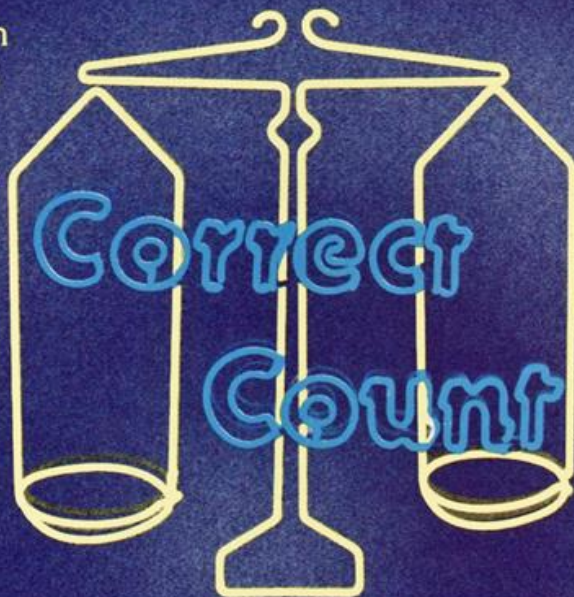
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Four Theories of Marijuana and Sex

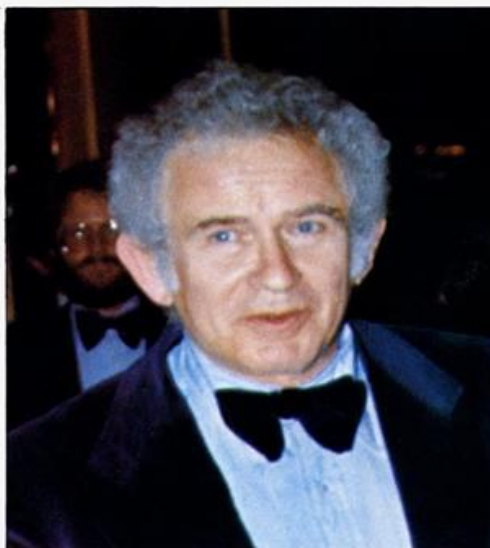
by "R," Dope Connoisseur

Norman Mailer deserves recognition as one of the first men of letters to explore the question of the effect of marijuana on sex. As far back as the mid '50s, when it was still controversial to do so, Mailer proclaimed that both his work and his sex life were influenced by the regular, even promiscuous use of marijuana. However, in *Armies of the Night*, his Pulitzer Prize-winning book about the 1967 Pentagon peace march, Mailer announced that he no longer smoked grass to inspire his work (for fear that synaptical connections would be burned out by brain smoke). Nevertheless, Mailer confessed, though he could work without weed he still savored its special effect on sex. "Good sex," Mailer declared, "had to be awfully good before it was better than on pot." And then in his recent *Esquire* article on television Mailer gave a little more of a hint as to what exactly he thought marijuana added to sex. He talked about his early days of heavy smoking:

"The drug [marijuana] was more important than any love affair he had had. Making love to different women, he would attempt to find the place where marijuana had last left him. It was the arena of the particular sensation he chased, as though he had been given a lovely if ineluctable emotion while watching a bullfight, and so he went back to the plaza to look for the same emotion—"

Notice that it is a heightened *theatrical* intensity Mailer seems to be seeking through marijuana rather than any particular change in the physical sensations of sex while stoned. If one carries his metaphor to its logical conclusion, marijuana, for Mailer, acts the catalytic role of the red cape in the bullring, heightening the tension of the intimate struggle in the erotic arena. Such a metaphor may not appeal to the woman, consigned to the role of maddened animal manipulated by the marijuana matador. But male sex-and-dope theorists do seem preoccupied with the "animal" nature of women.

Consider the theory that might be called the Doctor Harry Hermon Animal Instinct Theory. Dr. Harry Hermon is a



Norman Mailer

"In sex, marijuana makes men act more like women and women more like animals."

—Dr. Harry Hermon

respected psychiatrist associated with the Manhattan Psychiatric Center. He's conducted some formal research studies of the effect of marijuana on the therapeutic relationship, and he's also done some informal research into the complex relationships between sex and dope. His hypothesis sounds deceptively simpleminded at first:

"In sex," he said on one occasion, "marijuana makes men act more like women and women more like animals."

The women present naturally balked at this. But what Dr. Hermon meant, he said, was that the psychoactive ingredient in



Dr. Harry Hermon

marijuana, tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), bears some resemblance to the molecular construction of the female hormone estrogen.

Considering the known powers of both THC and estrogen to affect sexual feeling, Dr. Hermon said, it is reasonable to speculate that THC may transform male sexuality from a genitally centered emphasis to what has often been described as the more diffuse, total-body suffusion of the female sexual response. As for women in this theory, the THC/estrogen similarity may serve to intensify the power of their "female" feeling to the point where the constraints of civility are subsumed in "animal" abandonment.

It is important to point out that the word "animal" need not have a negative connotation. "Animal" sexuality may be seen as a state of being closest to the grace of nature—before repressive civility deformed "the lineaments of our gratification," as William Blake put it.

Do you remember that scene in *Annie Hall* when Woody Allen complains to



Dr. Vera Rubin



Annie Hall

Diane Keaton about the way she always likes to smoke a joint before sex? In this particular encounter Keaton reluctantly foregoes her smoke only to find herself rather detached from the subsequent goings-on between the sheets. So detached in fact that we see a ghostly image of Diane separate itself from her body and stroll over to the chair to wait things out. Without getting into psychoanalytic clichés about the "critical superego" remaining detached from the body during the sexual act, for her it seems marijuana does help heal some disassociation of sensibility. Four years ago Redbook magazine published a survey of its five million young middle-class well-educated women readers; a full 45 percent of the unmarried women who responded said they had combined sex and marijuana.

What this impressive statistic implies is that marijuana is not directly an aphrodisiac, but perhaps it unblocks some of the internal barriers to the aphrodisia of one's own sensibility.

I suspect that many men find similar benefits. There are some of us who don't remember what sex was like before marijuana, but those who do and can make comparisons tend to affirm Dr. Hermon's belief that marijuana makes men less genitally centered, encourages appreciation of the sexuality of the rest of the body, discourages a headlong and hasty hurry to a climax and yet paradoxically makes that denouement more prolonged and intense.

But perhaps the best theoretical statement about marijuana and sex was articulated by an anonymous Jamaican ganga smoker quoted by distinguished marijuana researcher Dr. Vera Rubin in a recent (June '78) *High Times* interview. It's a statement still full of wisdom:

"The working people in Jamaica take marijuana before breakfast to energize themselves. They have a break in the fields or wherever they're at work.... We have a coffee or cola break; they have a ganga break to stimulate their appetite.... When we asked them, 'Does it make you sexy?' they said, 'Well, if you feel to, it does, or if you're mongs women, it does.' They understand the situational conditioning."

As fascinating as all these speculations about sex and marijuana may be, they fail to speak of the powerful emotional tides that can swell up between sexual partners on pot and feed the frenzy of their physicality. The evocation of such emotional intensity and intimacy—some call it love—can infuse the psychology of sex with a warmth and power more satisfying than the heat and glare of Mailer's male-female bullring.

Of course, the emotional power of pot can make for tricky distinctions between transient highs and true love. But we'll save that question—sometimes summarized as "Was it love or was it ludes?"—for another time. ■



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HIGHWITNESS

Oct. '78 No. 38

Rep. Wolff Links Dope Trade to Terrorism

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA—"If you can bring in a ton of marijuana, then you can bring in equipment used in terrorism," warned Representative Lester Wolff (D-N.Y.) after a two-day hearing investigating South Florida dope smuggling. Rep. Wolff repeatedly alleged, during the hearings held in Hollywood City Hall, that the multi-billion-dollar dope-import industry was somehow involved with Cuba and actually hinted that U.S. Marines might be deployed to combat what he termed a "catastrophic and overwhelming disaster" caused by the ever-mounting dope trade.

The linkage of grass-and-coke smuggling with terrorism was a new but not unexpected propaganda ploy for Rep. Wolff, chairman of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control. Prior to the hearings, the Queens-Nassau Representative had likened grass and coke to poison, plague and pornography. With political terrorism a staple in recent world news, observers had been wondering how long it would take Rep. Wolff to seize onto this obvious headline-grabber.

Unfortunately for Wolff, and for other members of the four-person committee running for reelection, the hearings received minimal coverage outside of the South Florida media. But then, Wolff's colorful and expensive congressional junkets to "drug crisis spots" around the world—mainly to Colombia, South Florida and other swanky vacation areas—are considered virtual caricatures of congressional pleasure tours at taxpayers' expense. So it is not surprising that the hearings drew the ire of many observers, including Hollywood Mayor David Keating, who called them "a real circus" and marveled that the taxpayers' money could be squandered on such nonsense.

With Wolff on the committee were Reps. J. Herbert Burke (R-Fla.), Benjamin Gilman (R-N.Y.), Daniel Akaka (D-Hawaii) and Louis Fry (R-Fla.). Rep. Fry used the occasion to explain he had been trying to foil a recent dope deal in nearby Dania, when police busted him for being drunk in the parking lot of a topless club there.

Among the many prestigious law-enforcement officials testifying before the panel was Broward County Sheriff Ed Stack, who is running against Rep. Burke in the forthcoming congressional elections; it was widely believed that Rep. Burke had purposely set up the hearings in Broward County in order to point up Sheriff Stack's ineffectiveness at stemming the dope trade into South Florida.

Stack actually admitted that "we're being engulfed in a sea of narcotics" and called for "the moral equivalent of war" on dope smugglers. Sergeant Skip Pearson, chief of the narco unit at Miami International Airport, affirmed that smugglers "are beating the hell out of us." Fort Lauderdale Police Chief Leo F. Callaghan claimed, "Smuggling is pervasive here and it is ruining this country." Each officer complained of insufficient labor and equipment to do a proper job and called for augmented federal funds.

A related theme that pervaded the hearings was the scandalous condition of the U.S. Customs

Air Support Fleet at Homestead Air Force Base. All eight of Customs' antiquated surveillance aircraft were disabled at the time of the hearings, and only a single leased one-engine plane was available to patrol the entire Florida coastline, east and west. Sheriff Stack observed, "It is regrettable, almost comical, when we learn that the U.S. Customs Air Force is not airworthy and is grounded." A picture was painted of all Florida lying open to smugglers, with only a single Customs plane to protect it; no reference to the very well-equipped Florida Coast Guard air and sea armada emerged from the hearings.

Harping on the putative Cuban connection, Wolff publicly invited the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) to turn over to the committee any privileged information it might have on the subject. "I'm not pointing a finger at Cuba," Wolff insisted, "but I've heard connections are made with Cuba." When DEA regional director Fred Rody declined the invitation, Wolff indicated that the main reason he kept bringing up Cuba was to illustrate the State Department's alleged reluctance to put pressure on dope-exporting nations to curb the flow of their psychoactive natural resources. "I find that the minute I start asking questions about Cuba," he noted, "everybody clams up."

"The State Department," Wolff then declared, "is actually impeding efforts of the DEA in six countries, because they don't want to tilt their relationships with them adversely." Colombia particularly was accused in the hearings of intentionally profiting from the \$7 billion that flows out of the southern U.S. into the dope trade each year. DEA chief Rody remarked that given these fantastic profits, "It is not unrealistic to say that the smugglers are better equipped, have more resources and financial backing than the entire drug-law enforcement community."

The congressmen climaxed their investigation with a leisurely helicopter tour along the Intracoastal Waterway and into the Everglades, with authorities pointing out likely points of entry for



Rep. Lester Wolff

contraband grass and coke shipments. On the first night of the hearings, the solons had been greatly edified by a boat trip around Fort Lauderdale, "to view the homes of suspected drug smugglers."

Pledged Rep. Wolff after these illuminating field surveys: "I'll be damned if I'll let this situation continue. As chairman, we will have results or I will quit."

INDEX

July 4th Smoke-In.	28
Chilean Scuba	
Coke Scam Sinks.	30
Cal. Judge	
Topples Pot Law.	31
Howard Hughes's Codeine	
Connection.	31
Reefer Reform.	31
High Crimes.	32
Coke Confidential.	33
National Weed.	34
THMQ.	38

12,000 Pot Protesters Siege



Craig Silver



Wide World



Mike Chance

The 11th annual July 4th Smoke-in in Washington, D.C., drew 12,000 concerned pot smokers to protest at the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) headquarters, the Capitol Building and the White House. D.C. Smoke-in '78 was the most organized to date. The demonstrators demanded that Jimmy Carter's administration press

for the legalization of marijuana and that the U.S. government immediately end the poisoning of Mexican pot by paraquat.

The annual protest sponsored by the Youth International Party and CAMP (Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition) began on June 28, when five yips evicted the entire staff of

Mexicana Airlines' Washington office as a protest against the U.S. and Mexican governments' paraquat spraying of Mex pot crops. D.C. fire troops had to chop down a wall to oust the yippies who had barricaded themselves for two hours. On June 29, a similar militant action took place when the yippies' Pancho Villa Marijuana Commando Unit salted the lawn of the Mexican Embassy.

The first of the mass demonstrations involved 5,000 yippie insurgents who marched on the DEA from their Lincoln Memorial campgrounds on Saturday, July 1. Yippie spokespersons Dana Beal, Steve D'Angelo and Aron Kay urged the feds to abolish the DEA and stop spraying paraquat. Yip leaders called attention to a clandestinely obtained memo from the director of the DEA to all DEA department heads saying that due to demonstrations the agency's offices at 14th and I streets would be closed all that day except for admitting essential personnel—who had to use the back garage door to obtain entrance. Thus the yippies effectively closed down the DEA for a day.

On July 2 the yippies marched to the steps of the Capitol rotunda for a rally against Senate Bill S.1437, charging that the controversial anticrime measure would abridge constitutional freedoms. Speaker Shay D. Addams of CAMP led the crowd in the chant "No Nukes, No Narcs."

"Turn on, tune in, turn yourself in" was the theme of the turn-in at the White House in pouring rain on July 3. Five yippies were arrested of the many who tried to turn themselves in for possession of marijuana seedlings. They were arrested for disorderly conduct (there were no arrests for simple marijuana possession during the entire week of protest). Charges were dismissed by the next morning, except for those who paid the token \$10 fine.

About 12,000 pot-smoking protestors gathered on July 4th at Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House, where uniformed cops were armed with rifles and tear gas out front. President Carter was nowhere to be found, as he was hiding out at Camp David. The crowd of potheads included a surprising number of crew-cuts and servicemen who had been recruited by

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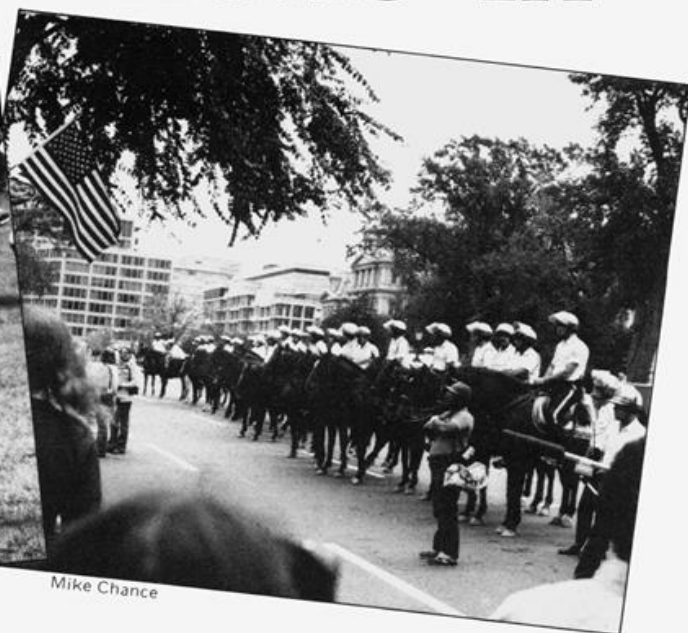
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leafletting at local military camps. Yip theoretician Dana Beal whipped up emotions with fiery oratory, denouncing Jimmy Carter for publicly supporting decrim while doing nothing to counter the S.1-type federal anticrime bills that would continue to make criminals out of pot smokers. Beal pointed out that despite media

reports that S.1437 was stalled in legislative "limbo," the bill had the complete support of Attorney General Griffin Bell and would likely resurface in the near future.

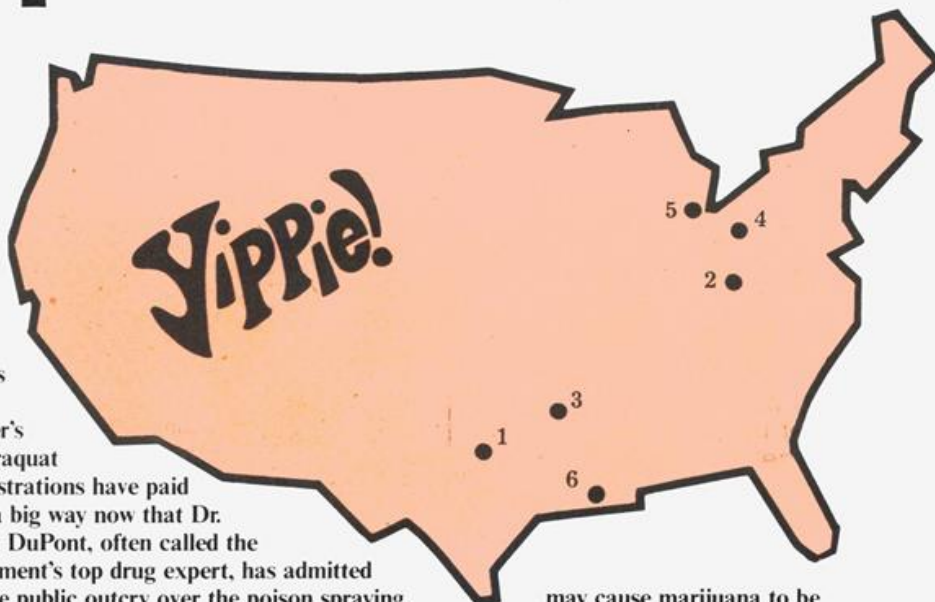
Prophetically, three days after Beal's speech the House Judiciary Committee resurrected S.1 a second time. This version, left unnumbered in an

attempt to avoid association with S.1 and S.1437, is the most repressive dictate yet, eliminating even the token decrim measure contained in the previous versions.

On the night of the 4th, after the conclusion of the twilight rock concert, cops roused everybody and ended the pro-pot spectacular.

Fall Smoke-In Update

This spring's and summer's antiparaquat demonstrations have paid off in a big way now that Dr. Robert DuPont, often called the government's top drug expert, has admitted that the public outcry over the poison spraying legalized. DuPont, the director of the National predicts that the increased amount of home cultivation of pot will exert more pressure on society to legalize weed. So let's keep it up. There's still time to put yourself on the smoke-in map. For advice, contacts near you, music bookings, films and literature call Smoke-in Central at (212) 533-5028 and ask for Mz. Big. More up-to-date info can be found in the Yipster Times, Box 392, Canal Street Station, New York, New York 10012.



may cause marijuana to be Institute on Drug Abuse, also



Mike Chance

1. Dallas, Texas, Smoke-in, across from City Hall, Sept. 8-9.
2. Bloomington, Indiana, Smoke-in, Dunn Meadow on I.U. campus, Sept. 9, noon, rain date Sept. 10. Info: P.O. Box 1103, Bloomington, Ind. 47403
3. Arkansas Smoke-in, Fayetteville City Park, Sept. 17, noon.
4. Rock against Racism, OSU Oval, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 30. Info: (614) 299-0190.
5. Wisconsin Smoke-in and National Yip Confab, Madison, Oct. 1, rain date Oct. 8. Info: Wisconsin Student Association (608) 262-1083.
6. Louisiana Marijuana Rally, Baton Rouge, Oct. 14.

PCP Crises Overblown, Says Researcher

by Chip Berlet

Sensationalized reports that an epidemic of PCP freakouts is sweeping the country are vastly overblown and may actually be encouraging increased use of the drug, says a researcher.

Last year the media, with the encouragement of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), began running lurid stories about PCP users suffering from psychotic episodes. The refrain was similar to scare stories used to coax drug users away from acid in the 1960s and marijuana in the 1930s.

Now, a team of Philadelphia researchers working under a grant from the National Institute on Drug Abuse has found evidence that although PCP can be dangerous and "current headlines scream crisis and panic," the sensationalized stories are not necessarily a "fair description of the average PCP experience." Writing in the U.S. Journal of Drug and Alcohol Dependence, researcher James M. Walters adds that "these histrionics may hardly check the spread of PCP use but rather guarantee it."

According to Walters, "PCP, with its reputation trumpeted more loudly each day as a drug of extremely high risk and powerful uniqueness, commands the fascination of teenagers who are thus prompted to experiment with the drug. While PCP can have dangerous side effects or lead to bad trips, Walters says the risk of experiencing a "clinical crisis from PCP use is somewhat remote."

It is these clinical extremes that have been reported in the media, and not mentioned is that most PCP users do not suffer from psychotic misadventures. "The clinical picture of PCP's

ability to produce anxiety or depression, sensory-motor dysfunction, a sometimes violently excited or sometimes rigid catatonielike state and amnesia, and even death is accurate," says Walters, who is helping to conduct a research study of teenage dope-use patterns at the Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. That research has shown, according to Walters, that most teenage PCP users are "not the dulled, depressive, anomic bundles of pathology" described in the media, but rather, "they are bright, level headed, stable and eager and willing to experience life, including drugs that are a part of that life."

The trend towards snorting PCP instead of taking it in pills or smoking it on grass has probably allowed most users to better control the PCP experience, says Walters. He notes that the number of PCP bad-trip cases reported in Philadelphia emergency rooms dropped when

PCP use shifted from smoking to snorting. Walters theorizes that PCP smokers found the high difficult to control and then discovered that "snorting PCP is cheaper and more effectively managed than smoking."

Before the media hoopla PCP use was increasing slowly, but recent surveys have shown a dramatic increase in PCP use, with teenage use doubling in one year from 3 percent in 1976 to 6 percent in 1977 for one-time-use by 12 to 17 year olds. Among 18 to 25 year olds the number who had tried PCP at least once rose from 10 to 14 percent.

In the 1930s scare stories about marijuana were circulated to build public and congressional support for its prohibition and the creation of an agency to monitor dope use. Currently the DEA is using the PCP scare in a similar attempt to repolish its tarnished image and protect itself from reorganization and budget cutbacks.

U.S. Prosecutor Sinks Chilean Scuba Coke Scam

SANTIAGO, CHILE—With the aid of a New York state district attorney, two Santiago men were convicted here recently of smuggling cocaine eight years ago. It seems that in November 1970, Luis Amparo and Ricardo Alcaido were seamen aboard the Chilean ship *Maipo* when she carried 65 kilos of coke into New York Harbor; they delivered it to scuba divers, who swam it by night from the boat to the dock, and then sailed back to Valparaiso unsuspected by any authorities.

On her next coke run to New York, however, in December 1970, the *Maipo's* new crew fell into the clutches of the Brooklyn police, tipped off by a snitch and some phone taps. The kingpins of the operation, Nicodemus Olate and Armando Dragon, were busted onboard along with 14 other crew members and the stateside buyers. Safely home in Santiago, ex-*Maipo* mates Amparo and Alcaido crossed themselves in sympathy, along with relief.



Brooklyn dock used by coke-laden scuba divers.

But then it seems Nicodemus Olate began to sing, loudly and at great length. First he turned state evidence on the infamous international smuggler Rafael Mellafe, on trial in New York for importing 225 kilos of coke from all over South America. And after Mellafe's conviction in 1974, Olate began assisting American and Chilean authorities in cleaning up the smaller fry in the coke trade.

Documents and coke samples relating to the *Maipo's* November '70 run to New York were relayed to the Santiago police from the office of Bernard Freid, U.S. district attorney for the Eastern District. The papers, according to DA Freid, identified "a significant number of Chilean drug traffickers" and "the sources of supply of the original cocaine that [Olate] was charged with" in Brooklyn. Of course Amparo and Alcaido were named in these documents, seized in their homes by the Federales and promptly jailed. The fascist government of Agostino Pinochet warmly applauded this felicitous correspondence between the two nations, involving "the transport of documents instead of persons."

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California Judge Rules Pot Laws Unconstitutional

Residents of the small northern California town of Willits can smoke marijuana without fear of arrest, after a local judge ruled that laws against pot possession are an "unconstitutional violation of the right to privacy."

Judge Galen Hathaway, in handing down his recent decision, said that legislators had "no factual basis for passing laws against marijuana," because there is no conclusive evidence to indicate that the weed is harmful.

Because of the decision, charges of marijuana possession against one local toker were dropped.

● Two influential government advisory committees in Great Britain are recommending that the country eliminate jail sentences for those convicted of possessing small amounts of marijuana.

Both the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs and a committee of legislators from the government's Home Office came out for liberalized pot laws, and the advisory council is expected to make its policy recommendation this fall. Members of the council, however, feel that the Parliament will probably not take any action on the issue before the 1980 session.

Drug prosecutions in Britain currently total over 15,000 per year, with about 75 percent of the cases involving cannabis. In 1976 approximately 80 percent of cannabis convictions were for possession, and nearly 90 percent of all these were for amounts of less than one ounce.

● Louisiana took a step toward decrim this year, with the legislature passing a bill, 34-4, to permit cannabis to be prescribed by doctors for the treatment of glaucoma and nausea in cancer chemotherapy. The bill was introduced by Senator Anthony Guarisco, who also proposed a bill

decriminalizing the possession of a half-ounce of pot or less; but when he encountered difficulty swinging a sufficient number of legislators around to decrim, he permitted it to stay on the legislative calendar and refrained from bringing it to the floor for a vote. "If I can't get the bill

through this year, I certainly won't have a chance next year," admitted Guarisco, anticipating the 1979 state elections, when no other Louisiana senator would be likely to support a pro-pot bill. "Those of us who come back in 1980 can probably pass it then."

Hughes Codeine Connection Accused



The dynamic Mr. Hughes in 1938.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—In the last years of his life, billionaire Howard Hughes was allegedly paying his personal physician over \$60,000 per year to supply codeine. According to DEA charges in a grand-jury indictment here, Dr. Wilbur S. Thain, 53, supplied the reclusive industrialist with some 5,500 injectable doses of the highly addictive controlled substance, which were mailed to Hughes at his hotels in the Bahamas and Acapulco from a Bay Shore, New York, pharmaceuti-

cals firm. A witness told the DEA he'd seen Hughes unsuccessfully struggling to self-administer a codeine fix on the day before he died.

Dr. Thain was with Hughes the night he died in 1976, at 70, on a flight between Acapulco and Houston, Texas; it was Dr. Thain who pronounced him dead on arrival at the Houston airport. It was also in Houston that investigators for the Texas state attorney general's office uncovered certain memos indicating that dope had been regularly pushed to the defunct billionaire by individuals on his personal staff. The federal DEA then picked up the investigation, and indictments began coming down this spring.

First, Hughes's physician, Dr. Normal Crane, 72, was busted in Las Vegas for conspiring to illegally supply dope to his boss; along with Crane they arrested John M. Holmes, 62, one of the half-dozen Mormon "companions" who attended Hughes in shifts over the last 15 years of his life. According to the DEA, Holmes and other staffers would refer to Hughes's dope shipments as "the message," as in "the message has arrived."

Thain's brother-in-law is F.W. Gay, head of Summa Corp., the Hughes holding company.

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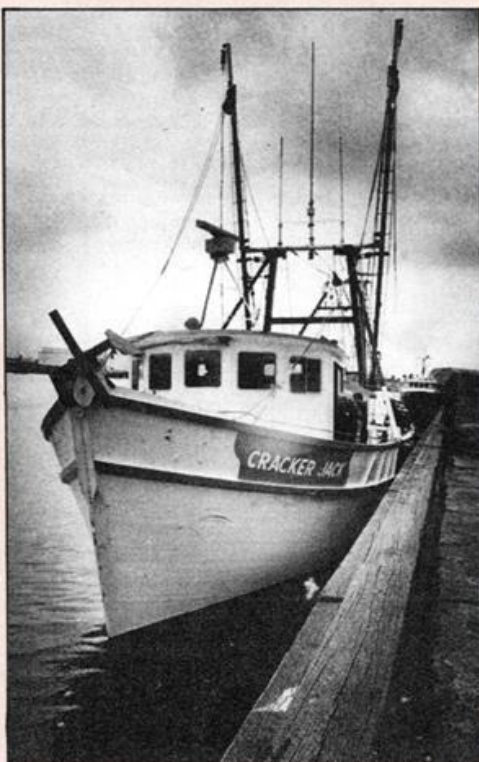
Killer Cutter *Dependable* Busts 20+ Tons Off Cuba

In two separate seaborne busts off the coast of Cuba, the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Dependable* nailed six men and 20 tons of smoke, plus an unspecified quantity of waterlogged boo. A *Dependable* helicopter sighted the first vessel, a 70-foot yacht, in international waters 50 miles north of Cuba. As the *Dependable* bore down on the yacht, however, it began to sink like a rock; *Dependable* crew members drew the three yachtsmen aboard from a rubber life raft and salvaged some dope bales that were floating in the water, but they were unable to retrieve the sailboat, which went straight to the bottom.

An hour later the chopper sighted the 75-foot shrimper *Cracker Jack* 20 miles in toward shore from where the sailboat sank. Coastguardsmen boarded the vessel for a routine check, discovered 20 tons of Colombian and busted the three men aboard. All six suspects were booked on importation charges in St. Petersburg.

The next day, though, the three men aboard the sailboat were released from jail when Coast Guard officials admitted it was impossible to determine whether the sunken sailboat had been of American registry. The Coast Guard is not entitled to bust foreign vessels in international waters.

● County sheriffs in Hudson, Florida, bust-



The 75-foot *Cracker Jack*, nailed with 20 tons.

ed 10 Cubans on smuggling charges arising out of the seizure of **two tons of Colombian weed** off a 28-foot motorboat in the

Hudson Marina. A deputy on routine maritime patrol spotted the craft ferrying bur-lap bales into the Stacey Drive channel, busted the three men aboard it and radioed for assistance. Backup fuzz discovered another boat nearby with two men tossing bales out of it. The arrests led to a raid on a waterside residence and the seizure of two cars equipped with CB radios and telephones.

● **Two tons of Colombian pot** were discovered by **Miami, Florida**, police in a panel truck. The driver, a 42-year-old man, was charged with possession of controlled substances and driving without a license.

● When a twin-engine 1941 Lockheed Lodestar made an emergency night landing at a closed **Lumberton, North Carolina**, airport, and the pilot immediately scrambled out of the cockpit window and vanished into the dark, the airport manager called the county sheriff: **4,000 pounds of Colombian red** were found in the craft's cargo bin. "It doesn't look like Lumberton was a planned stop," deduced Detective Robert Grice. "Apparently the pilot just ran out of gas."

The DEA held three local men for questioning and indicated that the unscheduled refuel stop had broken up a major bust setup—the shipment of professionally machine-bundled smoke, in 30- and 60-pound bags, was being monitored by the narcs before the pilot ran unexpectedly out of fuel. The craft, *Old Reliable*, registered in Alabama, was in process of sale to Undersea Research Company in New Jersey. "We're still trying to piece everything together," said DEA agent Dan Ashton, "and then seek warrants. No one has been arrested yet."

● **Oak Brook, Illinois**, land developer Terry Kay, 50, was charged along with two businessmen in their 30s with offering a DEA narc \$24,000 to fly **two plane-loads of Colombian gold** from the Guajira province to Chicago. Kay, who runs two major development firms in Chicago, was also convicted of attempting to pay the owner of a Kankakee, Illinois, airport \$25,000 for a safe strip.

● A 50-foot tractor trailer bearing **five tons of marijuana** was seized near **Miami, Florida**, by city cops who also busted three Cubans nearby for personal possession of cocaine and Qualudes. The grass was in the form of 300 30-pound bales, and, according to police, the Cuban driver was also in possession of oceanic maps of Florida's west coast.

● Five pickup trucks, two campers, a 24-foot speedboat, seven men and **six tons of grass** were seized in **Wakulla County, Florida**, by local and state cops and Customs narcs, on a "lucky tip." The dope evidently had been stored on a tiny island near Shell Point, off the Florida mainland.



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Grab 274 Pounds of Pure Toot in Bahamas

Two men trying to lift off from an airstrip near George Town on Great Exuma Island in the Bahamas were stalled by Bahamian narcs, who discovered **274 pounds of 100-percent-pure Colombian snow** in the men's twin-engine plane. Steve Prenner, 31, of the United States, and Miguel Prada, 36, of Colombia, were held on a record \$2-million bond by magistrate Emanuel Osadebay.

Further details of the massive seizure were unavailable at press time. The previous record cocaine haul in the U.S., made in Miami in 1973, totaled 201 pounds.

• **Dos Gaballos brand** canned peaches from Colombia were selling rather briskly by mail order through the Houston and Toronto post offices this spring, and no wonder: each tin of peach syrup contained a pound of 90-percent-pure Colombian coke wrapped in a plastic bag. A Toronto post-office employee who reasoned that "there can't be that much profit in peaches through the mail" alerted the city's Metro narcs, who raided the **Toronto** addresses. Two men, a Canadian and a Phoenix, Arizona, resident, were charged with possession of **10 pounds of coke** in peach syrup. On the same day, DEA narcs busted two people in **Chandler, Arizona**, after ten cans of Dos Gaballos coke-peaches were delivered to the Arondale post office.

• Two men and one woman were nabbed by Colombian narcs in **Cali, Colombia**, with **35 pounds of top-grade cocaine** ready

to be shipped to the United States. Members of the Attorney's Office Narcotics Group stopped a car with the three in El Saladito, on its way to the highway connecting Cali and the port of Buenaventura. Half a million Colombian pesos and several thousand counterfeit American dollars were also found in the car.

• Three medical corpsmen were busted at a U.S. Navy hospital near **San Diego, California**, for pinching the **liquid cocaine** out of preparations for "Brompton's Cocktail," a coke-and-smack preparation used to alleviate pain in terminally ill cancer patients. A pharmacy inventory at the Balboa Park Navy Regional Medical Center revealed that two gallons of the mixture had been robbed of half their coke, while four others contained no coke at all. Also missing were 946 milligrams of Librium, 4,444 milligrams of Valium and **22 grams of pure coke**.

• DEA, Immigration and Customs narcs descended on the Gran Colombia Line tanker *Rio Guayas* the minute she docked at the Celeste Street wharf in **New Orleans**, busting eight Colombian and Ecuadorian crew members for possession of **28.2 pounds of toot**. Two of the Colombians, Victor Julio Cardoza-Carabajal and Jaime Suescun-Mendez, are aliens residing in Houston; narcs claimed that their busts marked the end of a long-standing coke import syndicate. A .350-caliber magnum revolver was also seized on the *Rio Guayas*, along with \$230,000 in cash.

Hit Parade

While Florida continues to lead the pack with back-to-back multi-ton pot seizures, bust fever seems to be catching on worldwide. Narcs have uncovered massive amounts of cannabis in such exotic places as Wagga Wagga, Australia, and under a load of cow dung in a small Mexican town.

• **65,000 lbs**, 45 miles off St. Petersburg, Florida, 70-foot fishing sloop, 2 men busted by USCG cutter *Point Swift*, leading to bust of 4 men aboard pleasure vessel *Lady Lou*.

• **40,000 lbs**, Edgemont, Florida, 62-foot shrimp *Bonnie Lass*, Customs bust, 5 men.

• **30,000 lbs**, Brunswick, Georgia, shrimp *Little Harvest*, 3 busted by Customs.

• **24,000 lbs**, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, marina, moored yacht *Concorde*, 4 men busted while unloading it by city fuzz.

• **12,000 lbs**, Wallkula County, Florida, 7

men, 2 pickups, 2 campers, 24-foot speedboat nailed by county, state and Customs narcs on a "lucky tip."

• **10,000 lbs**, Miami, Florida, city cop bust: 50-foot tractor-trailer, no grass bust but 3 nearby Cubanos charged with possession of Quaaludes and coke, along with the driver.

• **5,400 lbs**, Calexico, Mexico, found by Mexican Customs under load of cow shit in panel truck, 2 men busted.

• **4,800 lbs**, "buddah sticks," Laurelton, New South Wales, Australia, unloaded from yacht *Anoa*, 7 men in 3 trucks busted by CID narcs.

• **4,000 lbs**, Miami, Florida, in a pickup truck, 1 man busted by city fuzz, also charged with unlicensed driving.

• **2,100 lbs**, Pompano Beach, Florida, marina, moored yacht, 5 busted unloading by city fuzz.

• **2,000 lbs**, Thai sticks, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia, narco bureau seizure, no busts.

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Say Teachers Threw Sex-Dope Orgies



SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—In something like a replay of the celebrated 1683 witch trials, a local scandal has been touched off here by a schoolgirl's diary. A local woman going through her daughter's private effects, it seems, fell across certain inflammatory passages supposedly recounting episodes of wild passion experienced in a young male teacher's private apartment. Allegations to this effect were published in the Salem Evening News, and before long, tales were circulating of high-school instructors flying troops of favored female students to Bermuda for postgraduation orgies of booze, reefer and mad sex. At a special meeting of the Salem School Committee, attended by 175 students and their parents, persons "having information concerning these allegations" were urged to come forward and substantiate them. No one volunteered.

Cops Sell Captured Dope at Auction

- Police in Burlington, North Carolina, accidentally auctioned off a bag filled with marijuana at a sheriff's sale recently. The dope had been seized years before and was lying around the station until everyone had forgotten what it was, before being sold off as a "grab box" item.
- "It used to be sunflower seeds that got stuck in my rug," says George Toma, groundskeeper for the Astroturfed Kansas City Royals. "Now we're finding marijuana seeds."
- NORML staff clad in Acapulco-gold T-shirts chanted "Paraquat, paraquat, spray our dope, White House team ain't got no hope" and drank champagne as the White House softball team proceeded to dish them, 8-6.
- West Virginia Assistant State Agriculture Commissioner Bill Gillespie explains how coal miner Jerry Meadow won the tobacco

spitting championship title thanks to a stylistic mistake by last year's victor, Ada Hamrick: "She took a big chew and had too much juice to spit. She should have had half as much juice and gone for distance."

- Eamon de Valera, 24-year-old son of the late president of the Irish Republic, is up on charges of breaking and entering a Dublin house and making off with \$19,000 worth of paintings and silver. Another celebrity son, Anthony, child of Robert Vesco, has been charged with assault in Rutherford, New Jersey, where a fellow student at Fairleigh Dickinson claims Tony choked him "half to death" in a dormitory fight.
- Florida will no longer furnish free cigarettes to inmates of state prisons. The cigarettes, manufactured by the state, were known as "rips" to prisoners because of their harsh flavor.

Brit Narcs Recapture Own Dope

London police were surprised when 23 kilos of grass seized at the Leytonstone flat of John West, 32, were found to be contaminated with *fingerprint powder*. An investigation showed that the dope had been seized by bobbies in a London raid months ago and was evidently stolen from the police evidence bin and resold to West. Queen's Counsel John Blofeld stated in

Chelmsford Crown Court that evidently 32 keys of oregano or catnip had been unsuspectingly burned by police in place of the real dope, which was pinched by parties unknown and sold, through a series of go-betweens, to West. Already on bail in a robbery case at the time of his dope bust, West had nine months added to his sentence.

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Leary's Son Seized with 100,000 Acid Tabs

John B. Leary, 28, son of Timothy Leary, was arrested in Berkeley for selling 100,000 tabs of acid with an estimated street value of \$480,000 to DEA agents.

• Acting on an informer's tip, Tokyo cops busted well-known actor **Usamu Sakai** in his house with 26 grams of alleged opium. After interrogating the 33-year-old actor they also busted his alleged dealer, **Naboru Onodanu, 36**, manager of the entertainment firm Katsu Production Co., with one gram of cannabis. Both celebs were charged under the Opium and Hemp Control Laws.

• **Harold Melvin and Sharon Paige**, popular R&B singers, were busted in their hotel room with an alleged \$4,000 worth of coke

and grass after a performance at the Public Service Association Hall in St. James, Jamaica. The case was adjourned in court.

• Two members of the booze-rock **Doctor Hook Band**—auteurs of "On the Cover of the Rolling Stone" and "I Got Stoned and Missed It"—were nailed in their hotel room by Sydney, Australia, police for alleged possession of a lid of weed. The two were detained briefly.

• The Toronto Argonauts football team ownership recently broke off hiring negotiations with ex-Miami Dolphins defensive end **Don Reese** after Reese went to jail for a year on coke charges. In jail with Reese is former Dolphins defensive tackle **Randy Crowder** on charges stemming from the

same bust, for which both were suspended by the Dolphins.



New York Rangers' Don Murdoch.

• New York Rangers left wing **Don Murdoch, 21**, was fined \$400 in provincial court at Bromton, Ontario, after pleading guilty to possession of cocaine. He was busted last fall at Toronto International Airport with 4.8 grams of coke in a sock in his luggage; two original counts of trafficking were reduced to simple possession. A native of British Columbia, Murdoch now faces a possible U.S. Customs investigation that might end in the revocation of his U.S. work permit, which would necessarily terminate his career: even the three Canadian teams in the NHL play only 45 out of 80 season games in Canada.



New Jersey State Trooper Squad D patrolman Stephen Mihalow, in uniform, investigates the quality of some 80,000 Thai sticks he nailed in a van by milepost 80 north of Milltown Borough. Trooper Mihalow originally pulled the '77 Ford pickup camper over for speeding but then detected an odor resembling hemp smoke emanating from the cab and "suspicious movements" on the part of its occupants, Gary Pederson of Phoenix, Arizona, and Kim Pasaswaiter of Santa Cruz, California. Determining that the suspicious movements were related to a glass jar on the front seat, Mihalow perceived a quantity of alleged cannabis inside it and brought down the busts. The other person pictured here is a detective.

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MISCELLANEOUS

CONFESSIONS OF MR EVIL—\$1.25. ASTRALPIS RECORDS, 14555 Wacousta, Grand Ledge, Mich. 48837.

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your friend" (or in Hawaiian), and "A joint on the john and your worries are gone." All shirts hand airbrushed/screened designs & wording. Blue, yellow, white (2 choices). Adult or gals tees, s,m,k,xl \$8.95. One size gals tank, 7.95, plus \$1 handling; money order/cash to 758 Lahaina Street, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii 96761.

TATTOOING SUPPLIES: 48-page color catalog, \$3. SPAULDING & ROGERS MFG., INC., Dept. HT, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

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CALIFORNIA MARIJUANA Police, court records destroyed. ATTORNEY J. OWENS, P.O. Box 532, Oxnard, Ca. 93032.

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DRIED LAWN: HOME GROWN. \$5 for 1/2 oz. Money orders or cash only. Send to: FREEDOM ASSOCIATES, P.O. Box 1865, Station B, Montreal, Canada.

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IMPORT OR TRANSPORT your planes or mine. Anything, anywhere, anytime. Experienced. OCCUPANT, P.O. Box A228, Waukegan, Ill. 60085.

ATTENTION HEADSHOPS—sell inexpensive, proven, highly profitable new hydroponic growing kits. For details write EZY GRO GARDENS, 11870 Beach, Stanton, Ca. 90680.

MAGIC-MUSHROOM GROWING kit complete with fertile spores, instructions, MEA agar and inoculating loop. Only \$12. Fertile opium poppy seeds \$3/350, \$5/700. EDWARDS NOVELTIES, P.O. Box 84, South Bend, Ind. 46624.

WANTED SALES REPRESENTATIVES and distributors of paraphernalia. MJM PRODUCTS, 6161 N. Broadway, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

EXQUISITE MAILING LIST OF paraphernalia Distributors only. Other lists are also available. Free Information. MERCHANT AIDS, P.O. Box 990, Athens, Ohio 45701. (614) 593-7192.

WANTED: SALES REPS./DISTRIBUTORS. Best natural incense. PETER SCENTS NATURAL INCENSE, P.O. Box 266, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. 516-249-2129.

WANTED: INTERESTED IN purchasing interest in successful company manufacturing or distributing paraphernalia equipment. Have ability to assist growth in areas other than financial also. Replies held in confidence. Write to JAMES ELLER, 544 International Blvd., Apt. E66, Houston, Tex. 77008.

FREE WORLD TRAVEL WITH income in most cases. Special 7-method report tells how. \$3. KENNETH MILLER, P.O. Box 5416, Dept.-T5, Kent, Wash. 98031.

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WANTED PARAPHERNALIA salespeople in every state to sell Natural Style African pipes. \$2 retail—sole importer maintaining large stock. Contact: LIZARD IMPORTS MAROC, P.O. Box 739, Woodacre, Ca. 94973. (415) 488-0672.

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PARAPHERNALIA—WE HAVE everything; dealers enquire. PARAPHERNALIA DISTRIBUTORS, 2901 Mariposa, San Francisco, Ca. 94110. (415) 621-4545.

THE LAZY NICKELS. WE ARE into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana and magic. Send \$2 for information. BGDP, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Ca. 90039.

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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	marbled	oz	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	average	oz	30-35
Superior domestic	top quality	lb	400-460
Thai sticks	excellent	oz	45-55
Nepalese hash	slabs	lb	575-700
Lebanese hash	taste treat	one	15-18
Domestic hash	truly inferior	oz	200-300
		lb	2000-3000
		oz	200-300
		lb	2300-2900
		oz	15-20
		lb	1400-1800

BRAZIL

Green grass	domestic	oz	10-15
Brown grass	stash, seedy	kilo	200-250
Red Paraguayan	domestic, fair to good, mucho	oz	20-25
Gold Colombian	fine, only at border	kilo	400-450
Black Power grass	very sensuous	kilo	150-200
Bonsai hemp	high	oz	50-70
Cocaine	ultra-energetic	kilo	800
Metham-phetamine	high	kilo	950
Mescaline	peculiar stony buzz	1/4 kilo	500
Magic mushrooms	from weak local to top Peruvian	gm	30-80
	Argentinian; scrupulous	oz	400-800
	good domestic synthetic	100	80
	fabulous	100gm	800
		100gm	100

CANADA

Domestic	off season	oz	10-20
Commercial	glut	lb	100-125
Connoisseur	increasing flow	oz	30-45
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	lb	350-450
Thai sticks	up	oz	40-60
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	lb	450-550
MDA	lovers' delight	hit	180-200
Metham-phetamine	crystal, good	oz	2000-3100
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	gm	20-25
LSD	blotter, microdot, caveat emptor	hit	160-200
Cocaine	short and sweet	100	1200-1800
		gm	2-4
		oz	500-800
		lb	4500-7000
		gm	35-50
		oz	450-600
		hit	1-3
		100	100-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Commercial	leafy brown	lb	55-75
Colombian hash	improving, still ho-hum	oz	2-4
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	lb	30-40
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	10-30
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	lb	750-1250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1250
		oz	3-5
		lb	100-300
		oz	100-300
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Domestic grass	smoked out, some private stash	oz	10-15
Moroccan hash	good kif mix, erratic supply	gm	2.50-4
		kilo	1700-2200

Afghani hash	primo	gm	3.50-6
Pakistani hash	plentiful, improving	kilo	3000-3500
Nepalese hash	fresh supply	gm	2.50-5
Cocaine	increasing quantity, variable quality	kilo	2200-3500
LSD	microdot	gm	3.50-6
Opium	mostly in-crowd, not commercial	kilo	3000-4000
PCP	local chemists	gm	100-150
Magic mushrooms	very popular	oz	2000-2500
		hit	2.50-3.50
		gm	10-12
		hit	2-3
		gm	6

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	30-40
Afghani hash	thin slabs, good	lb	400-600
Colombian hash	quality up	oz	75-150
Hash oil	some Afghani	lb	800-1250
LSD	big blotter	oz	50-65
Cocaine	OK to good	lb	500-800
Mandrax	large demand, steady supply	gm	25-35
		oz	375-500
		hit	1-1.50
		100	75-150
		gm	75-150
		oz	1600-2000
		one	1-3
		100	100-200

GERMANY

Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	soft red, good	lb	500-725
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	gm	2-5
Thai sticks	high quality	kilo	1200-1350
LSD	blotter	oz	35-50
Cocaine	decent supply	lb	475-575
		one	15-25
		100	800-1200
		hit	2.50-5
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

MEXICO

Torreón violet	breath-taking	oz	8-12
Oaxacan tops	rising potency	lb	30-75
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	oz	4-6
Pueblo	good	lb	50-90
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	oz	3-6
Cocaine	brown to pure white	lb	20-70
Opium	not much	oz	5-10
		lb	50-125
		gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
		lb	30-50
		oz	300-400

PERU

Gold buds	jungle grass	oz	10
Brown buds	mountain grass	lb	70-75
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	4-5
Coca leaves	dry for smoking	lb	55
Cocaine	90% pure, the world's best	oz	2-3
Quaaludes	locally produced, not very good	lb	35
		kilo	1.15
		gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

SPAIN

Spanish grife	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	kilo	400-500
Lebanese red hash	sacks blond & red, not the best	oz	40-50
		kilo	1000-1200
		oz	50-60
		kilo	1500-1700

Hash oil	Moroccan dark good blotter	liter	1200-1500
LSD		hit	3-5
Cocaine	good to excellent	100	200-300
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	gm	80-120
		oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	2000-2250

USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade Mexican	tasty colas	oz	30-60
Quality Jamaican	good brown	lb	150-400
Commercial Colombian	mucho	oz	30-40
Connoisseur Colombian	likewise	lb	125-300
Seedless Colombian	top stuff, scarce	oz	25-40
Crystal methedrine	ace	lb	250-400
California sinsemilla	delish	oz	40-50
Hawaiian Puna buds	astronomical	lb	375-650
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	dirty blond, sleepy	lb	750-1000
Black Afghani hash	overpriced, fair	oz	40-75
Nepalese hash	pressed balls, knockout	lb	125-175
Paki hash	just decent, no buy	oz	1000-1750
Thai sticks	the bigger, the better	lb	800-1200
Hawaiian	rare	one	15-30
Hash oils	potent Afghani to honey	oz	150-175
PCP	powder, the pits	lb	150-175
LSD	blotter, microdot, others	gm	1000-1750
Psilocybin mushrooms	available fresh, frozen	oz	25-40
Peyote	fresh, available	lb	100-250
Quaaludes, 714s	rare, many "boots"	oz	30
Cocaine	various qualities	lb	150
California red hair	tasty, potent, plentiful	one	3-5
		100	350-500
		gm	60-120
		oz	1000-2000
		oz	50-125
		lb	450-1000

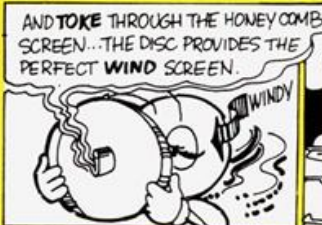
Alaska

Domestic	market down	oz	25-40
Regular Mexican	thin supply	lb	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	25-35
Colombian	mostly commercial	lb	250-350
		gm	100-120
		oz	1500-1750
		lb	50-100
		oz	500-700

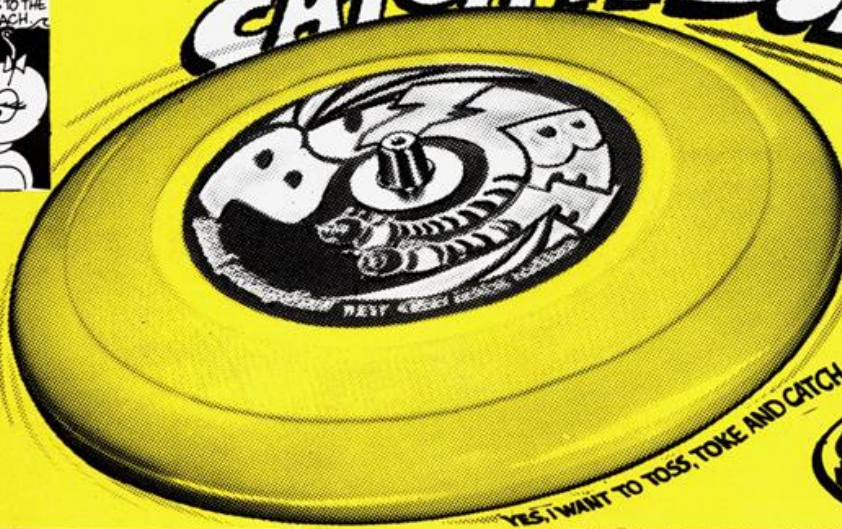
Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	110-160
Maui	delicious, tourist prices	lb	950-1600
Kauai	stoney, overpriced	oz	100-150
Puna buds	sweet, red	lb	900-1500
Oahu shake	nice buzz	oz	100-130
		lb	800-1200
		oz	110-160
		lb	950-1600
		oz	20-40

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐



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A black and white portrait of Paul Krassner. He has curly, light-colored hair and is looking slightly upwards and to the right with a faint smile. He is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored t-shirt that has a graphic on it. The background is dark and out of focus.

Interview

Paul Krassner

On feminists, the clitoris, nuns, prostitutes, orgasms on acid,
groupies, obscenity, pornography, orgies and sex

Stand-up editor, investigative satirist, one-time publisher of two of America's most notorious magazines—*Hustler* and the *Realist*—and crusading assassinologist, Paul Krassner was born in 1932 and raised in New York City. He first exploded into public purview in 1955 with an article for *Mad* magazine, "What If Comic-Strip Characters Sent Away to the Little Ads in the Back of Magazines?" In 1958, Paul launched the *Realist*—and met one of his first subscribers, Lenny Bruce (they began an intimate friendship that led to Paul's editing Bruce's autobiography, *How To Talk Dirty and Influence People*). The forerunner of the underground press of the '60s, the *Realist* led the way into journalism that was outrageous, drug mad, sex crazy, revolutionary. Krassner's sexing political activism led to his cofounding of the Yippies and being an unindicted coconspirator in the Chicago 7 conspiracy case.

In the early 1970s, Krassner became a relentless student of the conspiracy that now seems certain to have led up to JFK's shooting. Leading America by the funny bone to the truth that's never taught in school, Krassner finally emerged from relative poverty to be the publisher of Larry Flynt's *Hustler* magazine—at \$90,000 a year—a post he held for five months. In this interview—his first since leaving *Hustler*—Paul tells everything he knows.

High Times: When was the first time you fucked?

Krassner: I was 26 years old. It was in the office of *Mad* magazine.

High Times: How many people have you fucked?

Krassner: Hundreds.

High Times: Are you gay or bisexual, or have you ever been?

Krassner: I was a teenage cocksucker. But that was just healthy curiosity. My preference is women. For me a woman is like my other half. I think if nature had an intent, it was to perpetuate the species. On the other hand, maybe homosexuality is God's way of solving the population explosion.

High Times: What do you think about abstinence?

Krassner: Well, you've got to do something between fucking. Actually I think that one can enjoy abstinence. If your pleasure comes from watching yourself and toying with your consciousness, you can enjoy the process of being horny as much as you can enjoy the process of having the tension released. I think the ultimate is fucking a soyburger. That's the healthful next step after Portnoy's complaint.

High Times: What effect did the women's movement have on your sex life?

Krassner: I went out with one feminist, and the next morning I said, "I'll see you again," and she said, "You don't have to." The women's movement was almost like

a regression to the '50s, because then girls wanted to be wanted for more than their bodies. The movement gave that feeling an ideology and a history.

I welcomed the women's movement because I've always been for equality anyway. But it enhanced my awareness of how insensitive I must have been on occasion. I was always interested in self-assertive women, so it was logical that I would get involved with feminists.

High Times: Are feminists better in bed?

Krassner: Better than what? Ducks? It depends. You can't describe a feminist as if she were a monolithic slab in 2001. Some of them are, because they're less inhibited. Some of them aren't, because they're more uptight.

High Times: When did you first discover the clitoris?

Krassner: Even though I didn't fuck until I was 26, I did a lot of petting and necking from 18 to 26. I discovered the clitoris the first time I fingerfucked and gave head. I had heard so much about it. But I hadn't really gotten educated into it yet. It was a magic button.

High Times: You've been associated with Margo St. James, the leader of COYOTE, the prostitutes organization, for some time. How did you meet her?

"The ultimate is fucking a soyburger. That's the healthful next step after Portnoy's complaint."

Krassner: It was at a Christmas party she gave at the Committee, which was a satirical troupe in San Francisco. It was in '64 or '65.

High Times: How did she become the *Realist* Nun?

Krassner: We became friends and talked about what we could do together. She had gotten a nun costume, and she'd noticed how differently people responded to her in that costume; so she decided she would become the *Realist* Nun and go out on one assignment a month and do something incongruous, sort of like "Candid Camera." Once she performed an abortion in her nun costume. But the first thing she did was drive me to the airport when I was flying from San Francisco to Los Angeles. We started necking at the airport. She had on her nun costume and I had on my Hell's Angel-reject costume. People found it difficult to trust their own perceptions about what was happening.

High Times: Did you have any involvement with the founding of COYOTE?

Krassner: Not really. We had conversations. I joked about how she'd be the Jimmy Hoffa of the hookers. But I think the women's movement gave her the

strength to fight and organize COYOTE. In the sense that hookers are the easiest targets, they are sort of the front line of the women's movement.

High Times: Do you think there should be an organization of johns parallel to COYOTE?

Krassner: I think it's unrealistic, because obviously people are embarrassed by being johns. But I think they should organize. I also don't think a hooker should get busted without the john being busted. And I think if that happens, then laws against hookers would disappear.

High Times: Did you ever patronize a prostitute?

Krassner: Once. In Cuba, a year after Castro had taken power. I was doing research on the revolution. That was the only time I ever paid for it. I used to have a hooker for a girl friend. That was interesting because even though I adjusted to the idea of her having clients I still got jealous when she balled someone for free.

High Times: Didn't you once give a hooker as a birthday gift to an invalid?

Krassner: Not quite. It was a birthday present. And he had arthritis. But it was her idea. I was just the middleman.

High Times: What did the *Realist* do for sexual liberation?

Krassner: It assumed that people have the freedom to seek pleasure. I guess the most obvious example is the stuff we published by Albert Ellis. But a lot of it was language. We used language other magazines didn't. We loosened up the symbols, and that affects behavior.

High Times: Didn't you advocate changing the expression "Fuck you" to "Unfuck you"?

Krassner: No, that was Albert Ellis, in an interview with him. I pushed the program, but it was his idea that if fucking is good, then if you want to say something negative to someone, you shouldn't say "Fuck you," you should say "Unfuck you."

High Times: Have you ever said that to anybody?

Krassner: Only at the time. The problem with it was that you had to explain what it meant. But I'm not really hostile, so it doesn't come up much. Every once in a while I'll say it for practice.

High Times: You wrote a book called *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*. What did sex have to do with yippies?

Krassner: That's what you say when you're coming. Umm, our rhetoric demanded fucking in the streets. In fact we had one hoax where we had a combination of LSD and DMSO, and we said it would make people start fucking automatically. We had reporters there, and a couple of people tested it out and started balling, and the reporters reported it. It was an extension of the "Make Love Not War" slogan, that the war impulse was a perversion of the sexual instinct. Sex is the essence of our value system.

Every government wants to control the

sexuality of its citizens, because they can then extend that control into other areas of life. Yippie really represented peeling all the layers of socialization off that basic life force, instead of having one's sexuality sublimated and converted into being a cog in the consumer-military syndrome. **High Times:** Did you ever feel you were in personal danger because of your sexual beliefs?

Krassner: Only when the sexual beliefs became tied into political beliefs. In Chicago, the cops constantly made sexual references when they were beating people, arresting them, taking them to prisons, to jails. It was because the yippies were kind of children of the white middle class, and although the Chicago cops weren't afraid of their children growing up to be Black Panthers, they were afraid that their kids would want to grow long hair and take drugs and experiment with free sexuality. So in the sense that my radicalism represented, or included, or implied, a threat to the establishment version of controlled sex, it might have been an indirect danger.

I really was in danger once because of my beliefs on sex, when I fucked a gangster's girl friend. I spent two hours talking him out of killing me.

High Times: Do you think that dope enhances sex, and if so, what dopes?

Krassner: Almost all dope has been a kind of aphrodisiac for me. I guess the most aphrodisiacal one for me has been MDA. Or hash, hash brownies. MDA seemed to serve as a direct aphrodisiac. Also maybe mescaline or mushrooms, because they make you feel sensual.

High Times: Do you think coke is an aphrodisiac?

Krassner: I've heard people say that it isn't. A woman recently told me about it affecting a guy's ability to stay hard, but it didn't seem to make me go limp.

High Times: What about sex and heroin?

Krassner: I snorted heroin for the first time on the day Patty Hearst was convicted. I didn't enjoy fucking under it because the sensations seemed to be deadened. But also I got sick. On the other hand, there's almost a feeling of helplessness, where you want to cling to somebody. So there's closeness but also a deadening of sensuality.

High Times: In a Playboy interview Timothy Leary said that his orgasms were a hundred times better on acid. What do you think about that?

Krassner: Leary was, of course, a propagandist. He was trying to play to the stereotyped Playboy reader. If you wanted to get a Wall Street broker to take acid, you'd tell him it'll give him the courage to sell his stocks short. For the Playboy reader you tell him he'll come better. Acid heightens coming like it heightens everything else.

High Times: What do you think about sex and aging? Do you think that people have sexual peaks?

Krassner: I've been doing research on that, because I've been working on a novel about the making of a pornographic film for senior citizens. And what I have always thought, and what my research verified, is that the whole culture is geared toward programming people for senility. There's a change in that now. What with the Gray Panthers and contact of the yippies with old people in Miami, suddenly more and more people are realizing that it's insane to treat your elders as waste products. The thesis of what I was writing is, when people realize that they've been had, it suddenly wakes them up. And this is what happened with old people and sex. They suddenly realized that they were lied to, that they'd been betrayed, deprived of pleasure. And they can get along sexually; it's just that it's kind of an awakening experience. They've been able to cure senility with oxygen therapy. And obviously people who breathe in more oxygen end up balling. Or is it the other way around?

High Times: Do you pick up girls?

Krassner: I'm not really good at it, because I'm basically shy. I don't go to singles bars. I don't go to many parties. I find it difficult to be presumptuous, which is what picking up is about.

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High Times: Have you ever had any groupies?

Krassner: They always say I don't want you to think I'm a groupie.

High Times: Were they journalism groupies or radical groupies?

Krassner: There are different kinds. When I was a comedian, there were comedy groupies. When I was an assassination researcher, there were assassination groupies. There are investigative-reporter groupies, there was even somebody who thought that I was Paul Kantner from the Jefferson Starship. There are mistaken groupies. It sounds like a derogatory term, but it's really a way of getting to know people better. If girls want to get to know you better, they do it by the sex route, and guys do it by the dope route. I made up a word for the girls who are camp followers of the new messiahs. They're gurupies.

High Times: What role do you think sex played in the Manson case?

Krassner: Basic. Charlie used sex along with drugs and deep brainwashing as a control technique. He learned how to keep a hard-on for a long time in prison. Also he used cocksucking as a kind of

meditation. He used psychological hang-ups as a means of manipulating people. The girls used sex as a means of hanging on to the bikers who hung around. There were orgies between the Manson people and some of the victims. The Manson family became the scapegoats of the sex and drug and witchcraft cults that existed in the Hollywood establishment. Sex was an integral part of it. But it wasn't sex, really. It was power in the guise of sex.

High Times: Weren't you once fired from a radio show for getting head on the air?

Krassner: Not quite. I had my own show on KSFX in San Francisco for seven months. Then the radio-station manager came one day and told me that I shouldn't talk about the evils of capitalism, and I said I've never mentioned the evils of capitalism. He said, "Well, be subtle about it"; so it seemed clear that even though the program was getting more popular, it couldn't last. About seven months later they let me go, and then KSAN invited me on for an afternoon talk about why I had been let go by the other station. While I was there Margo St. James came to the station and started giving me head while I was talking. There was no FCC violation, but people were very paranoid. So for a while I was not welcome at that station.

High Times: You didn't mention that it was happening?

Krassner: Well, not directly. When the station-break time came I would just say, "This is KSAN, the station that blows your mind." That was like a little in-joke, but it was perfectly acceptable, and it was meeting the FCC rule of doing station breaks. It was innocent because I could have said the same thing without her going down on me.

High Times: Was there anything about sex in your FBI file?

Krassner: There was a poison-pen letter that the FBI wrote to Life magazine calling the Realist obscene. And in Chicago they knew whose house I was staying at, stuff like that.

High Times: You think the FBI was into more of the Martin Luther King style of villification than just Martin Luther King? Were they documenting people's sex lives?

Krassner: One FBI memo which is kind of telling shows that they were trying to prevent Screw from being sold on the campus of Rutgers University, and a memo from Washington that approved the New Jersey request to interfere with the sales said "Screw represents an extension of the immorality of the new left." So the government sees the connection. I see our real battle as being between productivity and permissiveness. That's why they try to control sex and drugs—they're hard to channel into a military-consumer economy. The government knows in the Reichian sense that sex is basic, and the conspiracy is to channel that energy as early as possible, like by starting to spank

children on the ass. That'll get them into S&M pretty quick. If the government can prosecute on the basis of obscenity, they can go after outrageous publications and establish precedents and then go after Playboy and Penthouse and the more respectable ones.

I once wrote a piece called "The Sex Life of J. Edgar Hoover." I was willing to accept the rumor that he was gay, and I always supported his right to be gay. But since he didn't want there to be any premarital sex among FBI agents, and since Hoover was never married, if he wasn't gay, I had to assume either he had nocturnal emissions or he masturbated; so I called for this campaign for people to send their used pornography to Hoover to help facilitate his jerking-off sessions. He may have not needed it. He may have jerked off to the FBI secret files of actors and actresses. All the material that he was supplying Lyndon Johnson with.

High Times: Did you hear a rumor that the King tapes are being circulated as an underground album?

Krassner: I imagined it, but I didn't know it was a rumor. I spread it myself. But it's also kind of an organic rumor, and it may even be true. Who knows? I've never heard them. I wonder what he says. "I have a wet dream."

High Times: In the '60s you published a piece in the Realist stating that Lyndon Johnson fucked the corpse of President Kennedy in the throat in order to change the bullet wound from an entry to an exit wound, to fool the Warren Commission. Do you think that writing about Johnson fucking Kennedy in the neck ruined your chances with Jackie O.?

Krassner: Ruined my chances with Jackie? I think it enhanced my chances with her. But it really wouldn't be gentlemanly to talk about my affair with Jackie.

High Times: Have you slept with any of the Kennedy children?

Krassner: Just John-John. I was interested in Caroline, but she was only going out with Jann Wenner at the time.

High Times: What's your history as a sex-magazine consumer?

Krassner: I always rationalized buying them. I knew that if there was an interview in Playboy with Malcolm X, I might jerk off to the Playmate of the Month; but I'd also read the interview with Malcolm X, so it had more rationalization per square tit than any other magazine that month. Some of the most important political writing and intelligence exposés have been in men's magazines. It's a schizophrenic thing. There's come to be an association in people's minds between the latest CIA exposé and somebody spreading her legs.

High Times: Assassination and pussy. I guess your LBJ story is the seminal metaphor for that phenomenon.

Krassner: Well, I've just denied the rumor that on the plane bringing Larry Flynt from Atlanta to Columbus I fucked him in

the stomach wound. My karma is coming back on me.

High Times: Do you think it's a coincidence that the magazines that have pushed the limits of the First Amendment in terms of "obscenity" or sexual material are the same ones that tend to stretch it in a political sense with conspiracy stories, exposés, assassinology?

Krassner: No, I think that they realized that it was a political act, just the way people who smoke grass learn that it's a political act. They didn't do it as a political act. They did it for pleasure. But they began to discover in the sadomasochistic culture that natural pleasure is a political act.

High Times: Do you think that the CIA is involved in the world of magazine publishing?

Krassner: Do you mean still? It wouldn't surprise me. I can't think of any specifics offhand. Sometimes it's indirect. If they want to get disinformation out. For instance Edward Jay Epstein's story about Lee Harvey Oswald being a lone assassin after all, serialized in Reader's Digest, the biggest selling magazine in the world. There are old FBI and CIA memos about contacts at the Reader's Digest that were favorably disposed, so you can't say that

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the magazine is directly involved; but it can become a conduit.

The CIA leaks material, and the reporters protect their sources; so the magazines are used. I've heard that Walter Cronkite did stuff for the CIA. It doesn't matter. You know from the nature and lifestyle of some journalists that you don't have to be an agent if the things you cherish give you the same value system as the CIA.

But intelligence means control to them, and control by any means necessary, so they've infiltrated the drug culture, Scientology, anything that they thought could be used for control or influence. I think magazines would fall into that category. There's no question that there have been agency employees at many of the magazines. It's conceivable that they could be run from the top, but I can't think of any offhand.

High Times: Did you once support yourself by selling posters that said "Fuck Communism"?

Krassner: I didn't support myself, no. When I moved, John Putnam, who was art director of Mad, gave me a "Fuck Communism" poster—red, white and blue,

with hammers and sickles and stars and stripes—as a housewarming gift. I wanted to share it with the readers of the Realist, but I couldn't get it engraved. The engravers said that the FBI had warned them about using words like that or showing public hair; so finally I just had a poster made, and the money that came from the poster was used to send Bob Scheer to Southeast Asia and helped finance his writing of the booklet "How the U.S. Got Involved in the Vietnam War." And then he wrote a piece for the Realist on how they helped plan the war at Michigan State University. So it supported journalistic projects rather than me.

High Times: Did you ever fuck twins?

Krassner: No, I haven't. But I have fucked a mother and a daughter. On separate occasions. I think I've fucked sisters on separate occasions also. But never twins. Clones, yes, but not twins.

High Times: Amputees?

Krassner: Let's see? Uh... I guess not, no.

High Times: Midgets, dwarfs or hermaphrodites?

Krassner: No. I guess I've led a sheltered life.

High Times: What do you think about pornography and children?

Krassner: I think that the problem there again is not with the pornography, it's with power. If you wanted to do this on a totally voluntary basis, that's one thing; but if they're forced into it by the power of their parents or whoever does it, that's what I'm concerned about. I don't mind erotic stimulation, I mind coercion.

High Times: What do you think about the incest taboo?

Krassner: Again, if it were an educational thing, sensualistic, as opposed to a power relationship, I would be for it. It's hard to know where to draw the line between affection and gratification. And I know people who have had incestuous relationships who don't seem to be any the worse for it. They seem to have demystified it. So I don't think it's necessarily harmful. But there's a difference between climbing into bed with your 8-year-old child and fooling around with your 19-year-old daughter.

I used to fool around with my sister. We didn't go all the way, but it was educational, it was experimental, it was curiosity. And I don't know if that's technically incest, but I think any of these questions have to depend on the context, the attitude of the people involved. If there's fear involved, then it's unhealthy. But if there's open satisfaction of curiosity, it's educational.

High Times: What happened to the waterbed revolution?

Krassner: I think it got filled with cream-of-mushroom soup.

High Times: Do they still have them in California?

Krassner: They still have them, but you don't hear that much about them. There were a lot of accidents in waterbeds,

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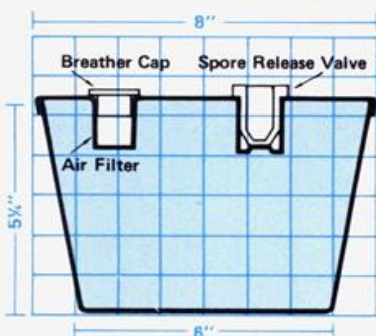
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Bill Weiner

"Jerry Brown lets Linda Ronstadt try on his hair shirt, then he tries on her bra as Mickey Mouse ears."

because a couple would be building up their own rhythm, and the waterbed had a rhythm of its own and caused a lot of surprise jabbing of organs into wrong orifices. You've got to be careful with a waterbed, it's very competitive.

High Times: Do you think that orgies are something that will really increase, or are they just a fad?

Krassner: I think both the orgy scene and the monogamous scene will increase. As sexuality becomes more and more open it goes into all those different areas. People do it for all kinds of reasons, like curiosity, boredom, sensuality, greed. Experimentation is increasing more and more, so that people feel free to try things, to see what their preference is, gay or straight, monogamy, polygamy, leather or silk, flesh or fetish. People are just experimenting to see where their own consciousness is, and sexuality is just a subdivision of that.

High Times: Is it true that you once asked Joe Pyne if he took off his wooden leg when he made love to his wife?

Krassner: Yes, I did. I tried for a long time to get a transcript of that program. I finally got it in my CIA file. Joe Pyne asked me a question, a real dumb chauvinist question. And I said, well, Joe, if you're going to ask me questions like that, then let me ask you if you take off your wooden leg when you make love with your wife. And he was rather stunned. It appeared on some stations but not on others.

High Times: What do you think about Jerry Brown and Linda Ronstadt?

Krassner: I always imagine people together, you know, and what they're like; so obviously they're no exception. I've had fantasies about her but not him. But I've had fantasies about them together. I like it sociologically. I mean, this would have had to have been a hidden affair years ago. And that it can be open now is, I guess, a sign of progress.

High Times: What kind of fantasies do you have about them?

Krassner: Oh, you know, he lets her try on his hair shirt. And then he tries on her bra as Mickey Mouse ears.

High Times: Do you have any fantasies like that about other people? Like Marilyn Monroe, Jack Kennedy, or...

Krassner: Everybody. I always imagine what people are like in bed. Because there's consistency. If you're selfish in regular life, you'll be selfish in bed. If you're hysterical in regular life, you'll be hysterical in bed. Sometimes there are surprises, but the consistency of personality is there, at least the ones I've been able to test. I guess it's a personal mantra for me. I always imagine what people are like in bed, because no matter how much dignity or sophistication they try to have I always appreciate that animal level.

I like to imagine what Walter Cronkite and Barbara Walters are like. Separately, together. Does Cronkite come and say, "That's the way it was." Does Barbara Walters keep her mouth closed when she moans, the way she does when she delivers the news? It's just a personal morbid fascination.

High Times: Have you ever raped anyone or been raped?

Krassner: I've never raped anybody. Although I now consider even persuasion a form of rape, in a way.

I must say that during those years between 18 and 26, when I was really obsessed with getting laid, I could almost see the yearning turn into a hostility, which is the basis of rape, and I had to fight to keep my sanity. It's hard for women to realize that rapists are victims too. It's no comfort, certainly. I guess the only thing to do is to kick him in the balls with compassion.

High Times: What do you think of fuck machines?

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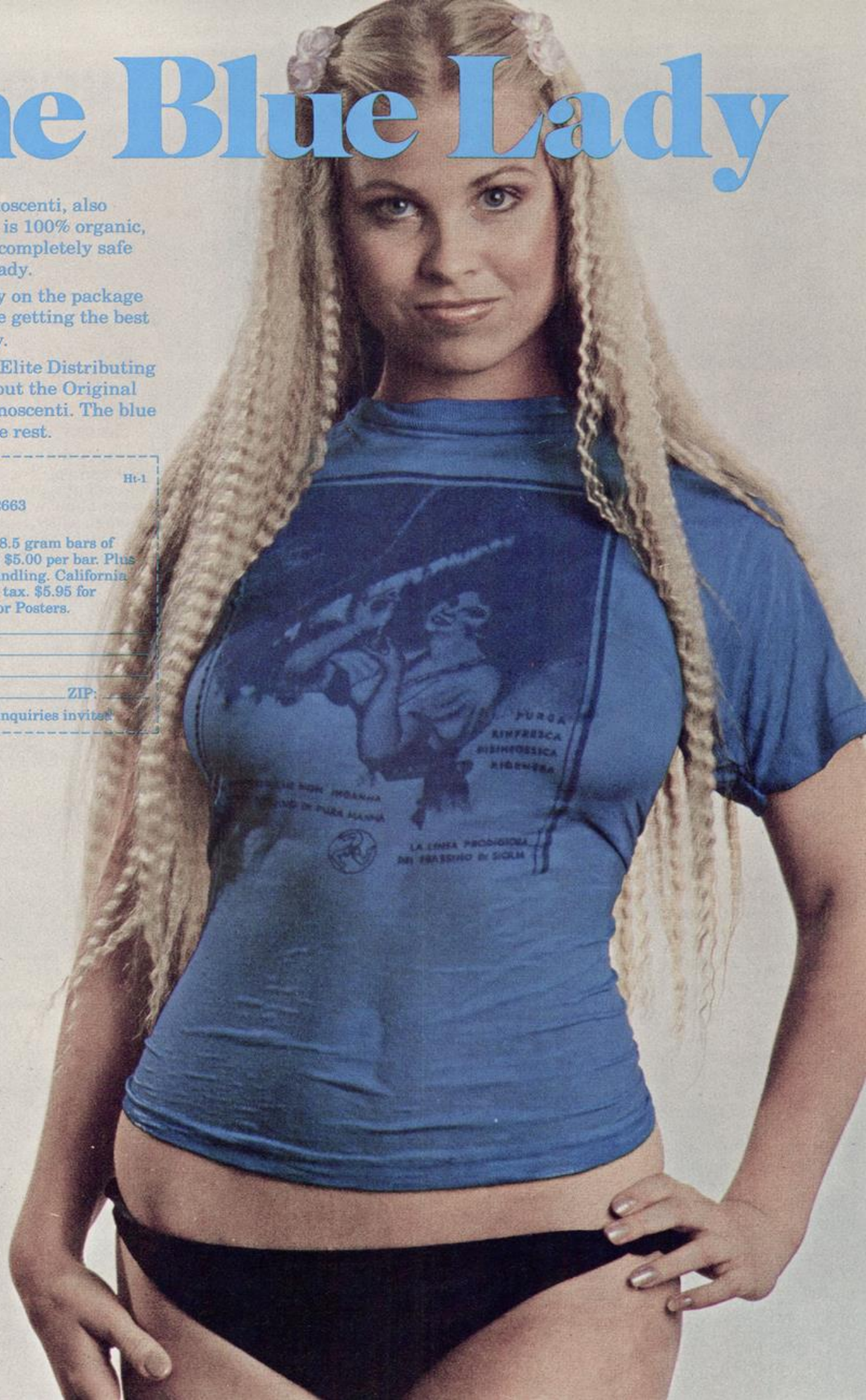
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"Does Barbara Walters keep her mouth closed when she moans, like she does on the news? Does Cronkite come and say, 'That's the way it was'?"

Krassner: I think it's sad and amusing at the same time. I mean especially now that they have a machine that says things to you. It's like you don't know whether to laugh or cry at a machine that says to a customer, "Ooh, do it to me, baby. Shove that thing in me. Moan moan." On the other hand, it's probably more real to them than they're able to fantasize. It's kind of tragic that there should be a need for that, but apparently there is. I once wrote a fable called "Tongue Fu"—he had a 15-inch tongue and was very popular with the ladies—but he takes this artificial vagina out to a movie and to dinner before he takes it home because he doesn't want it to think he wants it just for his body.

High Times: What do you think the word "Hustler" means to Flynt?

Krassner: He says he got it from Lenny Bruce. "We're all hustlers. We're each as honest as we can afford to be."

High Times: What was Lenny Bruce into sexually?

Krassner: Oh, he just liked to ball ladies. Sometimes he was so horny for somebody that he would convince himself he was in love with them and later convince them, because he really believed it at the time.

High Times: Do men's magazines exist primarily as an aid to masturbation?

Krassner: I don't know whether it's primarily or not. I think that a lot of them might sell if they took out the pictures, but they're afraid to take the chance. But they might lose some readership, and there's no way of knowing because none of the demographics say what percentage of the readers jerk off to the magazine, it only says how many stereotypes they own.

Editorial content might have begun as a subterfuge, but the magazines have become committed in the process to publishing important investigative reporting. I know that people who work in the White House were Xeroxing some of the Penthouse articles on the Trilateral Commission. They weren't Xeroxing the pictures. So I'm sure there are a lot of people buying these magazines despite the pictures, or at least not because of them.

High Times: Is jerking off to the images in sex magazines becoming a more attractive prospect than becoming involved in sexual relationships with real people?

Krassner: I remember when I realized that I was addicted to the jerk-off magazines because of a dream. I had been having an erotic dream about pictures of girls instead of human beings. It was a frightening realization. On the other hand they are a form of education and demystification. And to people who have no other outlet the fantasy helps make it closer—being

with another human being—because at least you have an image to focus on. So in that sense it can be seen as a service. Like, a lot of dope dealers see what they're doing as a service. There are people who may be ugly or lonely or scared or isolated or have some kind of handicap who'd rather have the fantasy from a magazine than no contact at all. Like prisoners. Jerking off to a picture dissipates the energy that might otherwise lead to going out and confronting somebody real and taking the risk of being rejected. A magazine never rejects you. That's important. People have a right to choose not to risk being rejected.

Once someone complained to D.H. Lawrence that people would read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and then want to go out and get laid, and Lawrence said, "Bully for them!" Every time I have jerked off to an image of a pretty girl in a magazine it increased my yearning to be with a real one. It didn't substitute for it, except that it relieved the sexual tension. You know, you can't kiss a magazine. Although some skin mag has a life-size foldout this month with scratch'n'sniff strawberry-flavored lips, it's a pretty absurd image—thousands of men opening this up on their carpet and scratching these lips and kissing them, maybe jerking off to it. In a funny way the greatness of America is involved in individual acts of passion like that.

High Times: When you are masturbating to a picture of a woman in a magazine, do you fantasize that you are fucking the woman or that you are the woman?

Krassner: Usually what happens is that I'm so aware that it's a picture that I finally throw the magazine away and close my eyes and imagine some real person I've met, and I imagine fucking, or giving head, or getting sucked off. You drag a little variety in with your fantasies.

High Times: But there's also a theory that men are actually unconsciously fantasizing that they are the woman in the picture.

Krassner: Well, you do that in a sense, even when you're balling somebody. You identify with them. That's what makes one a good lover.

High Times: Basically having sex with yourself is a homosexual act, so perhaps the primary although unrealized fantasy is being the model. Which may be why all the models are masturbating in the pictures now.

Krassner: Well, what else can they do?

High Times: They used to just look longingly into the camera as if you were just about to step into bed.

Krassner: That's evolution. There's something very erotic to me about women

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getting off on themselves. When I was a kid you thought sex was a favor women did for you. The biggest lesson to learn in life was that girls enjoy it too. So a picture of a woman turning herself on reinforces that sense of hope.

High Times: Thinking in more Reichian terms of generating or accumulating energy: Is masturbation generating energy or dispersing energy?

Krassner: I think it's one of the finest forms of meditation. You don't have to memorize any words. Sometimes it's the only time people do any deep breathing. That's what it's served for me. I only understood that in retrospect. I got through college by maintaining hard-ons during class as a kind of horny yoga. That was also one of the reasons I was interested in the Charles Manson case. Manson admits that masturbation was a great force in his life, but the context of his masturbation was the paranoid, authoritarian, racist environment of prison. It's like any tool, no pun intended. It can be used constructively or destructively. It can be psychologically harmful. I know a woman who bruised her clitoris with a vibrator. But people have become better lovers by learning to masturbate. You can learn to prolong orgasm while masturbating so you don't worry about it when you're fucking. It comes down to the old cliché of what the individual does with it, what their attitude is toward it. How you imprint on deprivation. Everybody gives their own style to it.

High Times: Do you think there is any magical, mass unconscious or astral effect on the models who are masturbation objects in sex magazines? Do you think they are changed by having millions of men getting off on a dream or fantasy that involves them?

Krassner: I met an 18-year-old model at a party who had posed for a spread. She met Ron Kovic, the Vietnam veteran author who's in a wheelchair. She didn't know who he was and said, "How come you're in a wheelchair?" Here's this guy who has written *Born on the Fourth of July*, who's told the story over and over, and he says, "Well, I had some problems in the Vietnam War." And she says, "So what happened to your legs?" And he says, "I'm paralyzed." And she says, "That's a negative attitude!" That is ultimately, in a very convoluted form, what's limiting about the jerking-off syndrome. You miss the quality. The sex is out of context. It could be an endearing quality, that she could be that naive, or that innocent, or that free, or that drunk, however you interpret the remark.

If I were fucking that 18-year-old blond

model, I believe that somewhere in the pleasure that we were sharing would be a link with the quality in her that enabled her to say that. At the same time I believe that people have the right to deprive themselves of that kind of multi-dimensionality. And also there are people who don't deprive themselves but are deprived by their life circumstances, and a one-dimensional magazine fantasy is better than no fantasy at all.

High Times: Have you ever met or slept with any women whom you've jerked off to in a magazine?

Krassner: Yeah, a Playmate. She was nice, a sweet kisser.

High Times: Did you tell her about jerking off to her?

Krassner: I didn't do that until after I had fucked her. It made it much more real. It was interesting because it seemed as if she were surprised that I was giving her pleasure, as if it were her function to give and not receive. But of course she told me that the week before she'd been with Sinatra, and the week before that with Sammy Davis, Jr., so I guess she felt she was in a service occupation.

High Times: Weren't you worried about catching some kind of exotic Las Vegas disease, venereal gambling fever?

Krassner: You take risks in life. You oblige yourself to consequence. It was funny because it was in Hefner's mansion and I felt that I had to sneak her into my room there, even though the atmosphere is so sexual. That was the Chicago mansion.

High Times: What's the first reading material that turned you on?

Krassner: The first pornography I ever jerked off to wasn't even pornography. It was *Studs Lonigan*. A mild thing. It was just one little paragraph about him having an itch in his crotch. There was nothing available. And I still remember the sense of excitement that I had attached to magazines, nudist magazines...

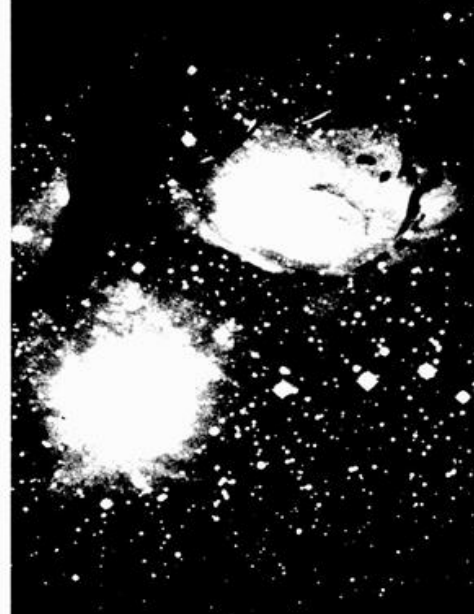
I once covered a story at a nudist camp, and I began to get a little bit aroused. So I thought, "Think volleyball," and I got out on the volleyball court. 'Cause hard-ons are kind of taboo at nudist camps. At one nudist camp they play the "Star Spangled Banner" when somebody gets a hard-on. As if it were unpatriotic to stand at attention. But volleyball worked. Outside it was okay. It felt inappropriate to get an erection in that environment. But then I went to the office, and I was waiting for the owner, to talk to him, and I was looking over some nudist magazines on his desk, and I began to get a hard-on. And that was a reminder of how silly it is.

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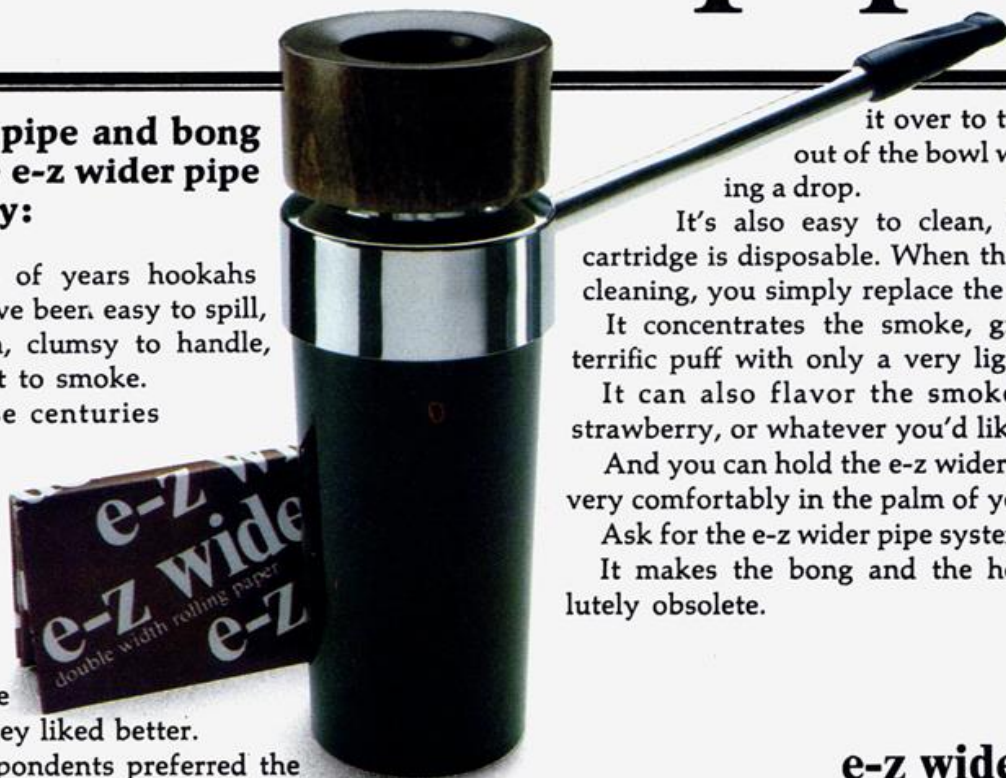
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your consciousness it's like you're going out on a date with somebody. You know you're going to jerk off. It's a guaranteed score. But people have a right to limit their own horizons or to broaden them. They have as much right to limit their horizons as they have to broaden them. And only they know. I may think someone is limiting their horizons; they may think they're broadening them. I'm jaded. The stuff that once got me excited just doesn't do it anymore.

High Times: It's been revealed that Son of Sam had a collection of sex magazines. How does that make you feel?

Krassner: Once there was an airplane hijacking or something similar to something Rod Serling had once done on TV, and he said, "I am responsible to my audience, not for them." I'd like to ask Son of Sam about it.

It's not inconceivable that this material may have been planted there. But maybe he read it. Even CIA zombies get horny. I've read a book called *Autoeroticism* by Wilhelm Stekel, who made the point that masturbatory outlets prevented a lot of sex crimes because they were able to release it in fantasies rather than in real life. It's the sexually repressed ones who end up raping. It's an act of power. Sex is just a means of exercising it.

A lot of us who have pleasant associations with dope and sex and music have got to remember that a lot of guys went to Vietnam and first got turned on there in the context of killing and raping hookers. And they brought that war back home. Even if there was not a planned, specific conspiracy to loose these kind of domestic terrorists among the population to help spread fear so that more and more police-state laws and measures could be taken, that's still the effect. One-third of the American prison population is Vietnam veterans. There's a lot of hostility that has not yet been exorcised.

High Times: Why did you decide to pose nude for Hustler?

Krassner: It was the photo department's idea. I had no idea it was happening. They had mentioned it earlier in the day, but I thought it was a joke. It was kind of a liberating experience. I just surrendered to it. My daughter said she was going to burn the issue; and my ex-wife tried to be rational about it, but the best she could come up with was, "Well, it's nobody's business." Some woman told me she was having fantasies over it. That was amusing but weird. I liked the idea of doing it as opposed to Hugh Hefner sitting around smoking a pipe. I had to break the news to my mother, who was concerned that I was getting too skinny; so I wrote her a letter and told her, "Now the whole world will know I'm thin."

High Times: Why were you fired from Hustler?

Krassner: Well, Hustler's associated with Larry Flynt, and in the readers' minds.

(continued on page 91)



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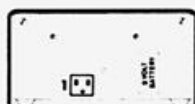
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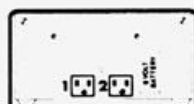
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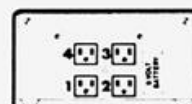
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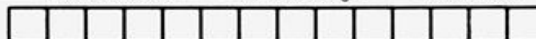
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NALIA - '78

**A towering blockbuster
about the \$350-million
dope paraphernalia business
—the men at the top
...the women at their feet
...hoses in their noses
...and their desperate battle
against anti-hash pipe laws
that told them their business
was too immoral to live,
yet too profitable to die!**

by A. Craig Copetas

It's not the sun but the cocaine that rises, through sterling-silver straws, in \$100-a-night suites, above the skyline of Central Park. By 9 A.M. a trek will begin, throngs of hip men and scantily clad women smelling like some faraway fern root will shuffle and stumble onto the sidewalks, don dark glasses and walk toward the Coliseum, that giant convention dome—host to the Daughters of the American Revolution, innumerable track shows, even the Betty Crocker Bake-Off. But today the Coliseum is the mecca for the \$350-million-a-year dope paraphernalia industry, the legitimate iceberg tip of the multi-billion-dollar international dope trade. And business looks good.

The perpetually smiling gang of street dope dealers, many of whom have plied nearby Columbus Circle since pot was invented, gaze into their stashes as the bong and paper makers of the world march by. Aggressive salesmen, they soon discover that this crowd is less interested in their weed than the papers it's rolled in. "The street joint," says one paraphernalia dealer entering the Coliseum. "It could be a whole new untapped market. Street Skins, not a bad idea, is it?"

The Coliseum management officially calls this three-times-a-year gathering the Boutique Show, as many of the items on display are sold in boutiques. Exhibitors include hundreds of dress designers, jeans customizers, leather workers, jewelers, importers of Indian shirts and saris and at least one entrepreneur of American



Indian headdresses. However, the show belongs to over 125 screen dealers, bong kings, pipe wholesalers, clip makers, scale salespersons and multicolored-rolling-paper retailers.

Over 40,000 people will flock to behold masses of dope-taking implements dragged here from all corners of the earth. The crowd will marvel at the two floors of plywood storefronts promoting Frisbee hash pipes, Tiffany cocaine trays, mechanical snorters, raspberry nasal douches and bizarre African bushes. But to the Boutique Show management, this grand conglomeration will be tactfully described as "America's largest display of lifestyle gift items."

For four days in June the hotels overlooking Central Park South go mad, their rooms awash with grass, nitrous, cocaine, capsules, cactus, mushrooms and the latest in pharmaceuticals, chemicals, side-chain molecules and free-floating atoms. The Plaza Hotel switchboard will receive 32 calls asking for the location of all-night pizza parlors, the stately St. Moritz kitchen will furnish at least 15 pounds of ice to be used exclusively for testing a new type of supercooled bong, and the Essex House drugstore will run out of razor blades by 4:20 P.M. Sunday. The paraphernalia business has finally arrived.

* * * * *

A carnival air spilled over two stadium-sized floors that featured braless models wriggling the rag trade's most fashionable haute couture next to red-eyed Ozark hash-pipe dealers. Just one week before, the New York State Regent exams were administered to hundreds of bushy-tailed high-school girls here, and now the scene was transformed into a Circus Maximus of concentrated weirdness never before witnessed. The smells of the Betty Crocker Bake-Off had given way to the odor of various strains of burning cannabis hanging over razor-slashed formica snack bars, making the watered-down beer and bloated hot dogs the ultimate in munchy punishment.

"I'd like to talk to you about all this, but there's this lady who also wants my time," griped a pipe peddler from Pennsylvania, obviously piqued that between hustling iso-dopeys, totally legal lettuce and java-java seeds there was little time for anything else for a conventioneer to do but get laid. Old habits die hard, even at the Boutique Show. And with all the white powder around, these folks were out looking for tail, attempting to lure every crotch-hugging-French-jeaned woman in sight up to a bevy of suites for a down-home pussy picnic. If nothing else, the paraphernalia industry established that when it comes to fucking they are no different than the Shriners, United Auto Workers or the Republican Party.

"Yes, cocaine is a contributing factor to our business," sniffed a salesman from Correct Count scales as if high tea had just



William Kunstler



Don Levin



Mel Romanoff

Photos by Carrie Boretz

The \$350-million dope-paraphernalia industry is the legitimate tip of the multi-billion-dollar international dope-trade iceberg.

been served at the Harvard Club. "Marijuana is also a contributing factor. However, we find ourselves mostly selling to heavy industry."

The "heavy industry" of dope smuggling, perhaps? Over 15,000 scales sold in two years, all kinds of scales, small scales, pocket scales, ton scales and a \$1,500 digital model "with carrying case" capable of providing "heavy industry" with the ability to weigh .001 of a gram of "aluminum sulfate" to 300 grams of "copper powder."

The people who distribute Rizla papers have hired an actor, dressed him as a smoldering six-foot-tall joint and let him loose on the show. As the smiling reefer hopped through this loony bazaar complaining about how paraquat affected his ability to exist, one bleeding-eyed gentleman in flowing white robes was overheard to ask, "Is he an Arab, too?"

"Talk about strange stuff, man, I'll tell you how flaked this industry really is," blasted what appeared to be a cocaine-screen salesman from Marina Del Ray, sporting tinted yacht glasses with his initials festooned to the lens. "Just dig this man, these hippies ain't dead...we're still rolling along. Take this dude Stan Freeman. He made White Buffalo rolling papers...he folds the company, sells the name White Buffalo and goes into the thermometer business. Now that's really strange, man, that human joint walking around can't match that. From rolling papers to thermometers...stick it to whoever. This is a strange business."

There is a muted hysteria, a controlled drug-induced panic as orders for key-chain joint holders and edible underwear are scribbled on yellow pads. Everyone presses the flesh, inviting prospective buyers back to "the suite" for a drink, a snort and a look at the latest merchandise catalog.

The air-conditioned taxis and horse-drawn carriages pull up under the Essex House canopy and wait for the paraphernalia lords to emerge. The industry literally leaped out of obscurity four years ago. The dealers themselves are still incredulous: one hears over and over again, "Can you believe we're making money out of this, all of this from

dope?" Ten years ago the industry scraped a living from fashioning hash pipes from old copper plumbing. There was no international distribution, no catalogs and barely enough money for baggies of Mex.

Once looked upon as a fledgling cottage industry riding the marijuana fad, the nuts-and-bolts business of selling things to help you get stoned has exploded into the most phenomenal industrial success story of the decade. As Detroit continues to recall cars and the oil companies quiver over depletion allowances, the business of getting high continues to expand, guided by sophisticated teams of international bankers, federal loan schemes, computerized data processing and 40 million marijuana smokers who have seen fit to purchase five billion packages of rolling paper since 1968. But despite continued success, the paraphernalia business is a new and frightened industry. And 1978 has hurled them into a battle for their very existence.

The city of Atlanta, the state of New York, nine Chicago suburbs and the Dakotas have all introduced laws designed to prohibit the sale of dope paraphernalia. A well-organized antiparaphernalia lobby now travels the country shaking fists and shouting about how roach clips corrupt minors and lead to the general decay of society, much in the same way antimarijuana decriminalization once whistled behind every NORML appearance.

A right-wing backlash to decrim, or something more? The paraphernalia industry is a slick form of capitalism with a multi-billion-dollar potential the government and the Fortune 500 have yet to decipher. The question is not when will these antiparaphernalia laws stop the industry, but who—liquor, tobacco or pharmaceuticals—is going to stop it and then take it over. America does not allow \$350-million-a-year industries, employing thousands of people, paying millions in taxes and pumping a sagging GNP, to fade away like chimney sweeps. What has happened is that for the first time in their short history, the paraphernalia industry has been thrown into a no-holds-barred political fistfight, with the outcome affecting everyone remotely connected



Burt Rubin



Ralph Caplan



Keith Stroup

Over 40,000 people flocked to behold the displays of over 125 bong kings, pipe wholesalers, clip makers and multicolored-rolling-paper retailers.

with growing, shipping, smoking or just plain looking at marijuana.

As marijuana legalization begins to look more realistic, the paraphernalia industry sits atop a financial volcano that, if controlled, could transform cheap Mexican weed into Wall Street blue chip in a matter of days.

Quite simply, the paraphernalia industry exists in the profitable twilight of some 42 million Americans who like to take some sort of drug and are willing to fork over \$5.95 for Quaalude Soap-on-a-Roap gift packs for their friends.

Houses in Aspen, retreats on Long Island and American Express tickets to South America provide international camping grounds for a crowd that once thought a rock concert the ultimate. Although dope is paramount, booze is irresistible even at these inflated hotel prices of \$36 for a bottle of back-shelf Scotch. The demand for \$1,000 bongs and 35-cent packs of paper has kept many of these industry titans on a perpetual magic carpet ride.

But by selling pipes, papers and coke spoons, the paraphernalia people have begun to rock the boat in exactly the same way any large industry tends to do. Auto makers go to court over emission control and faulty gas tanks. Paraphernalia makers go to court over hash-oil kits and cocaine vials. It's all the same. So the time may now be ripe for the industry to go to Washington, briefcases filled with whatever. If the industry initiates this course of action, the nightly news will show politicians singing a new tune and endorsing the double-wide rolling paper as the most important development to happen in the U.S. since the republic was born.

And if the industry does not begin decisive political action, then paraphernalia and eventually marijuana could well be divvied up by a bunch of multinationals. For as long as America keeps smoking and snorting, the captains of American industry will insure the country has more than enough papers, pipes, straws and noncorrosive cocaine cuts. But as of today, a disorganized and argumentative paraphernalia industry has about as much chance of successfully challenging decrim backlash as Czech students had against Russian tanks in 1968.

The newly formed Paraphernalia Trade Association (PTA), designed to publicly fight the antiparaphernalia laws, has decided to hold its first meeting in the plush confines of the Essex House Gold Room. As 150-odd industry people file into the room it is obvious that some have bounced checks on each other, are involved in multi-million-dollar patent-infringement suits or are just guilty of raunchy cocaine. It is an historic moment. The entire industry has finally come together under one roof. There is universal suspicion of everything and everyone, a sophisticated cocaine paranoia so austere that it could easily be mistaken for social virtue.

Sitting in the corner is famed radical attorney William Kunstler, invited here with the hope he would agree to represent the paraphernalia industry. William Kunstler is now 59 years old, former executive trainee at Macy's, World War II major, winner of the bronze star, defender of the Freedom Riders, SCLC, SNCC, Stokely Carmichael, Adam Clayton Powell, H. Rap Brown, the Berrigans, Joan Little, the Chicago Seven and the Milwaukee 14. He is now here to consider defending the inalienable right of every American to buy a roach clip without fear of prison. The frantic dealers could already hear Kunstler's impassioned pleas in front of the U.S. Supreme Court, paraphernalia being lumped together with other great social injustices of the twentieth century. The funny thing is, that wouldn't be so absurd. The government has gone crazy over dope, outlawing this molecule and that molecule and now trying to avenge pot decriminalization by a counterattack on paraphernalia. The next step is to outlaw information about dope. Forbidden knowledge—return to the Dark Ages.

"This is an insidious problem you are facing," intoned Kunstler to the energetic nods of paraphernalia people from around the U.S. "As the trend to the right in this country continues, so will it affect the drug laws, and you people are the target."

"This will be a long fight," adds Kunstler, whose last visit to the Essex House was at the request of Mrs. Randolph Hearst, who asked him to defend

Patty. "The government has given up on the criminality of marijuana and is now attempting to control the situation by introducing paraphernalia sales laws."

"Marijuana smokers need to stay out of jail," says Keith Stroup, who had come to the meeting to collect nearly \$60,000 in overdue pledges to NORML. "The paraphernalia industry thinks that NORML can make it all right. Well, we can't help them. They seem to forget the government is arresting their market at a rate of 420,000 a year. We can only do so much."

After four hours of kneeling, gouging, kicking and pummeling each other over how the new PTA was to combat the public, the meeting closed with 84 official members paying \$250 each in dues. Some \$50,000 in pledges was collected for a Praetorian Guard of legal defense headed by veteran drug attorney Michael Kennedy, former defender of Leary, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, Weathermen and *High Times*. The antiparaphernalia laws would soon be toppled.

"The industry must realize," said Kennedy, "that we cannot respond to every headshop bust, set up a lobbying arm and organize a legal defense with \$50,000."

The PTA, whose members were already spending over \$50,000 a year in court costs, also decided not to defend any ingestible product, including butyl nitrite, the controversial bottled chemical that has occasionally prompted consumer-safety and product-liability suits.

But decked out in his three-piece black pinstripes, Rush Lockaroma and Bolt manufacturer Jay Freezer was not happy with this decision. Freezer had come to the PTA to make a splash, to be just one of the boys. He set up the Boutique Show's homiest booth, complete with living-room furniture, red shag carpet, a generous bar and as much butyl nitrite as your circulatory system could take.

In the summer of 1971 an unknown metal trader for the Continental Ore Corporation of New York wrote letters to 14 of the world's leading rolling-paper manufacturers. Seven years and 150 million booklets of rolling paper later, 31-year-old Burt Rubin can sit back in his river-view apartment and figure out ways to get E-Z Wider to be the first rolling paper atop Mt. Everest.

Rubin, who decided not to join the PTA, is one of the industry's biggies, controlling a sizable chunk of the \$150-million paper market. Rubin revolutionized the rolling-paper business. He was the first to convince the conservative Spanish rolling-paper firms that an extra-wide paper designed to eliminate the need to stick two papers together when rolling a joint would sell big in the U.S. Today, his E-Z Wider papers remain the yardstick by which other papers are measured and marketed and have given his company, Robert Burton Associates, the necessary capital to maintain 45 employees, expand

into lines of specialty rolling papers, develop a disposable-cartridge water pipe and finance E-Z Wider auto-racing and hang-gliding teams.

"The government's attempt to wipe out marijuana and paraphernalia have not and will not work. Consider paraquat. The spraying of paraquat on Mexican marijuana will prompt those who are growing half an acre to grow an acre, those who are growing an acre to grow ten acres. Marijuana is here to stay, no matter what the government does.

"There are some 40 million marijuana smokers out there. The tobacco, liquor and drug companies know about these 40 million people. Hell, we're a small country, more people than Sweden. The pot smoker is an expanding market, the scope of which is just too massive for the big corporations not to be interested in.

"Sure, the paraphernalia industry would like to get involved in legal pot. And when legalization comes I'm confident that the consumer will purchase their pot from E-Z Wider. Sure, the smoker will be able to buy their pot from Marlboro and Winston. But E-Z Wider has been with them from the beginning, and the people at E-Z Wider smoke too."

* * * * *

"I couldn't make any money out of selling dope, so I started selling paraphernalia," chuckles Ralph Caplan, toying with a baseball bat made out of ten pounds of red cocobola wood.

At 28, Caplan is the youngest of the paraphernalia moguls, and he has been called everything from boy wonder to boy bastard. His Detroit-based company Nalpac ("Caplan" spelled backwards) boasts one of the most efficient distribution networks in the industry, able to ship a ton of pipe screens anywhere in the continental U.S. in a matter of hours. Caplan struck it rich on his exclusive line of wood pipes made from the Central American cocobola tree. In a business where power is measured in items sold, Caplan has been a star since 1967, making him one of the most visible members of the paraphernalia vanguard.

"Nalpac is a multi-million-dollar operation. I'm part of the American system. I make money selling paraphernalia, and I'll fight till the end to keep making money selling paraphernalia. I'll go into the street if necessary."

* * * * *

The \$10-million-a-year volume of Adam's Apple Distribution makes president Don Levin the single most powerful dope paraphernalieur in the world. From his 75,000-square-foot office, warehouse and incense factory in Chicago, the 30-year-old former Marine demolition expert employs 67 people to sell over 2,000 items designed to help get America as stoned as humanly possible. Levin does business with the ultraconservative European

American Bank, holds three Small Business Administration loans, flies his own plane and is the sole American distributor for Societe JOB, the giant \$800-million-a-year French manufacturer of cigarette papers and filters.

Despite sales of 72 million booklets of JOB papers since 1972, Levin's attorney has advised him not to talk about the relationship between dope and the industry. "Drug laws are harsh and unreasonable," says the man who invented the dope-paraphernalia Christmas stocking.

"On my first trip to the JOB plant in St. Germain, I saw a mile of rolling paper. That's a pretty impressive sight, let me tell you. That's a hell of a lot of paper. The business is getting more sophisticated. People want quality items. There's more

**"I know that if I wasn't
in this [paraphernalia]
business, I'd be a dope
smuggler. I'm sure of it."**

**—Mel Romanoff,
Morgan Love**

of a supply than demand. Paraphernalia is almost like religion. Of course there were the concept makers, watersheds like incense, papers, the original roach clip, the original pipe.

"The whole business has been a learning process for me as it has for the consumer," said Levin while phoning his computer programmer in Chicago to receive the latest sales projections. "But with these new laws the industry will have to spend a great deal more money to stay alive. We have to go into the courts and fight them, and in the end we will win."

* * * * *

Before there were paraphernalia laws there was, and still is, Mel Romanoff, "Dealer in Euphoric Devices Since 1967." Romanoff's company, Morgan Love, is the industry's touchstone, what one competitor described as "the company we all look to for guidance."

The Brooklyn-born Romanoff is the Dunhill of the industry. Since the mid '60s, when he managed New York City's first headshop, the 33-year-old dope-gear dealer has seen more people come and go than a Manhattan doorman.

"The vibes of the old headshop days were better," said Romanoff from his offices overlooking SoHo. "But let me tell you, there were more bounced checks back then as well.

"The old ideas, the enlightened outlook of the old days are gone. Today you can go buy papers in a Sunoco station. The concept of the headshop is no longer necessary. It has become a high-power business. I think the big difference here is

that I try to have my company reflect me, both of us remaining as human as possible. I know that if I wasn't in this business I'd be a dope smuggler. I'm sure of it."

Morgan Love employs 15 people and has one of the country's largest incense-manufacturing installations. Romanoff, whose specialty is importing finely crafted stash boxes, sits with a stuffed pheasant perched above his desk. The overhead fans sift the smell of fresh incense.

"The idea that I was only going to be a businessman in this life freaked me out," said Romanoff. "What matters is sharing life, knowing about other things than paraphernalia. Isn't that what we're all supposed to be about, especially in a business so closely linked to marijuana? But the attitude of this industry is not the greatest.

"The fight against these paraphernalia laws will show just how together this industry can be. I don't particularly want to live in a place where such laws exist. Where will it all stop? Are the proverbial 'They' going to outlaw Kentucky corncob pipes and McDonald's plastic straws? But the real fear factor here is if these laws are passed and enforced to the degree these idiots want, then the banks we have been dealing with may begin to look upon us as bad risks. All I know is that I'll fight to the end."

* * * * *

Frank Davis is not one of the big guys. His wheat-straw style seems a little country for New York City. Davis, whose long dark hair brushes real faded and frayed jeans, comes from California and hand crafts pipes from Massachusetts tree roots that resemble the face of a pig. Hence, Davis calls his eight-month-old company Hog Root. Frank Davis is the corner grocer trying to operate in a world of supermarkets. His cash flow from Hog Root smoking pipes does not allow long and expensive court battles, national advertising campaigns or Madison Avenue marketing techniques. But the independent-minded Davis makes magnificent one-of-a-kind pipes.

And Frank Davis is certainly one of the people who help keep America high, part of an odd stew of mellowed-out dope smugglers, used-car salesmen, tobacco-spitting mountain freaks, Texas con men and blitzed chemists from MIT. Never has a stranger group of people worth \$350 million ever gathered. For four days in June this motley mob argued, loved, wheeled, dealed, smoked, sniffed, snorted and scared the spleen out of 50 state legislatures, the tobacco, liquor and drug companies, the Drug Enforcement Administration, Wall Street and the White House. Their potential, for what is still anybody's guess, is enormous. If you had turned off the sound, it was as if the antiwar movement had been reborn, like the phoenix from ashes, to be snorted through a \$500 14K gold straw. ■



A HARVEST-TIME EXCLUSIVE!

A sex primer for pot growers

by Mel Frank

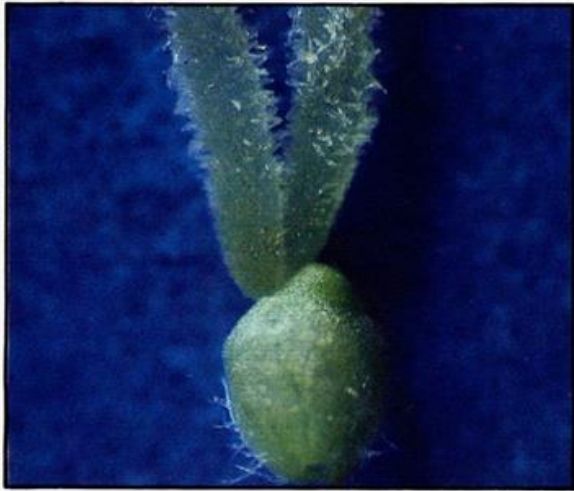
When the autumn moon begins to rise across the land marijuana growers turn their thoughts to harvests of resin-gorged buds. But next year's seeds should also be on a grower's mind.

Marijuana is wildly prolific. A single male plant can release over 500 million pollen grains. A large female plant can bear tens of thousands of seeds. In nature, pollen is carried to the

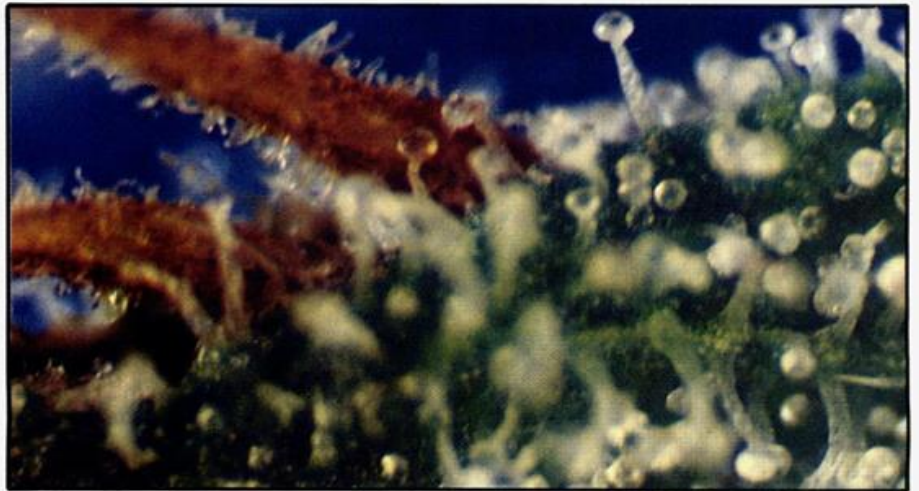
The stamen is made up of the filament (thread at top) and an anther (large sac-shaped organ). Pollen grains develop inside the anthers. At maturity two pores on either side of the anther appear, and, starting from the pore, the sides "unzip" over the course of a day to release their pollen. In this picture, the yellowish grains on the top right of the anther are pollen. The line of crystals is resin glands.



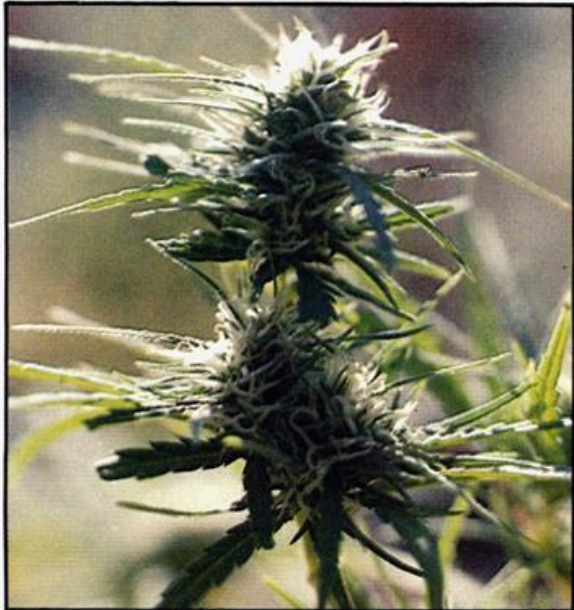
Female plants in full bloom.



Two female "buds." Buds are clusters of densely packed female flowers. Each flower consists of two fuzzy white stigmas about $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long that protrude in a "V" sign from a pod-shaped organ called the bract.



Photomicrograph of a mature, seedless female flower. The white stigmas have degenerated and turned rust color. This inevitably occurs from pollination or age. Also shown are the resin glands, which cover the bract. The majority of the plant's THC is contained in its resin glands.



Photomicrograph of a female flower with the bracts removed. Due to recent pollination the stigmas have begun to degenerate. The fertilized ovule (green, egg-shaped organ) is only slightly larger than before fertilization. The ovule (which grows into the seed) and the stigmas are together called the pistil.



Male flowers in various stages of development. At maturity male flowers are about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch long and consist of five radiating sepals (petallike structures) and five hanging stamens.

It is not uncommon for some plants to bear both male and female flowers—and some individual flowers have both male and female parts.

female flowers by the wind. Whether your garden is indoors or out, if the plants are simply left on their own, most gardens will produce many more seeds than are needed for next year's crop.

Smart growers prefer to selectively breed their plants, which simply means choosing which plants will be the pollen sources and which will be the seed bearers. Characteristics such as fast growth, high potency or early maturation might be the reason for choosing one plant over another.

Let's consider one very special aspect of breeding: how to produce seeds that

will all grow into female plants.

The advantages to growing only female plants are many. The female flowering clusters (buds) are the most potent part of the harvest, and the females yield much more marijuana than the males. Not only do females average about twice as much grass, but also more of their weight consists of top-grade buds rather than leaf. And although male flowers are sometimes comparable in potency to female flowers, more often they are considerably less potent. You can save much time and energy by automatically eliminating

the male plants from the crop.

Before we get into the particulars of producing "female" seeds, first some background information about flowering in marijuana. Marijuana is dioecious: each plant normally has either male flowers or female flowers and is considered either a male or female plant. Besides this dioecious pattern, where each plant bears exclusively male or female flowers, it is not uncommon for some plants to bear both male and female flowers. These are called hermaphrodites (also intersexes or monoecious plants).

Marijuana plants can also

reverse their sex. For instance, after flowering with normal male flowers for a few weeks, the plant may form only female flowers for the next few weeks. The opposite change from female to male flowering also occurs.

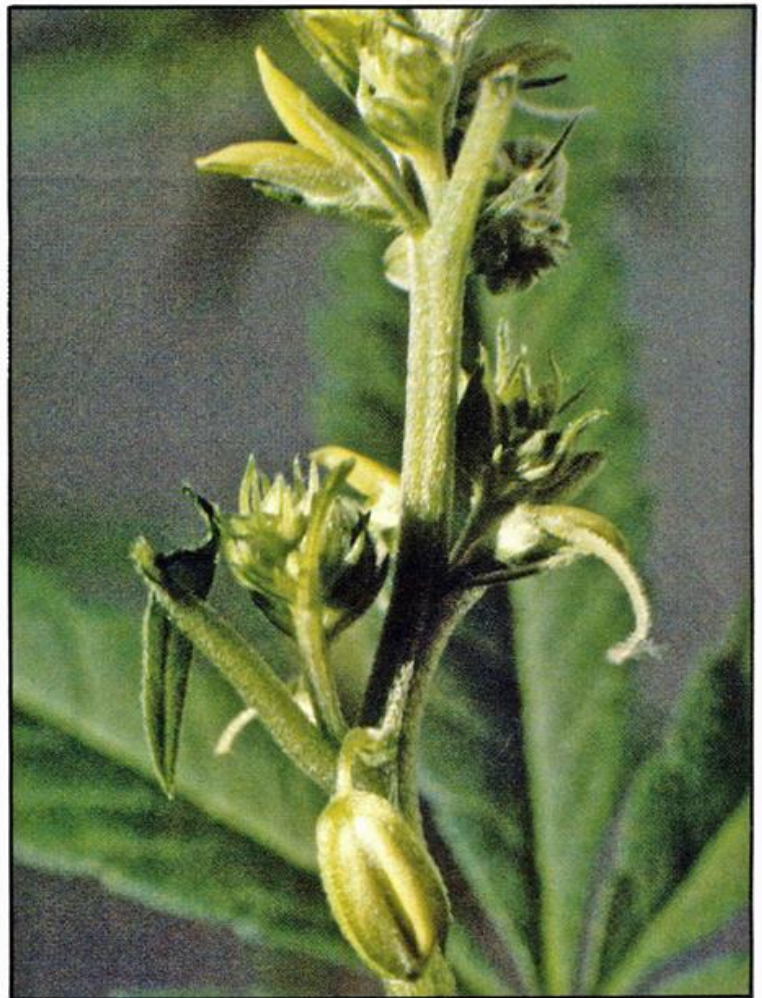
A third pot phenomenon is abnormally formed flowers—individual flowers have both male and female flower parts.

In order to produce female seeds, you must first find a "female" pollen source. The best sources for this pollen are:

1. A female plant that has a solitary male flower or flower cluster.



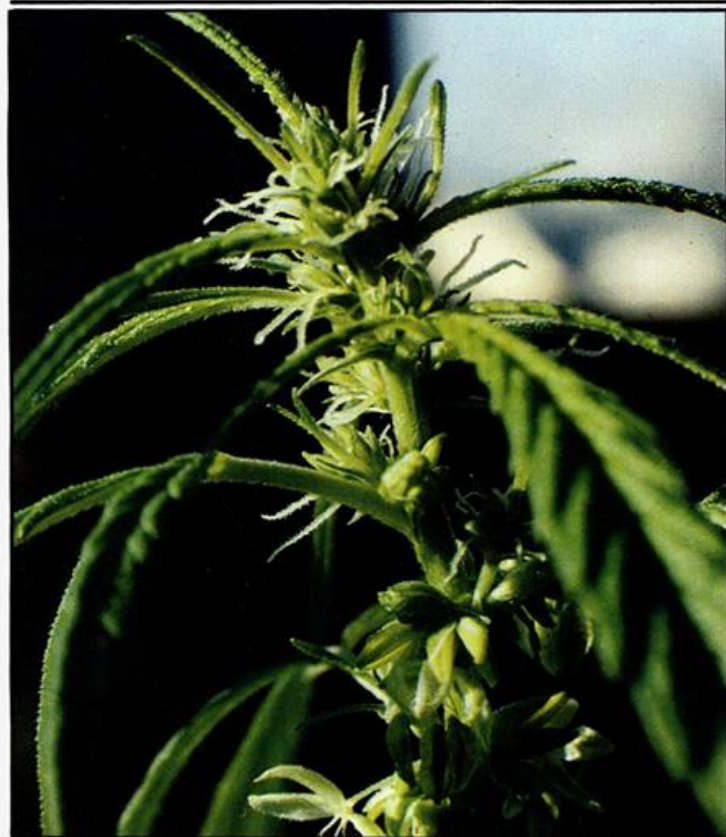
Photomicrograph showing opposite views of anthers after pollen release. As the sides unzip they peel back toward the ventral side (left anther). The two cavities on either side of its line of resin glands are both empty of pollen.



Abnormal flowers. Toward the lower left of picture a flower has anthers and a stigma growing from the same structure. The flower at the upper right has two anthers protruding from a bractlike structure. Abnormal flowers are usually caused by an imbalance in the growing conditions. They are not the right source of female pollen.



A solitary male flower on a female plant is the best source of female pollen.



A male plant that has reversed to female flowering. This condition also should not be used for pollen. However, the opposite change (from female to male flowering) is a good source of female pollen.

The female flowering clusters are the most potent part of the harvest—the females yield much more marijuana than the males.

2. A plant that has flowered with normal female flowers for a few weeks and has reversed sex by growing male flowers.


3. A female plant that has predominantly female flowers with some male flowers dispersed throughout the plant.

Once you have found the right plant, the rest is easy. For best results, cross-pollinate by transferring the pollen to the stigmas of another female plant. Collect the pollen by carefully placing a small plastic baggie over the male shoot before the flower(s) opens. Tie loosely in place and remove after the flower has shed pollen. Then tie the baggie around the female bud you've chosen to produce seeds. Shake the bag periodically to ensure pollin-

ation and remove after a few hours. Remember that each bud has tens to hundreds of female flowers and when thoroughly pollinated will produce that many seeds. You need only pollinate a few lower buds to have more than enough seeds for most gardens.

Any way that you can devise to transfer the pollen to the stigmas will work. Direct transfer using an artist's brush or cotton swab are two ways.

After pollination, it takes ten days to five weeks for the seeds to reach their full size and color, depending on the vigor of the plant. Seeds should be harvested at this time and stored in a clean airtight container kept in a cool, dark place until spring planting. ■

A large crowd of people, including men, women, and children, are walking across an airfield. In the background, a Soviet airplane with the tail number CCCP-87765 and a hammer and sickle emblem is visible. The scene is set against a clear blue sky.

How to stay stoned in the Worker's Paradise

Dope in Russia

by Yuri Brokhin

An untrained American arriving at Moscow's Sheremetevo International Airport is usually without a clue to scoring in the capital of the Communist camp. Only a veteran eye would recognize the two handsome young men in Western dress whispering in the men's room as a lead to the action. These two are not dealers; they are cardsharps whose lucrative practices earn them the money for dope. The risks they take to procure their highs can earn them eight to ten in the can, but they'll ply their hustle several times a day.

Nicely stoned and mellow mannered, the two men quickly mingle in the crowd of new arrivals, where a potential customer—a construction worker, let's say, on the way home after two years on a job in Bangladesh, or an army lieutenant back from serving as a technical adviser in Ethiopia—is collared, escorted to a cab and taken on a 45-minute ride to downtown Moscow. The backseat of the cab becomes an instant blackjack table, complete with fixed odds in favor of the dopers.

For the trouble, these two swindlers earn an average of 1,000 special-certificate



rubles lost by their globetrotting, privileged "customers." This kind of money affords the native Russian a chance to shop in one of Moscow's exclusive certificate-and-capitalist-currency stores. On the black market 1 certificate ruble brings 8 regular rubles, skyrocketing the total catch to 8,000 rubles (about \$12,000). Taking into account that the average Russian's monthly salary is only \$180, one can understand the value of the stakes at hand.

Next the two comrades, wallets newly swollen, emerge at the Central Farmers' Market, where tanned Caucasian mountaineers are noisily hawking their assorted wares. At a cab stand, the two are handed 100-gram packets of hash for 30 rubles and a gram of powdered morphine for 18.

In the Tube, the pedestrian tunnel between the Intourist Hotel and Revolution Square, a long-haired young man stands on the lookout for foreigners and mutters "loose joints" in English. His product is the hollow three-inch "filter" of Kazbek *papirosy* (cigarettes), half-filled with a mixture of tobacco and *anasha* (hemp).

Western strangers who enter the Academy, the billiards parlor at Gorky Park that forms the nucleus of the Moscow in-set, are struck by the sweet aroma of dope. It is available there in wholesale quantities, and the local cops seem to look aside when the dealing is going on.

While the drug action in Russia is hardly the mass phenomenon that it is in America, it has driven the Soviet government to increase dope sentences three times in the last decade, to the current 15 years in the world's harshest hoosegows. In a country where the real news is not

Cocaine was an emblem of the Czarist aristocracy. Nicholas and Alexandra and the omnipotent Rasputin tooted snow through Faberge's jeweled eggs.

broadcast by the media but must be pieced together from the jigsaw jargon of official pronouncements, such penalties demonstrate that the Kremlin is trying its unsure best to crack down on drug expansion by a tried-and-true method of intimidation and terror.

Several recent articles on dope in the Moscow press unloaded a battery of clichés against the CIA for allegedly trying to import the "foreigners' disease." The truth is that as far back as the late '50s the KGB (Russia's CIA), convinced of the socially corrosive influence of dope, began a massive distribution of morphine and heroin in South Korea and Cuba as stepping stones to the subversion of America.

Today, a dozen years later, the Soviet government has abandoned dealing as too costly, and the Party line is limited to anti-American sloganeering—suppressing any mention of the roots of a Russian drug culture that is probably older than the American nation.

In centuries past, along the southern borders of the Great Russian Empire, in Turkestan and Kazakhstan, in the bazaars

of Samarkand, clouds rising from the opium pipes mixed seductively with the smoke of shishkebab, while in the *chaikhanas* (all-night cafes) of Bukhara, traveling counts and barons spent the long nights puffing on ornate *chibouks*—a mandatory lesson in their study of the exotic Orient.

In turn-of-the-century Petersburg, cocaine was an emblem of the aristocracy. Nicholas and Alexandra, the omnipotent elder Grigory Rasputin and golden boy Prince Felix Yusupov tooted snow through chic jeweler Karl Faberge's pocket eggs. The popular chansonnier Aleksandr Vertinsky crooned a romance to cabaret audiences that began, "Cocaine, oh silver dust..." In the decadent literary salons of that period, the poetry readings of Aleksandr Blok, Sergei Esenin, Velemir Khlebnikov and Anna Akhmatova went hand in glove with spoon and straw.

Members of the Futurists, a school for young poets and artists headed by *enfants terribles* Vladimir Mayakovsky and David Burliuk and the most aggressive adversaries of bourgeois art in Petersburg of the day, regularly snorted before exploding on theater stages across town in brightly colored blazers and mascara-marked faces, flinging their hard-hitting, guttural verses at the public in a manner not unlike the prodigals of punk today.

After World War II thousands of Soviet wounded were put on the needle in hospitals across Russia. Once addicted to painkillers, hundreds of the permanently disfigured—armless, legless, shot full of shrapnel—jammed clinics and pharmacies for more, on one occasion threatening to blow up the Ministry



Carol Vaucher

of Health. To avoid scandal, authorities waffled and handed all wounded war veterans special booklets that guaranteed them first-class M on a weekly basis. Which in turn initiated a thriving black market. The booklets were faked, prescriptions forged, and the morphine made into a dangerously impure semblance of heroin. But the war-born junkies and their suppliers were treated with old Joe Stalin's favorite prescription: the labor camp. In the early '50s, when millions of Soviets were still doing time for reasons unknown, the dope phenomenon hit the Gulago.

Although organized criminals, or *vory*, had "laws" against drug use by their own members, they turned out to be all too quick in monopolizing supply and distribution to others. In Siberia, at 40 below, truck drivers with access to the camps cooperated with convicts by wrapping morphine and hash into dirty wet rags and slapping them onto the tires of their vehicles; the payload stuck fast with frost.

In prison hospitals, the most commonly faked disease was hemorrhoids; the suppositories supplied were stowed away, later to be melted down to a black residue, mixed with water and shot up as a morphine substitute. A considerable part of officially permitted care packages consisted of ordinary tea, which became the basic ingredient in a camp-made brew called *chefir*. Fifty grams of tea in a glass of boiling water downed three times daily offered inmates in subzero cells not just hot bellies but the visions of warm beaches and naked bodies afforded by a quality high.

But the Iron Curtain didn't get really smashed until 1957 at the World Youth

Détente Moscow saw the rise of The Team, a group of 300 runaway children of prominent officials patterned after American hippies.

Festival, when Moscow youth suddenly discovered it preferred Levis and Elvis Presley records to red ties and revolutionary songs.

By the late '60s, increasing numbers of young Soviet globetrotters returned to the motherland with complete sets of countercultural paraphernalia. The dance floors of proletarian palaces convulsed rhapsodically to Sgt. Pepper's *Lonely Hearts Club Band*, enhanced by a few puffs of *planchik*, an Indian hemp processed by the farmers of Soviet Georgia.

An official crusade was launched against the foreign taint. Tight pants were slashed, long hair shorn, and makeup scrubbed off diligently. Komsomol (Communist Youth League) leaders also tried to turn back the tide of decay. In an effort to assuage Russia's youth, big cities were peppered with a rash of officially sponsored youth cafes with such hip names as Friendship, Bluebird and Campfire and headlining rockers like the Geologists, the Patriots and the Troubadors, all plugged into Western amps.

In détente, Moscow was ripe for the rise of the Team, a group of some 300 runaway

children of prominent officials who patterned themselves after American hippies. Team members included the grandchildren of former Politburo chief Anastas Mikoyan and the widely known writer Konstantin Paustovsky, the daughter of Writers' Union boss Georgy Markov and the stepson of movie star Aleksei Gribov.

One Team member, a part-time student at Moscow University at the time and today a New Yorker, said: "We used to get together at a place called the Psychodrome, the small park next to the old university building that overlooks the Kremlin walls across Manege Square. Homeless and penniless, we'd get dressed up and fan out in boy-girl pairs, hunting for sophisticated-looking middle-aged guys. We'd cajole them with hearts-and-flowers nonsense-like, 'Our father's a professor in Leningrad, and we're visiting a friend here who was unexpectedly called away on business to Vladivostok and left us without the bread to even spend the night at a hotel and get back home.' Depending on how sincere we came across, we could rack up about ten donations a night this way. We'd throw them into a kitty for collective hits of coke, hash, meprobromate, *tsiklodol*, Soviet and Hungarian versions of Nembutal and Librium, and—if there were any Arab students around—acid. Basically we hooked into Patrice Lumumba University, where our girls would go out with guys from Africa and the Middle East.

"For a few years the cops seemed to look the other way. Then, in May 1972, just after the Nixon visit, we came out in the open with what was to be a peaceful march on the American Embassy. We

brought along a couple of flower-power postcards and banners saying 'Yankee go home.' As soon as we turned out on Gorky Street the pigs showed up, shouting and flailing and dragging us onto buses destined for the looney bin at Matrosskaia Tishina prison. Anybody on dope was diagnosed as suffering a central nervous disorder and administered what seems to be the most advanced Soviet method of treatment: I.V. insulin. Insulin gives the idea of cold turkey a literal twist—the trouble is, they don't always succeed in warming you up again."

In the summer of 1972, 17-year-old Robert Kallanta doused himself with two gallons of gasoline and burned himself alive in the main square of Kaunas, Lithuania, ostensibly to protest the lack of artistic freedom in Russia. His death provoked riots during which young protesters trashed the Party Committee building, overturned trucks and stoned the troops called in to keep the peace. In the ensuing investigation, party psychiatrists got their hands on some of Kallanta's high-school compositions, labeled them as strange and incoherent, and posthumously dismissed Kallanta as schizophrenic. End of story. What they didn't mention was the rumor that Kallanta had taken acid—he told a couple of friends he had finally seen the light, and then he lit the match.

Today Kuanas boasts a huge discotheque whose business is booming. Every night a crowd of a thousand young people perform discocalisthenics against light shows that rival the kaleidoscopic flash and flutter of New York's Studio 54. The only restriction is that the band has to sing the hits in Russian. One Lithuanian rocker confessed, however, "When it was Elton John or the Bee Gees we'd still slip in the original records."

In the Baltic "republics," anti-Sovietism is displayed even at soccer games, but in fruit-and-vegetable republics of the Soviet south, the system is conned by black marketeers who, among other things, deal in dope. One example is the dope traffic to Moscow via the "Frunze connection."

Frunze, the capital of the Kirghiz republic, is surrounded by state poppy plantations that serve the nation's pharmaceuticals industry. Despite such precautions as machine-gun-toting, binocular-assisted soldiers above the fields, farmers use small polyethylene packets to stash some of the poppy milk—the prime extract for morphine—in their mouths, where it congeals into resinous white balls. These are easily smuggled out in the thick cotton padding that lines their traditional, sun-protective national costume.

On the periphery of Tashkent, the largest city in Soviet Central Asia, field workers are entitled to small kitchen gardens, where Indian hemp blooms competitively between the tomatoes and the cucumbers. An ordinary grater turns the

ripened weed into a green soupy substance, which is then made into thin pancakes laid inside the soft leather soles of *chuvia*ki (boots) and fertilized with a week of sweat: seven days of walking turns a pancake into an eye-popping ganga grenade. Recently a Tashkent newspaper condemned local high-school botany students for converting theory to practice by cultivating cannabis in the schoolyard itself and peddling the pot like peanuts at the city market.

Unlike the activity in labor camps, professional criminals on the outside are involved primarily in pickpocketing, gambling, con games and the extortion of illicit private producers. There is no organized crime in the USSR in the sense of America's Mafia. The dope scene in Frunze and Tashkent has a spontaneous character.

Georgians are the biggest pot producers of the Soviet Union—their mustachioed, broad-hatted farmers, immediately recognized as resin resources in places as out of the way as Magadan or Norilsk, have of late developed a considerable domestic

**Mustachioed,
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trade. According to psychology professor Boris Segal, who researched 500 heavy smokers in Georgia, half the high-school and college population of Tbilisi are dedicated dopers.

In Odessa, traditionally a trouble-making seaport, cocaine is often filched from the cabinets of the world-famous Filatov Eye Clinic, where it is used as an anesthetic component in retinal surgery. Prices are moderate. Nurses in the hospitals of Lvov or Sverdlovsk are constantly the target of bribery, with morphine going for \$7 per ampule in such prominent places as center-city lavatories, collecting points for petty black marketeers. (One Lvov morphine connoisseur, now living in Brooklyn, complained bitterly about the lousy rush from American M, by comparison with the Soviet variety, and the nearly negligible value of U.S. codeine—even at the local \$20 for 12 pills; in Russia, first-rate stuff can be gotten for \$2.20 a dozen.)

Certainly the dope is reaching the big city—Moscow. Several years ago a dealer known in criminals' dens across the Soviet Union was arrested in Kiev. His crime

consisted not so much in once having pilfered Ufa and Krasnovodsk factory warehouses of morphine as in turning on his friend Valery, the 29-year-old son of the Ukrainian Communist Party leader, Politburo member and probable heir to Brezhnev, the powerful Vladimir Shcherbitsky.

A 1976 sociological study of dope in Moscow elicited the following response from one tenth-grade boy: "They tell us that every tenth school kid in New York smokes grass, and several dozen die from narcotics every year. I also heard on the radio that every year thousands of New Yorkers die in car crashes; it looks to me like crossing the street is riskier than smoking a little boo."

The Russian psychedelics revolution has been raising Kremlin hackles too. Although it is still relatively unknown, LSD was manufactured some time ago at the Moscow Institute of Natural Compounds, and it seems the academic community was tripping collectively for a while until one unhappy Ph.D. blew the whistle and another was nabbed with a kilo of Socialist Sunshine on his hands. The Academy of Sciences hushed up the public report in Soviet papers, insisting that the men had already suffered enough exposure on the pages of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*.

The Soviet answer to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration—the Department for the Struggle against Narcotics—flexed its muscles in 1976, picking up 18 foreigners (including three Americans), not only for smuggling grass and scag but, in half the cases, for using Moscow as a way station to the West from Hong Kong and Kuala Lumpur. Although in 1975 it was reported that 20 people in Armenia and 4 in Soviet Central Asia were convicted of dealing, arrests that stick even for large quantities are still rare—especially in Moscow.

As Dr. M. Zheltkovsky, a former Soviet researcher turned defector, suggests, "Most of the hustling takes place in Kalinin Prospect cafes by youngsters from nearby Kutuzov Prospect, which houses the highest Party officials, such as General Secretary Brezhnev, KGB head Andropov, police chief Shchelokov, career foreign-service officers and judges—in other words, the cream of the Soviet cream. These people are hardly about to allow their sons and daughters to be put behind bars."

If dope ever reaches the Russian masses it is hard to predict the social and political aftermath. But, as one former Muscovite commented, "Here in New York you just go to the park, say, buy any stuff you want—if you've got the money, that is—and enjoy it. Back there in the empire of ennui, the same sort of thing is the epitome of adventure." ■

Translated from the Russian by the author and G. Ross-Brandt.



Time was, you could hop, trip or stumble to the corner pharmacy, hang your hat on Chief Big Dollar Cigar at the door, drop 25 cents on the counter and walk away with an ounce of cocaine, a box of bullets and a week's groceries. Every home was a temple to healing, with a bathroom medicine cabinet full of the most up-to-date remedies from the patent-medicine factories of Chicago—pharmacopolis on the Wabash, hog-butcher to the PCP market—headache opium, cannabis oil for brain fever, cocaine for the agonies of childbirth, female trouble or hoof 'n' mouth. When Granny had the vapors or Dad had the fantods, out came the hallucinogenic ergot salts and a gallon of dandelion wine to wash it down with. A couple of days in bed with alternating

spoonfuls of elixir of cannabinal, castor oil and animal liniment, and you were good as new.

Yes sir Bob, then was the days. This month, the *High Times* Museum has devoted an entire janitor's closet to a display of classic American folk remedies, patent medicines and constitutional emulsifiers. It's a heartwarming nostalgic glance back at the days when the medicine show left town before sundown and you went home clutching a bottle of Cogglesworth's Oil of Coca Purée—it rejuvenates aching bones, stimulates weary circulation of the blood and imparts to the flesh the rosy glow of euphoric well-being. My friends, it cures snakebite... Yes, it cures snakebite. Now, who'll be the first to buy a bottle...?



3 OUNCES
**Dr. R. Schiffmann's
ASTHMADOR**
(TRADE MARK)
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS: STRAMONIAM, BELLADONNA
TOTAL ALKALOID 0.3718
**TO RELIEVE
THE DISTRESS
OF BRONCHIAL
ASTHMA
PAROXYSM**
To be taken 4 times a day
PRICE 50c
R. SCHIFFMANN
Lancaster, Pa.

**100
Cactina
Pills**
A combination of
Mexican Cactus
Ginseng
Made by
GO PEACOCK
SULTAN CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

**100
SOLUBLE
PIL.
No. 495.
BLAUD'S COMP.
CUM
EXTRACT.
CANNABIS
INDICAE.**
(Dr. W. A. Jones)
Schieffelin & Co.
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I Was a Dope-Crazed Sex Fiend

A gourmet guide to the world's best aphrodisiacs
by Ed Dwyer

The Kava-Kava made my nuts feel like a jism typhoon, and my cock was pounding like the guns of the Bounty.

Suzuki

Sex and drugs have become the guano-covered pillars of modern life. Only two other activities have been the targets of more published pigeon dirt—transcendental meditation and the films of Ingmar Bergman.

Watch the newsstands. As regular as menstruation, one of the giant tits-and-ass sheets will assign an author with hairy palms to research the latest "in" aphrodisiac drug. Since "in" means rat-faced talent scouts for Warner's and the barflies at Maxwell's Plum, it's no wonder that some sexual innocents get through life thinking of high sex as if it were a trendy venereal disease.

High Times readers are so orgasm conscious that I once received a letter from one adventurous buck who suggested I try "shooting cum with a fat needle for a good kick in the lobes." These are serious people, and there are lots of them. Just to keep one stroke ahead of my mail, I've become a walking sink of aphrodisiac use—something of a swollen-balled expert on the usual and unusual ways to sniff, swallow, smoke and poke myself into orgasms even Big Al Goldstein never had.

I can tell you up front, most of the substances used to get people off sexually aren't worth the fuss. Consider the Quaalude, which has done for seduction what McDonald's has done for the burger. Waking up with a bloody nose and your platform shoes on backwards can make you rethink what makes a worthwhile night of sex.

The sex life is made up of hard choices, and I've decided that, when I want to really mess with sex and drugs for a good result, I'm going to skip the specials and go right to the gourmet shelf. This is not meant to dismiss grass, hash, Quaaludes, cocaine or the rest of the *de rigueur* sex meals like so many severed hemorrhoids. Shit no. Without cocaine where would horny young executives be? Why, more desperate types would start smoking used tampons for an odd thrill. But I've been getting an education this last year. The drugs with a real claim to being aphrodisiacs aren't found at East Side parties. They're around, though, and what they can do makes my prostate gland itch at their very mention.

Kava-Kava

Last summer, while researching an article on LSD in Los Angeles, I spent two weeks at my friend Phil's Venice beach house. I'd been poking into some of the local young faults until I received a collect call from Oahu from two young wanderers Phil and I had met last year at a Laguna fuck party. Besides being this lecher's wet-dream vision of 18-year-old California pussy (all firm and fuzzy, aiming proudly at your mouth), Kate and Toni were wise beyond their tender years. They came to the party loaded with pharmaceutical Merck flake cocaine and anxious to get fucked. We spent that happy

night applying coke to their cunt lips and lapping it off with numbed tongues, to their squealing delight, while they likewise serviced our frostbitten cocks. Between mouthfuls of come and refrigerator raids, they confided to us that they were in search of the perfect aphrodisiac. Now they had called to tell us they'd found it.

"It's called Kava-Kava, and we're coming to share it with you," Kate enthused. It sounded like a fish dish from Guam, but as long as they hadn't found Jesus I was eager to greet them at L.A. International. Well, as soon as I saw them stroll into the reception area, I could see that our blue-jean girls were packing a few extra pineapples from their layover in the South Seas. Both of them were about six months pregnant.

In the time it took to drive home, I recovered and wondered if Phil had any pulleys in his garage. Toni was already nonchalantly exercising my friend's prick with her tongue while Kate explained their condition.

"We lived in the hills of Fiji with these beautiful native studs who turned us on to Kava-Kava. They use it in rituals with their women. We didn't take our pills because the men said it made our cunts taste like leftover poi. The Kava-Kava is the juice of a shrub that grows on the islands, the *piper methysticum*, and I brought the real thing—powdered, of course. Just add milk," she laughed.

At Phil's we rolled a joint of Hawaiian grass and poured the aphrodisiac powder into a blender, along with water and coconut oil. While it mixed on slow, I began to rub my cock harder and harder over Kate's swollen belly and dark nipples. I was about to squirt loose sperm into her face when she announced it was time to drink the Kava-Kava. Then she added the milk.

"In the islands, they now call Kava-Kava 'the woman's drink' because it makes us want to fuck and bear fat children," said the young mother-to-be while squeezing off drops of breast milk into the brew. Her tits were swollen and I wanted to suck them. We drank the Kava-Kava slowly and waited for its effects. The two women began to eat each other. My nuts began to tingle as if being vibrated, and I grew painfully stiff at the sight of Toni's parted cheeks and ample asshole. As if to read my thoughts, they both separated and knelt, knees far apart, long hair hanging on the floor. They were waiting impatiently to be filled up completely. It took little prodding. The Kava-Kava made my nuts feel like a jism typhoon, and my cock was pounding like the guns of the *Bounty*.

I unloaded several hot volleys inside Toni's shit hole before I was urged to moisten my tongue with the Kava-Kava and french Kate's steaming twat. Her taste was familiar.

"It numbs my clitoris like coke, but I get off deeper in the nerves," she later told

me. For three days we drank the Polynesian potion. We sucked those girls clean of everything but their motherhood, and they drank us dry of every gram of protein-rich come our tingling nuts could produce. It was perhaps a woman's drink—its effects seem concentrated in the pleasure nerves of the womb, so active during pregnancy. With their new knowledge of mother's milk, Toni and Kate have earned a place in my heart next to football and organic apple pie.

Absinthe

A High Times reader recently challenged my manhood and my job prestige with an offer I couldn't refuse.

"Call yourself an expert," she taunted. "I'll show you why the best fuck drug in the civilized world was banned." This enlightened dilettante with a French name hailed from New Jersey, a place I had thought of as an hour between New York and Philadelphia, until I spent the rising of one sun in the Garden State depositing globs of seed into the furrow of this uppity subscriber. The aphrodisiac that had me fertilizing this hen's eggs was the same that had nineteenth-century French Impressionists seeing fuzzy colors and tutuleless ballerinas—*absinthe*. A greenish liqueur derived from wormwood oil, absinthe is illegal in the States and Europe—with the exception of Portugal, which may not qualify as civilized, after all, but was where my challenger had purchased her stash. I called for a meeting in her territory.

"Any place but in the bowl," she teased, pouring another mind-snuffing carafe of the licorice-tasting drink. It didn't mix well with the slice of cold pizza I was offered, but it didn't seem to matter since my hostess was slipping off her halter top, hip-huggers and bikini panties. The mysterious absinthe had grabbed my spinal cord, wrenching my sphincter closed and standing my meat at attention. I fumbled my trousers off and slipped my cock into the hottest quim I've ever poked. My only energy, concentrated between my legs, felt about eight inches long, and from the wet groans of my spread-legged partner, it was more than enough flesh to pack her insolent hole.

My absinthe-drunk cock had a life of its own and thrust hungrily, dribbling premature juices inside her. We were in a fuck lather that would have had me sucking on cat's tits, when she slid from under me and hit the floor with a crack.

This girl wasn't kidding when she said, "This will have you pissing in my face." She downed another slug from the quart bottle and I soon felt her lips wander over my aching balls, toying with each one hungrily. I've had blowjobs by drunks while drunk before, but this was not the same. Covering my head with her anise-flavored lips, she gave it a totally unhurried series of long hard sucks, followed by

thoughtful strokes on the shaft. Then, just as my sluices were about to burst, she removed her mouth with a gasp and gave a quick jerk that sent come streaming into it from an inch away.

I was swimming at the end of a green narcotic fuzz when I realized my short-coming.

"If you can't come any more, then piss on me!" she was ordering. "Forget about my good sheets!" She must have learned about this in a private college, I mused. Like magic-mushroom cultists and shamans, absinthe initiates believe that the piss of the drug taker is even more potent an aphrodisiac. I was drained of come, but I still had a chance to save my reputation. I aimed a sturdy spray of urine in her face, hoping the anise- and marjoram-flavored absinthe made it killer dope.

It must have pleased her taste buds, for together we finished the quart of green fire. I have not seen my piss-gourmandizing gladiatress since that long whistle-stop in Trenton. She promised to call, if ever she returns from Portugal. If anything, I must admit that her absinthe from New Jersey makes the heart grow fonder.

Yage

A gay Brazilian friend of *High Times* chuckled when I told him I was preparing an article on the ultimate aphrodisiacs.

"You will probably claim amys [amyl nitrite capsules] are the best orgasm stimulators and cite gays who use poppers for their load," he scoffed. And at the time I did, having offed a few champion wads myself while soaring behind a whiff of amyl nitrite. The heart-smashing muscle relaxant is used medically to boost failing hearts. But what was wrong with the choice? I knew most *High Times* readers, straight or gay, were into popping an amyl to loosen an asshole or a party.

"I have a more intense drug from home that my friends and I have tried recently," he said. Then he smiled and told me about his yage party.

Emilio is a fist-fucker from the pre-Playtex-glove days, and, on his last trip back to his father's 30,000-acre coffee plantation, he spent many blissful moments impaled on the elbows of Amazon tribesmen—wasted on yage. Unlike other drug and sex experts, Emilio knew how to party. Deep in the jungle he had found the S&M freak's consummate turn-on. Called *ayahuasca* by the Indians, it is the bark of a liana tree boiled and then drunk—or inhaled nasally—to produce excruciating hallucinations and intense sexual energy.

Its celebrants are reputed masters of whipping and erotic sadism. It hits like a punch in the forehead, makes you dizzy, but then directs all your life into your groin. It acts on your central nervous system, but you wouldn't know it. Back on 27th Street, Emilio's new aphrodisiac had them begging for another twist on the ballstraps. His "Yage of Aquarius" party

featured leather nipple clips, molded plastic come funnels and asshole extenders, rubber penis clamps and packed-silk gags.

"One of my Village writer friends insisted that he snort more of the powder that I had prepared," Emilio said. "Well, he spent the next four hours just running come all over my stake-and-chain in his open-crotch rubber suit." Emilio waved his hand and laughed. "I had to suck him off just to keep his hallucinations under control."

The high point of the gathering, he confided, was the forced yage enemas on two young boys in high heels and Mary Quant makeup.

"It was the harmaline alkaloid in the yage that made us do it," he laughs. "It makes you see things very much." As soon as the waterworks were pulled out of their asses, they came all over their straps into buckets that were collected for later use. A very intense psychoactive, yage had driven them to an ultimate erotic vision—Judy Garland in studs. Emilio's party ended with a round of machine-driven dildo riding under the watchful gaze of two whip masters. Emilio plans to

The high point of Emilio's yage party was forced yage enemas on two young boys in high heels and Mary Quant makeup.

return home in a few weeks in search of more genuine yage and a story for *High Times*.

Yohimbine

I travelled to Kinshasa, Zaire, for the Ali-Foreman punchout and the rock festival planned as second billing. I also had plans to smoke the notorious black grass of the Congo, *bhanji*, so famous for its sexual power. It was on a sunny afternoon outside one of the African city's semilegal "bhanji houses" when I met Zelta, a high-assed Zairean groupie in a very short khaki skirt. This girl was convent-bred, but her mouth was made to give head, and her tan thighs made this man dribble jiz involuntarily. And I was looking up, right into her soft mat of pubic hair.

I caught a whiff of humid pussy mixed with French perfume. I was stoned and horny and my tongue went wandering into her leg. Her thighs parted and she squatted slightly toward my face.

"I like amputees more," she teased, giving my crotch a quick rub with her hand. Quicker than pulling the cap off a beer can, she had my cock in her hand before I was on my feet. She poked her hand inside her cunt and then put the wet fingers in my mouth, loosening my lips

with her tangy taste. In the distance I could hear the Pointer Sisters.

"Let's go back to my room and snort yohimbine," she whispered between strokes of my spear, which promptly fell like a wounded giraffe. *Yohimbine* sounded dangerous. (It is, only if you eat cheese, and I was soon up and howling like Tarzan. In the States it is used as a sex stimulant for luckless impotents. The West Africans squeeze the bark of the yohimbine tree to obtain the juice for fertility rituals, but the powder is easily obtained.)

It worked directly on my meat, stiffening it up and sending light shivers up and down my spine. I think my eyes crossed when Zelta delicately hoisted her ass into the air over her bed. Her chin was set snugly on a pillow and she was fingering herself slowly, slipping two fingers into a pink bud of an asshole.

Her hand slipped back to squeeze my cock while I tongued her spread crotch. My yohimbine-swollen tree was about to burst, so I shanked her so smoothly I felt the womb of the mother continent open up to drink my come.

Instead of native drums, we heard James Brown from the stadium. But the Godfather of Soul had nothing on us as we came time after time, riding doggy style. Zelta begged in African for another cock to fill her mouth like her cunt. She was so happy. However, she had eaten too much at the press reception earlier, and my just-squirting cock was forced from her lips by a flood of barf. Yohimbine cannot be taken with cheese or wine.

But nausea did not stop Stanley from meeting Livingstone, and it did not stop Zelta from helping me to discharge the white man's burden. I did not forget to thank her, and I still thank yohimbine for helping to raise the *High Times* flag in Africa.

Fugu

My most recent encounter with an effective aphrodisiac was in Japan, where they eat lots of fish and end up fucking like their favorite dish—in bathtubs and heated swimming pools. But it was the land of the rising come for me.

I'm a meat man myself, but my Japanese friends in Tokyo told me that the testicle juice of a China Sea's blowfish called *fugu* was the finest high fuck in two hemispheres. Overcoming my initial disgust at eating fish come, I agreed that I had to eat fugu. I later discovered that fugu is poisonous and annually turns some 300 to 500 erstwhile sexual samurais stiffer than the emperor's hard-on.

The invitation read "fugu," and by nine the nerve toxin had my Nipponese hostess writhing on her floor pillow, and she was beginning to rub her free hand between her open legs. Our professional fugu taster stood by, his uncircumcised yellow cock

(continued on page 93)

sex toys

To do the right job, get the right tool!

by Steve Becker



Whether your sex life is autoerotic or shared with a humanoid mate, the devices featured herewith are guaranteed to thrill. They will also lengthen your penis, tighten your vagina, increase your bust and lower your IQ a minimum of 20 points.

The **Groove Tube** is an inflatable male masturbation device made of a white beach-ball-variety vinyl that will not only clean out your clogged tubes but will also evoke pleasant feelings of nostalgia from anyone who romped as a child along the sandy shores of beaches and lakes. You'd be amazed at what a whiff of vinyl can do for the memory. When deflated, the Groove Tube is a flat 8-by-9-inch box that can be folded down to almost nothing for easy toting. Puffed up with air, it forms a resilient cylinder with a passageway for prurience running through the center from top to bottom. Grease it up with the lubricant of your choice, slip in your rigid organ, and you're on your way to orgasm. To vary the amount of pressure on your penis, simply increase or decrease the amount of air inside your new companion.

The ladies will find the **Oriental Duotone Balls** a most devastatingly erotic accessory to the humdrum hand humping of daily life. The Duotone Balls are a takeoff on one of the earliest and most effective sex toys known to womankind—the famed ben-wa balls of the Orient. In the days of yore, no slant-eyed dowager would be without a pair of these small metal globes (usually about one inch in diameter, cast in gold or silver), which were placed in the vagina and made to vibrate by a gentle shaking motion of the hips, normally accomplished by the discreet use of another Oriental invention, the rocking chair. The heavy metal balls clicking together set off a buzz that spread through the genital area, resulting in an infinite number of inscrutable Oriental orgasms.

The Duotone Balls differ

from their honorable ancestors in that they are 1) made of plastic with metal weights inside, 2) slightly larger, and 3) strung together with a nylon-weave rip cord so they can be removed as easily as a common tampon. A woman need only go about her daily chores with the Duotone Balls nestled snugly among her inner folds to experience the joys of solo ecstasy. Disco dancing with the balls in place, says one proponent of this toy, will subject the user to an autoerotic sex trip bordering on the psychedelic.

For women with more serious needs, there are two amazing space-age machines that should more than adequately fill the vacuum of sexual satisfaction—the **Electro Squirmy** and that unchallenged Bentley of box buzzers, the **Orgasmatron**.

The Electro Squirmy is an 8-inch-tall, flesh-tone, rubber, battery-operated vibrator, which not only hums sensually against the flesh but also twists in obscenely lewd corkscrew motion. The remote-control battery pack is easy to handle and features both forward and reverse settings. This is one dildo that does something your boyfriend *never* will.

The Orgasmatron is a hefty little piece of machinery that somewhat resembles an elf's shoe. An AC-current cord runs out the end where the toes would be, and at the point where an elf's ankle might be found is the business end of this device—a small metal knob that can be fitted with any one of the Orgasmatron's five attachments. The main selling point of the Orgasmatron is its efficient clitoral stimulation. With its clit tripper (a small, hard, plastic ball) fitted, the Orgasmatron gives off vibrations of unbelievable intensity. In fact, the people who push this machine have such confidence in it that they offer a 30-day, unconditional guarantee. In other words, ladies, you get an orgasm or you get your money back. Period.

One vibrator that enjoys popularity among both men and women is the unique and unusual **Tingulator**, a drug-store-variety, white, plastic



buzz bong fitted with metallic racing stripes. When applied to moist flesh, these stripes transmit a mild, erotic electric current—thus the *ting* in **Tingulator**—supplied by a 9-volt battery in a remote-control pack that features a rheostat dial so you can control the intensity of the current.

When all is said and done,

the family that lays together stays together, and toward this end the lords of lust long ago created the **Cock Ring**. Simply, the cock ring is a band that fits around the base of the male organ and creates a tourniquet effect, allowing the blood to flow into the penis and produce an erection but preventing it from flowing out. That means

harder cock and improved erection retention, even after ejaculation. The only problem with cock rings is that they sometimes get stuck, sending their red-faced owners to hospital emergency rooms where they must pay for their sins by telling the nurse where it hurts. An acceptable variation on this theme, though, is



the *adjustable* cock ring, a leather band with three metal snap settings, which fits over the penis and under the scrotum. While the potentially beneficial tourniquet effect is slightly muted with this product, it does provide additional scrotal stimulation and a measure of safety, along with almost certain mechanically improved per-

formance on the part of the user.

And last, but not least, we have the **Super Satisfaction** sexual appliance center, a four-piece, modular-design, white, plastic kick giver with something for almost everyone. Super Satisfaction is three sex toys—an **Anal Reamer**, **Vibrating Ben-Wa Egg** and **Vibrating Cock**

Ring—each of which sports a cord with a miniature phone jack at the end that plugs into a bullet-shaped battery power source with variable speed control. The **Anal Reamer**, designed for male use, is shaped something like a small dagger, though rounded out for comfort. On the functional side, it has a "handle guard" near its base

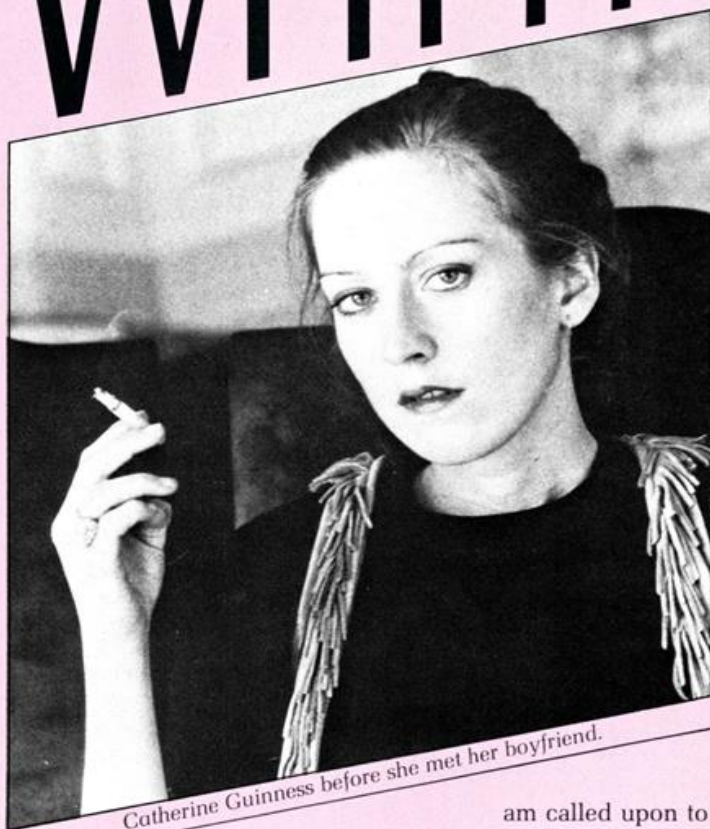
and angles up slightly about halfway up its shaft. When inserted, the handle guard fits neatly in the crack of the ass so that you won't lose the device in your rectum, and the slight upward bend makes for efficient stimulation of the prostate, a gland that many have called the male clitoris.

The **Vibrating Ben-Wa Egg** gets its results from the female reproductive tract in the same manner as previously described for its Oriental relative. The only difference is that this ben-wa device goes in solo, as its electrical powering element eliminates the need for it to bounce against another ben-wa to produce vibrations.

The **Super Satisfaction Vibrating Cock Ring** works on the same principle as any other cock ring, except that at its top is a pill-shaped protuberance that houses the electronics. This particular model is not adjustable in the strict sense, but its band is composed of a semirigid plastic, not joined at the bottom. In other words, you can bend it open for placement and removal with relative ease.

As far as the brave new world of mechanized sex is concerned, what you have seen here is just a teaser. There are literally thousands of other products available to people who like to play with their pubes. For the connoisseur of cuntless sex, there is the **Accu-Jac**, a high-quality, hard-to-find jack-off machine that sells for \$200 or more, depending on the model. And the market is now glutted with inflatable vinyl love dolls. Though American technology has not yet brought them to the point where they would make acceptable bedmates for most people, rumor has it that sex scientists in the lusty land of the Vikings are well on the way to developing a lady robot so lifelike you'll be able to take her home to Mom or bring her to your next bratty nephew's bar mitzvah. Her skin will warm to the touch and her vulva will lubricate when you rub her breasts. So stop into your local sex shop and get a taste of things to come. ☐

WHY I HATE MY BOYFRIEND



Catherine Guinness before she met her boyfriend.



Catherine Guinness after she met her boyfriend.

My boyfriend had the bright idea that we should both have affairs with other people but continue to be in love with each other. However, the idea appealed to me, as I have always believed that this must be the perfect way to conduct a love affair—no one would become bored or claustrophobic, and the glorious love affair would last.

In fact, it should be spurred on to greater heights. My boyfriend lives on a different continent than I do, so the tales of his flirtations came by letter. I was not jealous; on the contrary, I was very interested and longed for the next installment. I thought that my interest, as opposed to fury, was owing to the fact that I felt so sure of our love for each other. When I did finally witness one of his flirtations—horrors! I hated him for doing it in front of me. I despised him for not realizing that I was worth a million of that stupid, mixed-up bitch on his knee, and I felt relieved that I was not sitting there. As it was, I was free to roam around and sneer.

When I next saw him alone my regrets proved ill-founded; love blossomed anew. Love, tinged with a hate that has been growing ever since.

I am allowed no time to myself. Whenever I am able, I have to go wherever he goes—usually to bed, to sit and listen to him talking about himself. Occasionally I

am called upon to reply to a question or make a comment. Even worse, I have to endure the hateful remarks he is liable to make along the lines of, "How lovely you look tonight," or, "You are kind!"

Coupled with the boring conversation, there are showers. My boyfriend has a shower at least once a day. There is no question of wallowing in filth and joy; he gets up and into the shower, then probably back to bed, but by that time I am out. Who wants to wallow alone?

I love the suggestion that we have affairs "on the side." But when I actually do it, it is a disaster. My new lover ends up with a black eye, and I am made to feel unbearably guilty and disgusting.

The lovers I choose are never worthy of me—"I wouldn't have minded if he had been really special, but how could you let him touch you?" The women my boyfriend chooses are certainly beautiful, but their only intelligence lies in their artistry at conning. They con him into feeling that they are sweet, vulnerable and need help. They have that marvelous ability to make a man feel needed.

I first fell for my boyfriend because he is so undependable—a romantic figure. I could rely on him to disappear when it was time for dinner; to arrange to meet me in an obscure corner of the globe and arrive days late, if at all; to stay in bed for three weeks when he really wanted to be up and working on his boat.

Now that I know him, I despise him for the very things I once loved. Familiarity breeds contempt—up to a point. It also breeds indifference. I esteem my boyfriend sufficiently to dread love turning to indifference. Thank God, I hate him too much to become indifferent; hatred at least is immortal, and the bond between us is assured forever.

My boyfriend ruins my day by arriving at my house at five o'clock in the morning and forcing me to cook food, find cigarette papers and put on Elvis Costello or Billy Joel instead of *West Side Story*, Lou Reed, Charley Ainley, Waylon Jennings or Nick Lowe. He changes the radio from WHM to WPIX, and if I am watching television as well, he forces me to keep flipping from station to station.

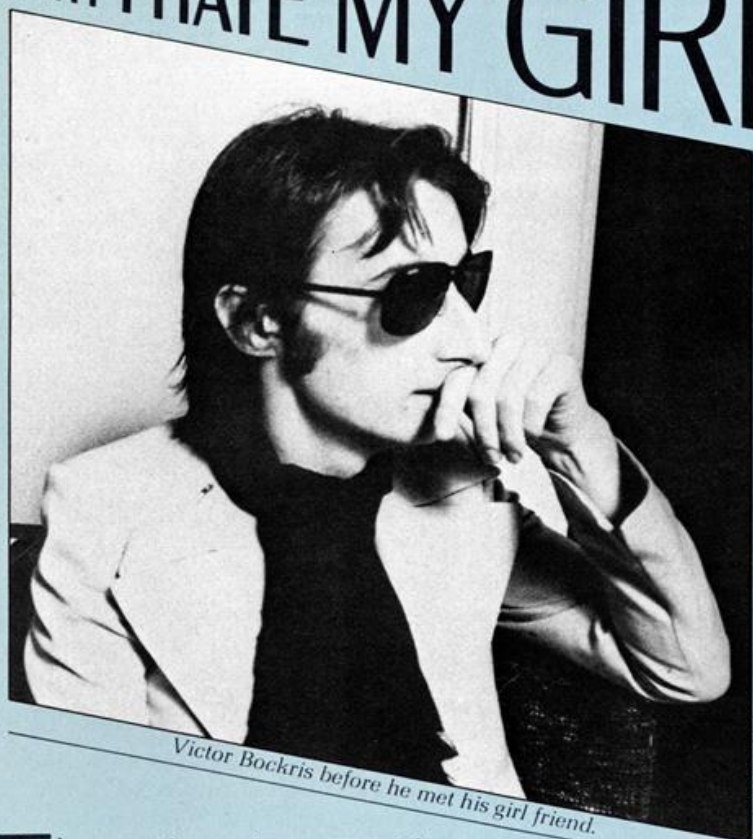
If we are in a hotel, the moment I am happily in bed I am told to let in the waiter and sign the bill, which not only involves putting on clothes but also mathematics. When he's drunk he becomes all lovey-dovey and starts asking me if I love him. I have to say yes because otherwise he becomes very unpassionate. But I know that I am lying. When my boyfriend becomes so violently in love with me that he is unable to live without me, I shall tell him the truth: he is boring, egocentric, clean, I can't stand going to sleep without the television and the radio on, my flesh creeps when he hugs me in the morning and one day I shall not be there when he comes crowing back from a petty love affair.

At present my hating affair is perfect, and I would recommend it to doubters for

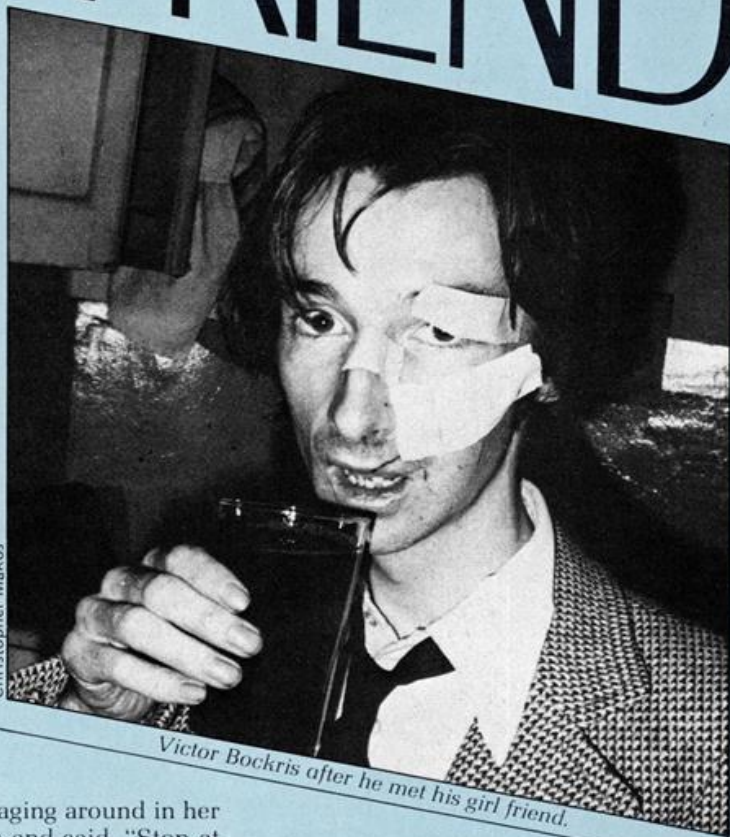
(continued on page 76)

by Catherine Guinness

WHY I HATE MY GIRL FRIEND



Victor Bockris before he met his girl friend.



Victor Bockris after he met his girl friend.

The most interesting person I know right now is my girl friend, Linda Incident. The reason I hate my girl friend is that I found out the only way I could continue to have anything to do with her was through hate. The fact that we hate each other binds us together, because we can really get to each other; so at least we're having some sort of I suppose even slightly emotional reaction toward each other, which is refreshing in a time when emotions, under assault, seem dried up or burnt out. Also, by hating her I could afford to see her, because she appreciated the hate and consequently treated me with consideration. Actually, she told me that this would be the case early on in our first affair, but I couldn't believe it, feeling at that time misleading "warmth," etc.

I obviously started out liking her; so how did I get to hate her? Well, basically, the reason I hate Linda is that she wasn't trying to make me love her. That was the last thing she wanted. You know how sometimes people are really trying to make you love them? They buy you presents. They take you out. They make you laugh. They rip your clothes off? I mean, they really try to make you think that they're the best person, that they can move in. Not Linda. She tried to make me hate her, and it wasn't hard.

Every time I picked her up for a date, she kept the cab waiting an extra 15 minutes. Then she would come out dressed like a little witch in solid black with heavy red, white and black "Morticia" make-up. When she got into the cab she never kissed me, or anything like that,

she just started rummaging around in her shopping bag for pills and said, "Stop at the nearest candy store!" After the date—which would require six taxis, half a gram of cocaine, three restaurants, two celebrity parties and half a movie—we'd get back to her downtown artists residence at 4 A.M., and she'd be complaining about how terrible she felt and how terrible everybody was to her.

In the morning you might expect a little affection—you know, maybe after you've been to the bathroom and stuff like that—but instead...

"Leave me alone!"
 "Where's the coffee!"
 "This coffee's too sweet!"
 "I hate cold coffee!"

"Listen, I'm very busy today. I have to get going right away. Could you let yourself out?"

After a couple of weeks I decided to walk away, on the firm advice of a friend who had spent several instructive years in the Harlem cocaine business and enlightened me on the ins and outs of romantic relationships with drug addicts. But sometimes, doing it wrong is best. By the second half of the '70s, everything had gotten co-opted into being so stereotyped that it just became stupid to do everything you were trained to do and you had to do it differently again.

In such times it seems only intuitive to follow a law of opposites: *everything you believe is diametrically opposed to the*

truth. That is, whatever seems right to you, automatically insert the opposite. For example, I really do have the worst relationship with Linda of anyone I know, but when I flip through my address book for dinner dates, she's the only one who arouses any interest because I know if I go out with her, something (as opposed to the perennial nothing) will happen. So, instead of falling in love with Linda and having to "break up," I fell in hate with her, and our relationship flourished.

I saw that life is war, and relationships are its battles, from which both parties stagger away only to repair for the next collision. What is harmony? Two jet aircraft flying in formation. Where can you show me one happy couple? Was it ever possible? No. The only solutions for human equations are in solitude. All human exchange is fraud based on con. In the immortal words of William Burroughs, "Anyone who leaves an impression on you is a vampire." Now:

A Guide to Hating

Find out what makes the other person most upset. They may say to you one night in confidence as you pull down their underwear or something, "I don't care what you think about my body. I don't care if I don't have any friends, I just care

(continued on page 76)

by Victor Bockris

Why I Hate My Girl Friend

(continued from page 75)

about my work." Then, next time they call you, tell them you have something very important to talk to them about "alone tonight."

They arrive, expectant and flushed. You look at them gravely and launch the offensive, saying, "Your work is really suffering because you're so messed up. I've been talking to a lot of your friends about you, and they all say the same thing. It's not just me." Then this person gets really upset, runs out screaming you're the meanest person she ever met, dashes onto the pavement some jewelry you foolishly gave her, hops onto a bicycle and peddles into the night.

Another great date! Because: 1) you don't have to see her home; 2) you don't have to spend any more money; and 3) when you get home there will be a couple of phone calls from her, just to top off the evening.

Sex between people who hate each other is a point of minor interest. I was going to write "major interest," but then I realized that we always say "Sex is a point of major interest" automatically when, quite often, as in this case, it isn't.

Nearly everyone I eavesdrop on these days seems to agree that sex is really too embarrassing and messy to be considered that much fun. I think in the future people will have less and less sex together, as it really is too involving in a way that is not productive for either person. However, unfortunately, even the dullest people need stimulation of some kind. It would be better and easier if we worked more like machines and could simply be given gas or turned on and off. As it is, people need the most extraordinarily inconvenient and often degrading forms of stimulation to keep them operative. Alcohol, travel, success, entertainment, money, drugs, terror and—most poisonous of all, because it is your personality's Achilles' heel and checkbook ejaculator—sex.

Only under extreme circumstances should a man and a woman expect to spend more than 15 minutes a week together if they are romantically engaged. An extremely positive point about hating somebody is that you only see them about once a week, and then the date always disintegrates before the end because you have a fight and run out of the restaurant screaming and stuff like that. It is economical, but most importantly your heart still skips a beat, because that person did get to you somehow. That's the only reason you're really seeing her, and as long as she did get to you, you made it. Somehow these things have gotten so derailed in our consciences that we hold no alibis for our climaxes. Anything that changes us is welcome in our grade-Z "culture" with the most naive schoolgirl-

ish embrace by the majority of our always trenchantly dissatisfied customers. And, the element of surprise being what keeps a relationship alive, most people have many crazy relationships to keep everyone entertained. The worst thing of all is a love affair going dull. Remember this feeling: "She hasn't told me anything in a year! She doesn't want to know anything! And she even looks boring!"

Suddenly the phone rings and it's Legs McNeil (resident "authority on chicks" at Punk magazine) calling from New Jersey. When I tell him I am writing an article called "Why I Hate My Girl Friend," he immediately launches into a brief essay of his own. "Aaahhh man... girls aren't cool." I can see him with his philosophical three-day growth leaning seriously into the TV set delivering his neolite wisdom while flipping the channels. "See, you can't say that, because then for the rest of your life chicks are going to be coming up to you and saying 'I'm cool! I'm cool! I am too cool!' and stuff, but actually man, see, girls aren't cool, they can't be, aren't supposed to be. If there weren't all these uncool chicks, how could there be a cool guy? See, the chick is standing there jumping

The presumption is that you should get to know people more, but actually you should get to know them less.

up and down and going 'Nya, nya nya' and the cool guy is standing there going 'Yeah, yeah, sure.' If she wasn't doing that, he wouldn't be doing that, and he couldn't be cool. Got it?" And also, I would like to add, I think some girls like to be told to shut up. I mean, sometimes you have to turn around and scream "Shut up!" They jump, and they like it.

Legs said if I needed any help on the piece, he could give it to me, because he hates all his girl friends. That reminded me about Chris Burden, the conceptual artist, who had called from the West Coast three days earlier to report that he hated his girl friend, and I realized that all the guys who I found most interesting were saying the same thing. There must be a lot of this hate around. I must have hit on something really hot! The Village Voice will start covering it in a year. The New York Times will get to it in the '80s: "The Hate Decade."

Hate, however, is combustible and will explode at certain individual temperatures. Up to this point it has been, for me, if nothing else, an energizer, a more acute, accurate method of getting along with someone and an intriguing prospect for the future. I believe we should all be *blammed* out of our sleepiness in return for seeming to be in agreement over pretending about sex, drugs and violence.

"Everybody Needs Somebody to Hit" would be a good title for the Ramones' next single.

The tension of society is in the balancing. One imagines the problems of love and hate will next be revitalized by an intricate shoot-out between the sexes. It could work out that in entering into a romance you would waive your civil rights to the person you were fucking, so you would be allowed to kill your "friend" as part of the solution. A lot of positive possibilities emerge with this method. Most amazingly and best is the important amount one learns during a state of hostility and how much war changes everything. During life and death situations people are known to *live in the present* (as in, pay attention to what's happening). Consequently, they are a lot less quick to jump into bed and pay a lot more attention when they're there. So, actually, romantic relationships might become very sharp, which would be a big surprise because the biggest problems about these relationships is that they're often too dull, the script writers being fresh from television assignments, ad jingles, etc.

Of course, the really best relationships would be when you parted and gave each other's lives back free. "Love" wouldn't have to end in "death." For myself, the only conclusions I can currently draw are that, much to my surprise:

1. I really do hate my girl friend.
2. But our relationship is alive and well. Sometimes I think it can't fail, because the more disintegrating fates we have, the more we're bound together by shared negative experiences (like going through the war, it makes you feel close).
3. Consequently I expect she is someone I will know for a long time (if she doesn't die quite soon).
4. Therefore, in the face of accepting loss forever, I refuse to disintegrate because there is no why. ■

Why I Hate My Boyfriend

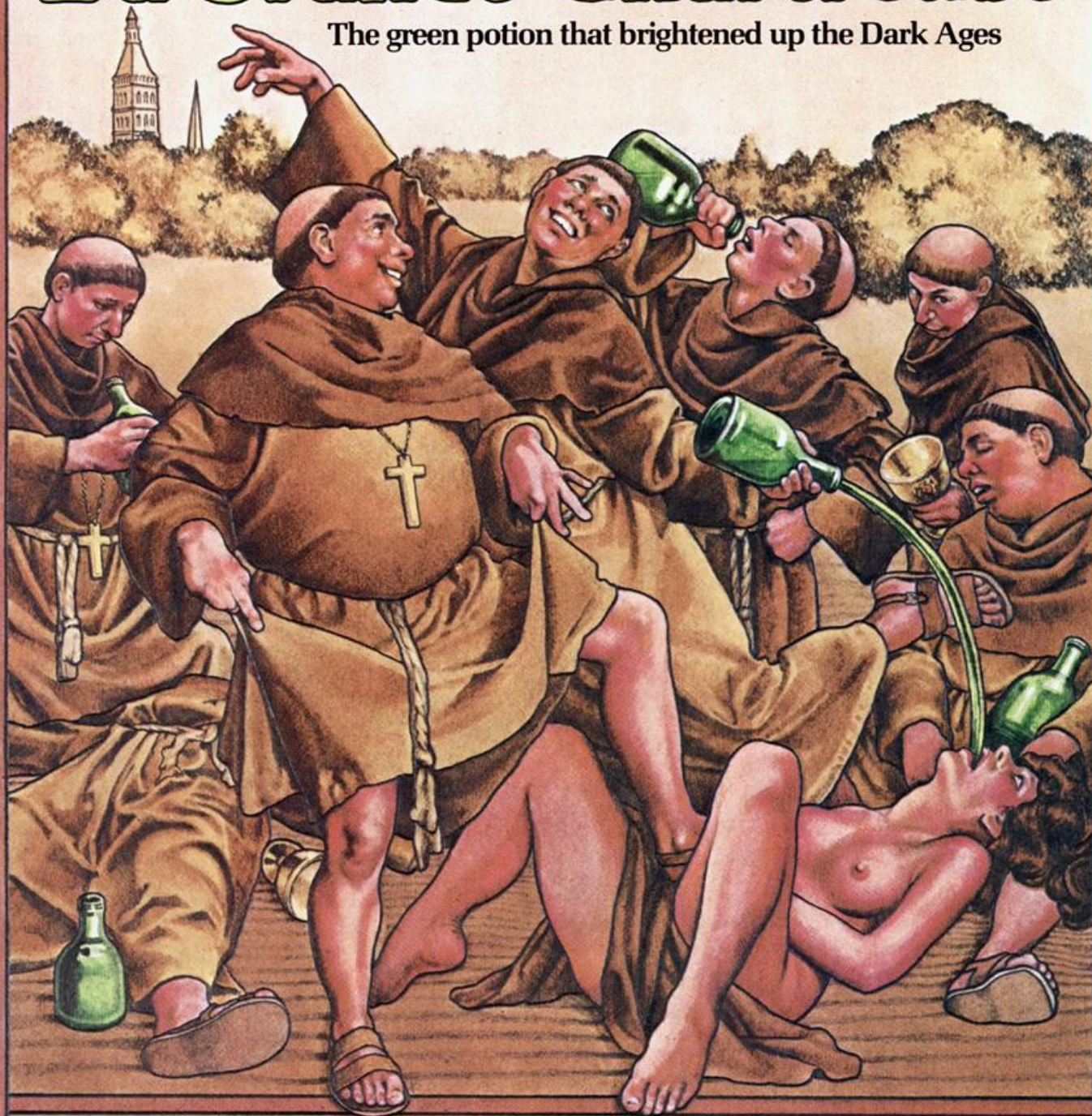
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these four reasons: 1) if you are in bed with someone you hate, you don't have to bother with weedy cuddling, so you get a good unsweaty night's rest; 2) if you meet someone else you fancy, you can ditch your boyfriend and go off with the someone else; 3) you can behave completely natural—selfishly; 4) you have plenty of spare time.

I cannot envisage myself ever having a love affair again. Love has become bastardized into sentiment, and I have no time for it. There is so much to do these days that is infinitely more interesting than lengthy love affairs. However, no one wants to feel total indifference toward others, and, above all, no one wants to feel total indifference toward their lovers. Maybe that's why I hate my boyfriend. ■

La Grande Chartreuse

The green potion that brightened up the Dark Ages



The first thing you notice is the color, a particular and lovely translucent green, the green of a deep tropical sea, of a primeval planet steaming in the sun, yet modern, too, a glowing neon, a Ferrari green. It is, of course, the color to which the liqueur Chartreuse gave its name. And, amazingly, the color of Chartreuse is of

its essence. It's the power of suggestion, probably, but there's no escaping the feeling that it *tastes* green, and this is part of its pleasure. Like the coral of a boiled lobster shell, the green of Chartreuse is unique; it signals the liqueur itself, somehow telegraphs to the mind before the first sip that spiky, sweet, spicy and complex taste.

by Bernard Garfinkel

Chartreuse has been called the "best liqueur in the world." Certainly, it's the most expensive, and the most potent as well—110 proof, while other liqueurs range from 50 to 96. (There is also a yellow Chartreuse, considered by most aficionados not to dwell on the same level of delight as the green. Its proof is 86.) This alcoholic power has, in recent times, given rise to advertising campaigns extolling its 55-percent spiritous content in phrases such as "green fire." Then, too, there's more than a hint of the aphrodisiacal in its legend. The secret blend of ingredients that mysteriously combine to give Chartreuse its special flavor and color has been described as having magical and sexual powers, of being associated with ancient gods of fertility and desire.

Yet the liqueur is made by an extraordinarily devout band of monks of the Carthusian order, whose ascetic life of isolation, silence, fasting, chastity and prayer is regarded as the most difficult and demanding vocation in the Roman Catholic church. Originally produced as a healing potion, a medicine with tonic powers for digestive and other ailments (a function it still serves for some), Chartreuse has become, you might say magically, a healing flow of money for the monks, whose hermetic lifestyle in the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in the hills near Grenoble in southeastern France is as expensive to maintain as that of a yacht-collecting Greek tycoon.

Chartreuse has, in fact, come to represent, like Coca-Cola, a business secret of enormous value, and since the latter half of the nineteenth century, when it achieved worldwide commercial success, it has been a frequent target of industrial espionage and high-powered chemical analysis aimed at stealing its well-guarded formula or breaking its lucrative code. To no avail. Although dozens of imitations—from the Japanese Chartreuse Morozoff to La Princesse des Chartreux—have surfaced from time to time, all of them, like the imitations of Coke, have failed by a greater or lesser measure to duplicate the real thing.

There's no doubt that Chartreuse is a highly complex compound. It is made from 130 different herbs, plants and spices. Many of these are found in the Alpine hills near the monastery and gathered by local laborers paid by the monks. Others are shipped in from around the world. Perhaps Crick and Watson, the scientists who "cracked" the DNA and RNA molecules, could take Chartreuse apart and label precisely its components and their proportions. But other scientists have tried and failed. All that they've been able to do is identify some of the herbs and plants it contains.

Frank Schoonmaker, the renowned wine expert, listed the following as "probably" present in green Chartreuse: lemon balm, hysopp, peppermint, genepi, angelica seed and root, thyme, balsam,

purslane, arnica blossoms, cinnamon and mace. Yellow Chartreuse has a different formula, but, Schoonmaker reported, it undoubtedly contains a high proportion of coriander. No other liqueur approaches the complexity of Chartreuse. Benedictine, for example, contains 30 herbs and spices, and the Italian liqueur Strega (which means "witch"), made by the Benvenuto family from a secret formula for the past 110 years, has 70 ingredients.

The ingredients in Chartreuse are blended and prepared according to the ancient formula that was given to the monks in 1605. According to the Carthusians, the donor is unknown but probably "a French alchemist." According to another account he was the Marshal

Chartreuse has been described as having magical and sexual powers associated with ancient gods of fertility and erotic desire.

d'Estrees, a friend of King Henri IV. In any event the gift was ignored for some 150 years, until Brother G r me Maubec, "a clever apothecary," managed after 27 years of experimenting to translate the formula for "an herbal elixir of long life" into a consumable potion.

Maubec's work was carried on by a fellow monk, Brother Antoine, who produced in 1764 an *elixir de table* and an *elixir de sante*, stronger and darker. The *elixir de table* is present-day green Chartreuse. The *elixir de sante* is still sold in Europe as a tonic (take two or three drops on a lump of sugar), its alcoholic potency weighing in at a formidable 136 proof. (This elixir is not allowed into the United States because it is deemed a "patent medicine.") A century after Maubec and Antoine, Brother Bruno Jacquet compounded the yellow variety.

Following the perfected formulas, the ingredients for Chartreuse are prepared and proportioned in secret ways and, as we shall see, in a private place from which all but monks are excluded. The flavoring compound is then mixed with honey and a brandy base and the result distilled six different times, during which further ingredients are added.

We should, at this point, distinguish between brandy, fruit and flavored liqueurs and herb liqueurs such as Chartreuse. Brandy is a distillate of grapes or other fruits. Grape brandy (from wine) is normally known as cognac, after the district in France that produces what is

generally regarded as the world's best. Other fruits give their names to brandies: apples (Calvados), plums (Quetsch or Mirabelle), raspberries (Framboise). Flavored liqueurs are known in the trade as "infusions." They're produced by steeping fresh fruit in neutral spirits or brandy, then sweetening and filtering the result, and this process gives them more fruit flavor than the brandies. Among the flavoring agents are mint, coffee beans, anise and various fruits—apples, blackberries, cherries and oranges, among many others. Finally, there are the herb liqueurs such as Chartreuse, Strega, Benedictine, Galliano. These are known in France as *liqueurs jaune* (yellow) even when they're colorless. They're made by steeping herbs in brandy or spirits, then sweetening, coloring and distilling the results.

In France the herbal liqueurs are often referred to as monastic liqueurs because so many of them were first made at monasteries by religious orders. But today Chartreuse is the only liqueur still made by monks. In contrast, Benedictine, supposedly first made at the Benedictine abbey at Fecamp in France, no longer has any connection with the order.

As the guardians of their secret formula, the Carthusians are faced with a major problem in security, and their solution would do justice to the CIA. Chartreuse is made at a distillery in the village of Voiron, a few miles from Grenoble and the monastery. The secret formula and Maubec's translation of it repose in a vault at the monastery.

Access to the formula, as in the best intelligence organizations, is doled out on a need-to-know basis. At any given time, only five monks are allowed to know. Three of them are the monks who prepare the ingredients at the distillery. The other two are the director of the monastery and his assistant. In the best tradition of corporate and intelligence-agency security, the five men are not allowed to travel in the same vehicle, and, in fact, even the three monks are not allowed to ride in the same car over the winding mountain roads from the monastery to the distillery, since they have no "backup men" to do their job. Only when a monk begins to reach what is estimated to be the last few years of his tenure as a "brewmaster" is a younger replacement trained.

At the distillery, top security is maintained. While Chartreuse is made by the three monks who prepare the formula, the rest of the process—distillation, bottling, labeling, marketing and distribution—is in the hands of a production company with which the Carthusian order is associated for this purpose, the Campagnie de la Grande Chartreuse. Its employees, needless to say, are not in the know. Consequently, at the distillery there is a white-painted staircase leading to the second floor, and only the three Carthusian brewmasters mount its steps.

In the ceiling over the six copper stills

are trapdoors that open and close at the whim of the brewmasters. When the monks have finished preparing a batch of herbs, a trapdoor above a still opens suddenly, a pipe descends into the still, and the herbs cascade down into the vat. Then the pipe is drawn upward again, there is a muffled whump as the trapdoor closes, and the secret mixing process continues above. On days of special religious observance at the monastery, the brewmasters do not appear at the distillery, and if the company's workers have no ingredients from the previous day in the distilling vats, they busy themselves with other work, or they do nothing.

Back at the monastery, the brewmasters pursue exactly the same silent and solitary life as their fellow monks. The Carthusian order was founded in 1084 by St. Bruno on a desolate mountaintop near Grenoble called Chartreuse (which translates as "wilderness"). In the years since, other Carthusian monasteries have been established throughout Europe (Stendhal's Charterhouse of Parma was one), all following St. Bruno's original dedication to an hermetical life. A recent report put the present number at 26, housing some 800 brothers.

La Grande Chartreuse is the headquarters monastery of the order, and its director is the head of the entire order. At Chartreuse, the 32 monks live for the most part isolated from each other as well as from the outside world. They come together only for religious services and when groups of 10 or 15 stroll through the countryside. Only on these woodland walks do the monks converse with each other. Inside the monastery, they follow their vow of silence. (At the distillery, the monks converse with each other and outsiders when necessary.) Their cells are on two levels, the lower one for work, the upper one for prayer and meditation. Besides a bed, the rooms contain nothing but an altar, pew, workbench and stove. The monks no longer wear hair shirts, as they once did, but dress in cowed robes of white serge. In the main they still follow the ancient order's strict dietary requirements, never eating meat, fasting on bread and water three days a week, eating once a day otherwise (except on feast days). They have no radios, TV or newspapers, nor in fact any contact at all with the outside world except for a brief visit from their families once every five years.

Their monastery is an extensive cluster of buildings that house, in addition to monks, lay brothers who take care of the domestic work. It is surrounded by a 14-foot-high wall, more to keep the world out than the monks inside. On a typical day, they retire at seven in the evening, wake up at two in the morning for meditation and prayer, attend vespers and matins at nine, 12 noon and four in the afternoon. In between, they work in their

cells, mainly at writing.

This devoted existence is supported in all of the monasteries by the income the Carthusians receive from Chartreuse, which is now regarded to be in excess of \$4 million a year, based on a royalty of close to 25 percent on each bottle the monks produce.

But even with the beneficence of this income, the order has experienced a good deal of travail. In 1903, with the passage of a new religious law in France, the Carthusians were expelled from the country, the second time they had experienced that fate, the first being immediately after the French Revolution. This time they settled in Tarragona, Spain, where they built a new distillery and continued to produce Chartreuse.

**Hold a glassful
up to the light,
observe its strange
and sensual depths
and sip slowly
of its therapeutic
essence.**

Meanwhile, the French government and its platoon of chemists attempted to divine the secret of the liqueur. The product they marketed as their best guess won few converts, and ultimately the company set up to replace the Carthusians was on the verge of bankruptcy. Finally, in 1940, the Carthusians were allowed to return, given back their monastery and distillery and permitted once again to produce the original liqueur.

As for what might seem to be an inconsistency between their strict religious vows and their purveyance of one of the world's strongest drinks, the monks take a philosophical view. Recently, the Reverend Père at the Chartreuse monastery commented on this question by saying: "After all, we have to live. And can one truthfully say that Chartreuse contributes to alcoholism?"

One does, in fairness to the monks, have to conclude that less expensive, less refined beverages undoubtedly contribute more. And beyond that, there is the incontrovertible reality that brandy and liqueurs have been traditional in European life since as early as the thirteenth century, regarded at the least as bracing tonics and often as medicinally therapeutic, hence the name given to them—*aqua vitae*, *eau de vie*, water of life.

And, of course, were the Carthusians to stop making Chartreuse, they would simply be taking one of the world's great drinking experiences away from us, removing from modern life one more supe-

rior product that would no doubt be replaced by an inferior substitute, more than likely an artificial one like so many of the other liqueurs that have swamped the market, made not from natural fruits and herbs but from alcohol, chemical flavorings and copious amounts of raw sugar, the whole aged for all of 90 days.

Chartreuse, in contrast, is aged longer than most other liqueurs, for up to four years (the premium VEP variety is aged for 15 years); and, as its label proclaims, it is "entirely natural." It is this natural condition, in fact, that according to its American distributor, Schieffelin and Company, has led to what might be termed a mini-boom in Chartreuse drinking. It began in southern California, where nature-hungry students took to drinking a concoction they called Swampwater: pour a shot of green Chartreuse in a tall glass, fill with pineapple juice, add ice and a squeeze of lime.

Happy to go along with a trend, Schieffelin began to promote Swampwater party kits, complete with napkins, postcard invitations, Swampwater mason jars and inflatable plastic alligators. That put Chartreuse in the modern world, along with Galliano, which had previously made its collegiate debut in the Harvey Wallbanger.

The Carthusian brothers were happy to go along with this, inasmuch as it represented a whole new market for their liqueur, which previously, in America at least, had a more corporate-boardroom, gourmet image. (This image still applies. For his famous \$4,000 meal at the Paris restaurant Drouant, won at a public television fund-raising auction, New York Times food writer Craig Claiborne chose, as one dish, duck with Chartreuse.) The Carthusians did draw the line, however, at advertising efforts to further the fame of Swampwater in "sexy" magazines such as Playboy, and Chartreuse now reaches its college market in Cosmopolitan, People, Glamour and Essence.

And Swampwater aside, Chartreuse, like other liqueurs, can do marvelous things for food, in addition to fulfilling what I consider to be its main function in life as a soul-stroking after-dinner toast to a memorable meal. Try it on ice cream, add a dash to chocolate sauce, pour it over fruit or cake. Less to my taste but favored by many gourmets is its addition to cooked dishes—Claiborne's duck, a veal scallopini or a baked filet of sole with cream sauce, to mention just a few.

In any event, finish off your dinner by holding a glassful up to the light, observe its strange and sensual green depths and sip slowly of its therapeutic essence, first having toasted Brothers Gérôme and Antoine, who labored in the Lord's vineyard for your pleasure. And you might give a moment's silent thought to the brothers in Grenoble, who are only allowed to drink their magical medicine once a year, at Christmas feasts. ■

VIVA PEYOTE!

Magical Native American Cactus

Photos and text by Mel Brown

Come with us to the land of the magical succulent, where don peyote grows slowly and luxuriantly in the hot desert sun, turning fat and beautifully ripe with psychoactive fruit. Peyote is a small plant, usually never more than five inches across and a foot from the top of its crown to the tip of its carrotlike root. It usually never protrudes more than a few inches above the ground. The crown, which is the aboveground part of the plant, has a flattened spherical shape with a depression at the top, which is filled with a mat of white hairlike fiber. It is thornless, colored blue-green and sometimes tints red during hot wet periods as it saturates with water. The flesh under the outer skin is a vivid lime green.

Peyote is one of the slowest growing plants on earth. A couple of days before flowering, the tufts of hair at the center begin to intertwine, much like mushroom my-

celium. This forms a protective mat of fiber for the formation of the new flower buds. Then, at dawn one day, all of a sudden the flower buds push up through the mat and stand fully exposed by midday, though not fully open. They close tight for the night, then open fully the first sunny day after that.

Since peyote grows so slowly, and since almost all of the alkaloid content is in the crown and not the root, harvesting should be done by cutting the crown off high enough above the root to allow the plant to throw off new heads. It is said that if you harvest the peyote with this kind of sensitivity and awareness, the crowns sing happily in their bags all the way home. This is so because Father Sun left them on the earth so we may use them to commune with God, cure our illnesses and uplift our spirits.



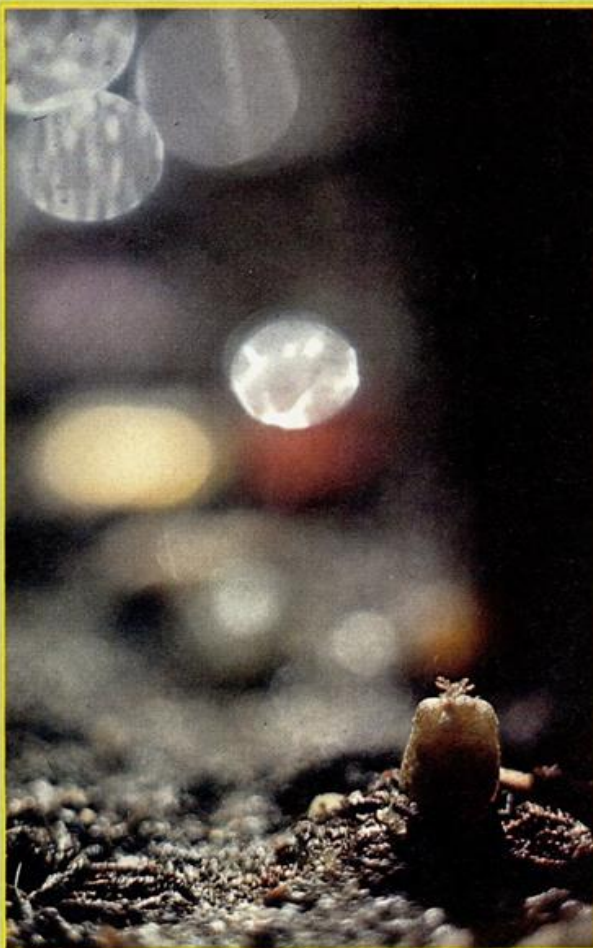
Three-month-old sprout.



A four-month-old plant growing near an aging peyote.



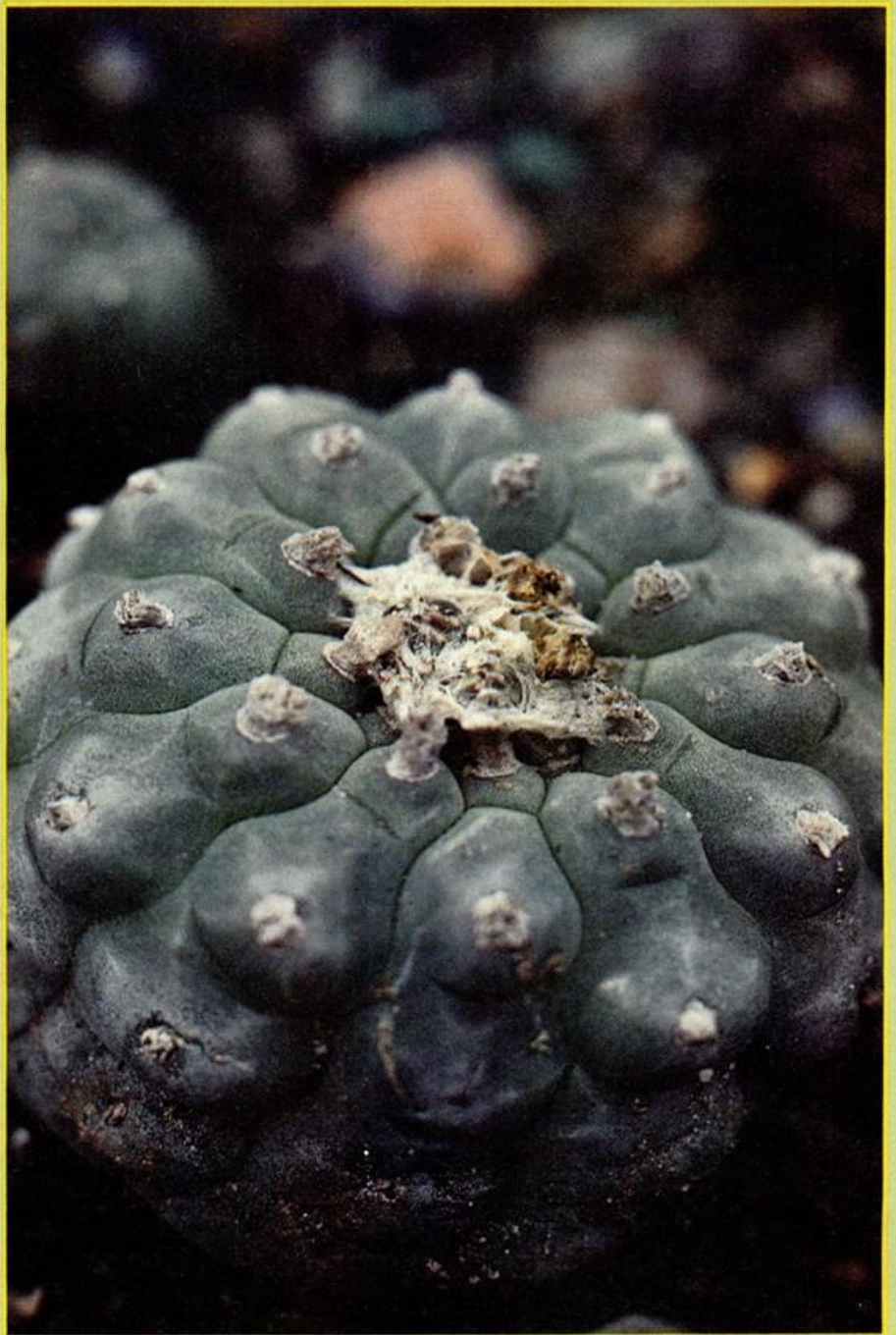
Five months old.



Radiant at eight months.



Five-point peyote, with exposed root.



Flower buds emerging through the fibrous matte.



Buds opening at early dawn.



New buds with dew in early dawn light.



Second-day buds ready to open.



Newly opened blossoms.



Specimen showing root structure and an offset. ☐



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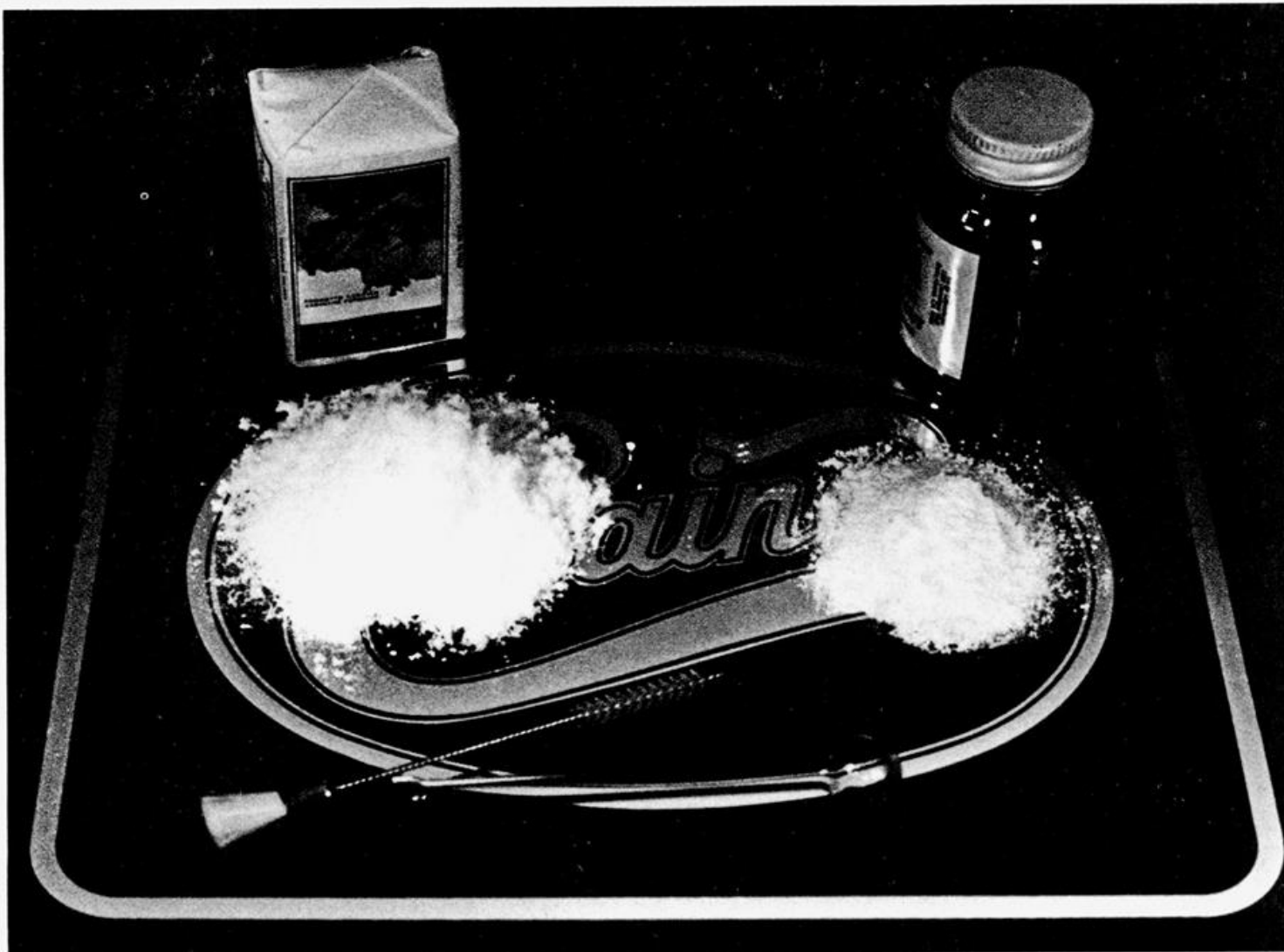
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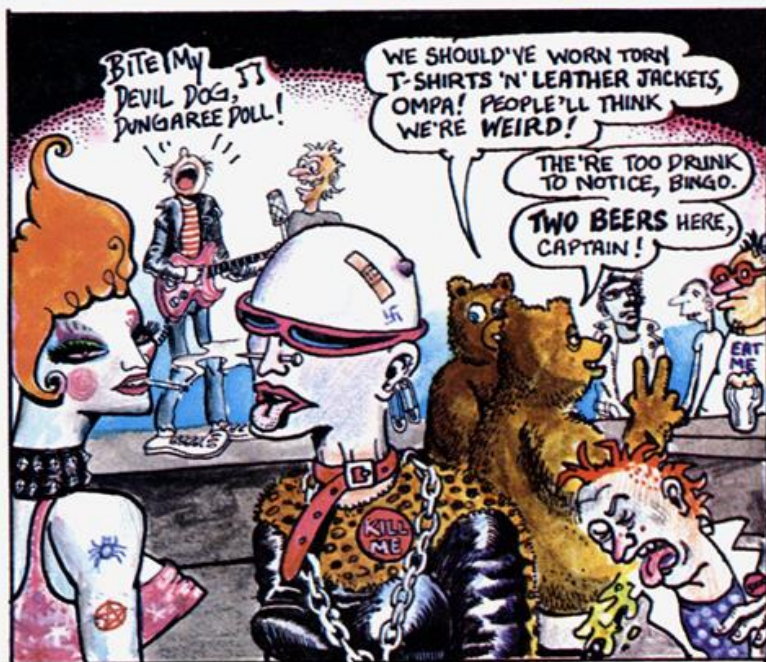
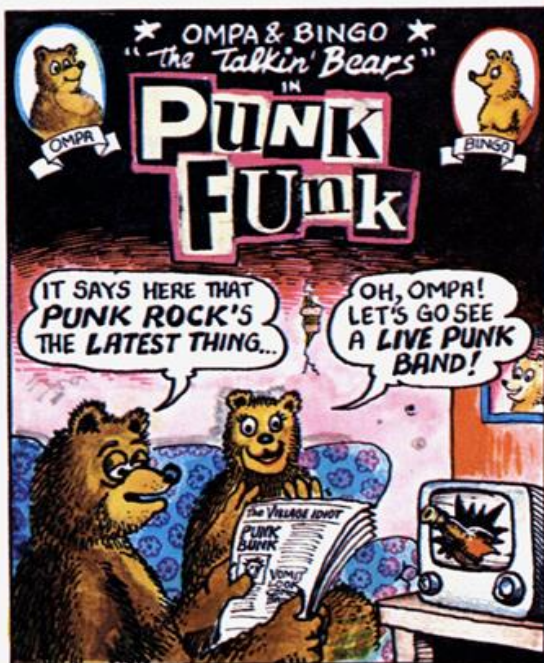
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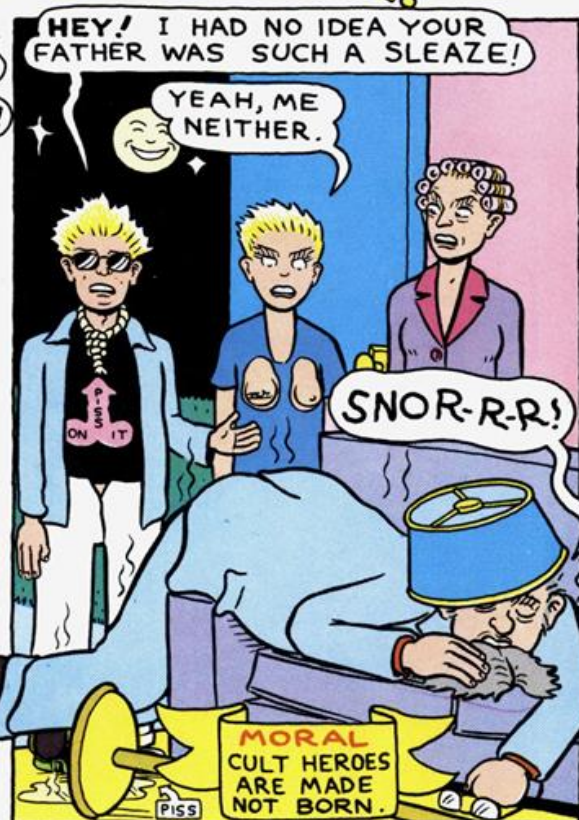
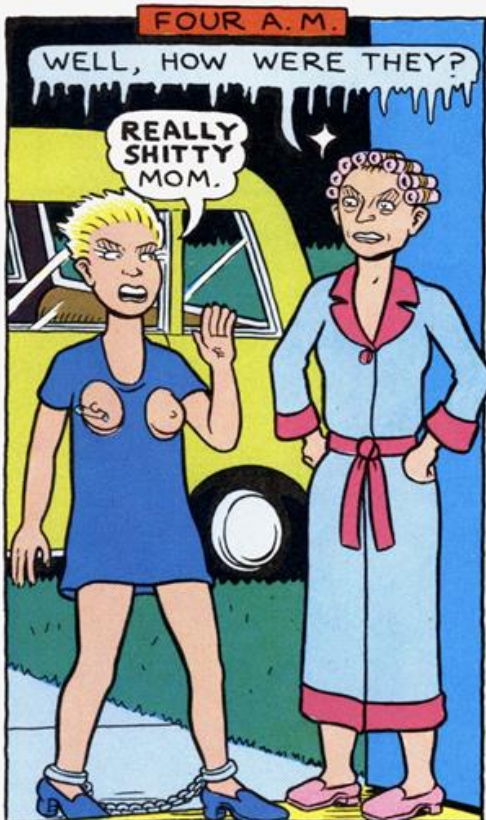
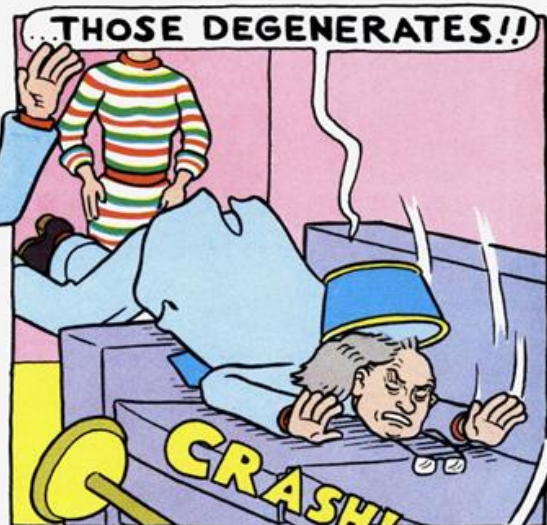
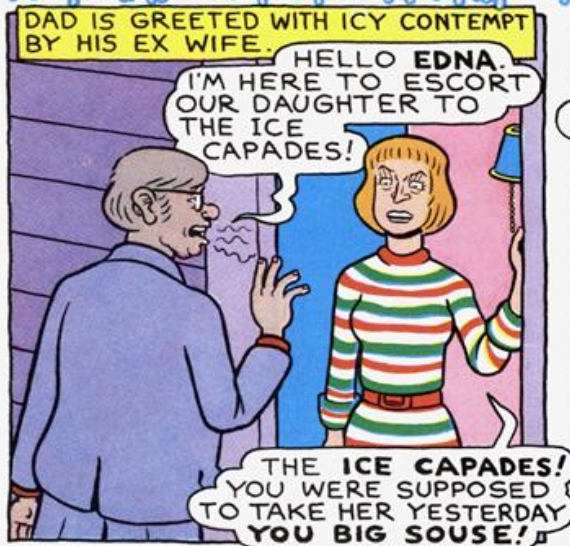


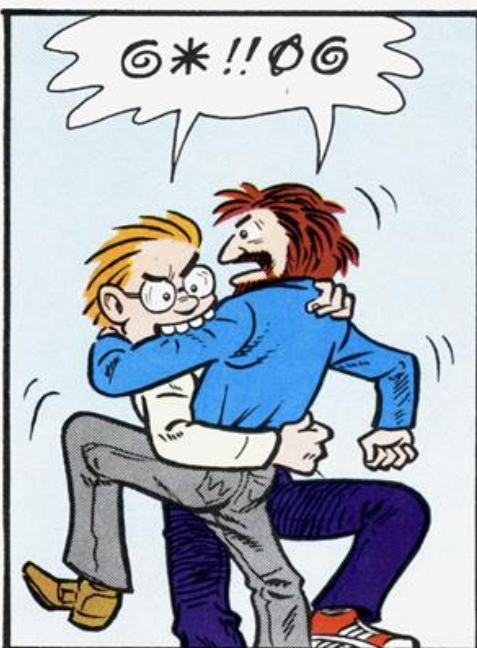
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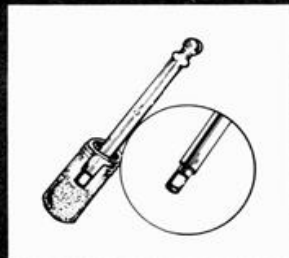
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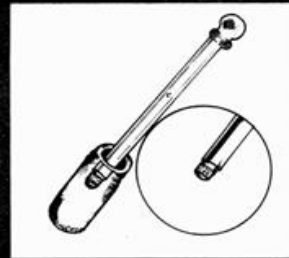
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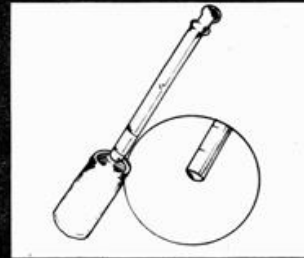
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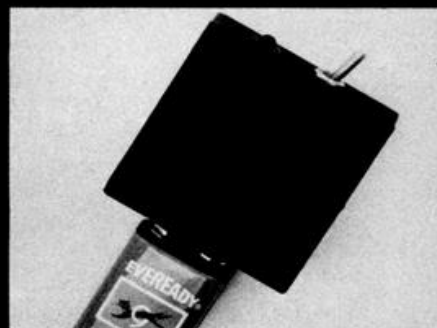


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Interview: Paul Krassner

(continued from page 51)

they couldn't relate to me. And I can understand that, in the sense that the Realist is associated with me. Our parting was totally friendly. Althea Flynt, Larry's wife and associate publisher, was crying when she fired me, but I comforted her. It is good etiquette to comfort one's employer when one has just been fired.

High Times: How did you change Hustler?

Krassner: By getting writers like Theodore Sturgeon and Terry Southern—and non-fiction writers like Kate Coleman and Michael Rossman, both of whom came out of the Free Speech Movement. Of course I didn't make these changes myself, there was a whole editorial staff doing it. We made the Shah of Iran the Asshole of the Month. We got information within the format of the magazine. We tried to make the connection, especially in my publisher's statements, that the feminists who attacked Hustler as an easy target were playing into the hands of the FBI strategy, and I quoted FBI documents that we got through the Freedom of Information Act. And I posed nude, which gave the magazine a kind of humanizing effect, that the publisher was no different naked from the readers, and in fact I even admitted to having jerked off to girlie magazines. We did away with the distinction between the publisher and the reader.

High Times: What are your plans now?

Krassner: Well, I'm working on a collection of investigative satire and a novel about a Lenny Bruce-type comedian, and on my unauthorized autobiography, which Playboy will publish excerpts from. It's called *The Winner of the Slow Bicycle Race*, because it describes a bicycle race in which the winner was the person who crossed the finish line last, and I won. Once you knew you were behind, you were ahead. I'm writing about the trial of Roman Polanski for Oui and about my five months at Hustler for New York magazine, and I'm going to Egypt with Ken Kesey and the Grateful Dead to hear them play the pyramids.

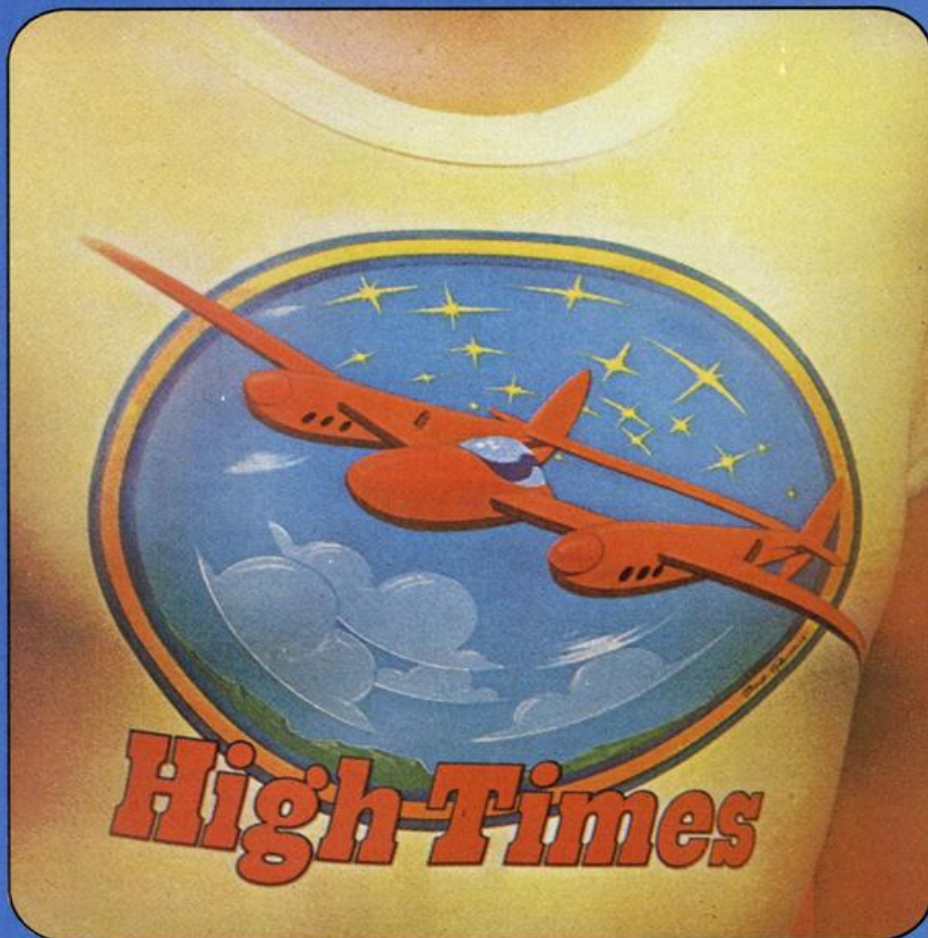
I'm also going on trial with Rolling Stone—I wrote in Rolling Stone that a guy from Navy Intelligence was posing as a hippie artist at a meeting of the Manson family, and he's suing for \$450 million, which is Rolling Stone's whole petty-cash account. Melvin Belli is the attorney for the plaintiff. And, as soon as I get a book advance, I can start subsidizing the Realist again.

High Times: So you don't feel too bad about Hustler?

Krassner: It was fun. It was an education. I don't have any bitterness. They hired me so frivolously, they had a right to fire me frivolously. But the big thing is that now I'm able to go for a walk in the sun whenever I feel like it. ☐

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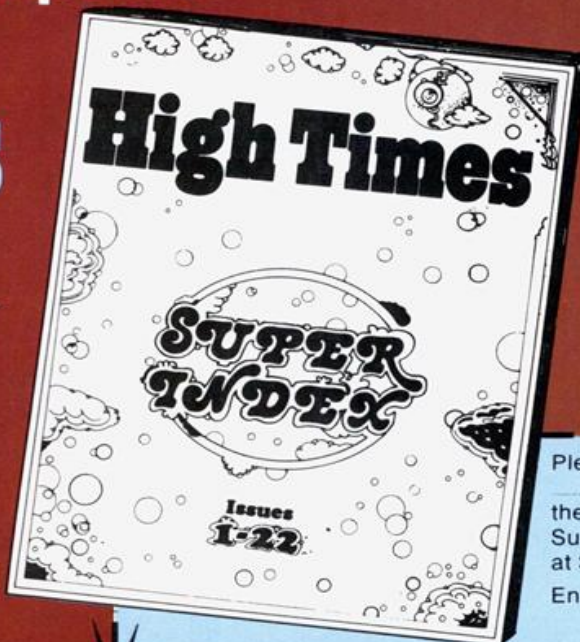
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Dope-Crazed Sex Fiend

(continued from page 70)

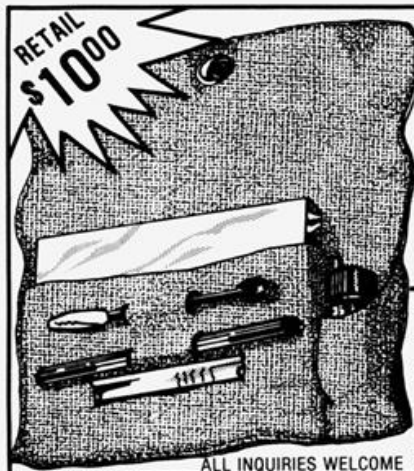
drooling in his hand—his taste buds standing between tasting oriental flesh and quick death. When fugu hits the nervous system, you don't even have a chance to drop your chopsticks, so the taster is hired to sample everyone's portion. When he starts getting hard, you're safe.

We'd all finished our fish when clothes were removed and once and for all I learned that Japanese women do not have to lie sideways to be screwed. Nor do they crawl on their knees to tuck their cherry-blossom pussies in a fugu-inspired display of cunt servility. This modern Japanese woman instead produced electric ben-wa balls with remote control, which made sense since I felt like I'd lost my arms and legs and needed electronic stimulation, but this inscrutable temptress had switched the controls, leaving us at each other's mercy. The fugu coursed through my crotch like napalm, and I was building enough strength for a kamikaze attack on her wet split when my prostate gland got an electric shot that had come draining back into my nuts. The wench had thwarted my orgasm, and my fugu-heated broth was about to end up on the floor. Meanwhile she had inserted a custom-made, fully molded oversize dildo into her mere slip of a hole and was strenuously pushing it in and out until it was dripping wet. The fugu taster was busy watching color TV.

My Japanese-made control shot a message to her cunt that sent the ben-wa balls shivering next to her uterus. Then she unleashed her final treachery: the long-haired lady from Tokyo bent forward and delicately sucked my cock until my juice was at the tip of my head, and then like a Zen tune she drove it up and back with her electric controls. But I was under orders of my own. I eased her backward and slipped my weapon into her. Like a billion kamikaze pilots, sperm exploded into her narrow canal and shorted her sex circuits with about two quarts of fugu-fed semen. The numbness spread through my body and concentrated itself in my ass, where my sweet geisha's friends were humming. Well, my come must have acted as a conductor for the fuck marbles. An electric shock ran from set to set, locking our organs together in the miracle of miniaturized electronics.

Fugu fish had opened my eyes to modern Japan. An old and possibly deadly fuck drug, the kindly blowfish is the animal with the only balls to tackle modern sex in modern Nippon for the girls on the assembly line. Sayonara, noble fugu fish—I shall return.

The aphrodisiacal drugs I've mentioned here are rather exotic and esoteric, but don't let that stop you. Where there's a will, there's a way, they say, even if it means hopping a freighter. ■



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2,000-Year-Old Dream Nears Completion

MUNICH, WEST GERMANY—Only some 60 miles of locks, dams and flyovers remain to be completed before a 2,000-year-old European vision is finally accomplished: a trading waterway that would pass all the way from the European North Sea to the Asian Black Sea, permitting free commerce among the 13 nations connected by its 2,150-mile length. The notion was first brainstormed by hydraulic engineers in the service of the Roman Emperor Hadrian (c. A.D. 130), although a revolt of the German provinces prevented its implementation.

Six hundred years later, the Germans themselves launched the same project under the Emperor Charlemagne, but torrential rains halted the work. In 1846, King Ludwig of Bavaria actually connected the Danube with the Main, at inconceivable expense, but the canal proved to be so shallow in most stretches that it could be used only for local river traffic by wide-bottomed, shallow-draughted transport craft. Work has been sporadically attempted to deepen the canal and install the necessary system of locks, but not until five years ago did the West German government commit itself to completing the project under the title of the Europa Canal.

After expenditure of nearly \$2 billion, the "big ditch" is only 60 miles short of completion: eight canal bridges have to be erected to span mountain ravines, along with locks that can raise and lower water levels by up to 1,000 feet. Once the work is completed, a passenger will be able to embark at Rotterdam in the Netherlands, pass through the German Rhineland and the Black Forest, across the breathtaking Austrian Alps, and along the gorgeous Danube through the Carpathians and Transylvania, to the lush Rumanian vacation resorts on the Black Sea. Regular trade conducted along this legendary route would, economic experts say, transform the traditional political/economic relationships among European nations.



Only 60 miles to go on the 2,150-mile project.

And for this precise reason, perhaps, a sudden resurgence of old-line Cold War politics has lately threatened to prevent the completion of the historic project. Led by the USSR, Warsaw Pact nations have abruptly declared that West Germany is "obliged" to finish the Europa Canal at its own expense and must subsequently cede all rights to tax commerce upon it, under the provisions of the 1919 Versailles Treaty. The Eastern European communist countries, which stand to benefit most from the canal trade, are saying in effect that Europa should be a toll-free international waterway like the Danube River.

West Germany, understandably, protests this notion. The canal is entirely situated in West German territory, points out Transport Minister Kurt Gscheidle, and though the Danube itself is bordered by eight countries, qualifying as an international waterway, the Main is entirely German except for its estuary at Rotterdam in the Netherlands. "Since the canal will connect

only the Main with the Danube," insists Herr Gscheidle, "it must be considered a domestic waterway." The Warsaw Pact's "unreasonable demands" of a toll-free canal, the Bonn government has hinted, may result in a permanent suspension of the whole project.

However, international observers point out that in Germany the canal has already pretty much paid for itself: the great Main and Danube dams constructed to raise the water level high enough for massive freighters, they say, generate a surplus of hydroelectric power for German industry.

Whatever the current squabbles, the age-old project of a Europe-to-Asia waterway appears to be assured of completion before another decade is over. "This project has been a European dream for centuries," says a German Foreign Ministry official. "It's sad that it is now embroiled in diplomatic and competitive controversies. But Europe has changed since the days of the Romans and Charlemagne."

Jogging Hazards Mount across U.S.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—Richard Lees, 39 and six feet four, was knocked down while jogging by a huge predatory bird, which evidently mistook his jogging as the panic response of a spooked animal. The bird, which had a six-foot wingspread, was estimated by a witness to be either a young bald eagle or a crooked-legged hawk. It knocked Lees to his knees and left him with three deep scratches and four puncture wounds.

Days later, the chief physician at the Miami Heart Institute in Florida, Dr. Robert Summers, dropped dead of abrupt cardiac arrest while jogging. Dr. Jack Wildrith, a neighboring radiologist, passed Dr. Summers only moments before his collapse. "I

was riding a bike, and he was jogging," Dr. Wildrith recalls. "I asked him how his feet were, and he said 'Fine.'" Moments later, Dr. Wildrith was futilely attempting mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on Dr. Summers' body. It appears that Dr. Summers, 55, had been under the care of another heart specialist for some time prior to his death, though the doctor involved refused to discuss whether he'd prescribed jogging to alleviate his condition. "It's shocking," Dr. Wildrith told reporters. "Apparently he was flirting on a very thin edge."

Dr. Summers was the second Miami resident in 11 days to drop dead while jogging.

Propose Human-Interest "Watchdog" on Scientific Research

Science is moving rapidly toward the time when people's behavior can be systematically controlled, the sex of a child chosen and the genetic composition of individuals altered. Now, a commission on human experimentation proposes that a permanent agency, including public members, be set up to tell the government whether certain research is for the general good and should be permitted. Legislation currently in the U.S. Senate would also set up such an agency.

Dr. Albert Jonsen, professor of bioethics at the University of California Medical Center, told Richard Saltus of the San Francisco Examiner that the commission would require promising new technologies in biomedicine to present "human impact statements" similar to environmental impact statements.

The National Commission on the Protection

of Human Subjects of Biomedical and Behavioral Research made the recommendation after polling almost 1,700 citizens and 121 leaders in science, religion, ethics, law and government.

TV Weather Show for Pilots Planned

WASHINGTON—The Federal Aviation Administration has agreed to bankroll a new TV weather show for private pilots. The Maryland Center for Public Broadcasting hopes to obtain the remainder of the needed money from private aviation sources in order to begin distributing the show to over 261 public television stations.

Prison Trainee Cons IRS Computer



A Leavenworth con used his prison training in computers to rip off \$25,000.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS—Government-agency administrators who use Leavenworth Prison's inexpensive computer-processing facility to handle their financial accounts were greatly startled recently when it was discovered that a convict trainee had managed to get an

Internal Revenue Service computer to print him out bogus tax-return checks totaling \$25,000. Millions of potential dollars in federal funds flow electronically through Leavenworth computers every year and are routinely processed by convicts taking vocational training in computer technology.

Greenland Rejects Prohibition but Rations Booze

THULE, GREENLAND—Greenland, which has one of the world's most severe alcoholism problems outside the Soviet Union, rejected complete prohibition of liquor in a public referendum held here.

However, voters did approve a related proposal to ration alcohol, which may mean that drinkers will have to do their shopping at government stores.

Per capita consumption of alcohol in Greenland is now at 6 gallons a year (compared to 2.4 in the U.S.). Nine out of ten crimes are committed under the influence of alcohol, and one out of six persons sentenced in 1977 was treated for alcoholism. Annual consumption of beer among Greenland's 39,000 population is 30 million cans, which if laid end to end would stretch one and a half times the length of the 1,650-mile-long island.

Scientists have long noted that the consumption of alcohol by people living near and above the Arctic Circle is conspicuously higher, as a rule, than by people living elsewhere. The cause of this is unknown but appears to be related to the length of the winter nights and the general bleakness of the scenery in Arctic regions. Also, tribes of native Eskimos who haven't yet been exposed to booze appear to enjoy a conspicuously greater frequency of sexual intercourse than other primitive peoples.

Propose Elvis Presley for New \$1 Coin

WASHINGTON—Elvis Presley has been nominated to be placed on the Treasury Department's new \$1 coin.

The leading contender for the honor, however, is Susan B. Anthony, the noted suffragette. Other contenders include Klondike Kate, the Virgin Mary, Amelia Earhart, the Statue of Liberty and Kitty "Bulldog" O'Leary. Research by the Treasury Department was unable to produce any evidence, however, explaining who Mr. O'Leary was.

Woman Kills Car

KINGS COUNTY, WASHINGTON—"That car's been giving me misery for years, and I killed it," Barbara Smith told police here. "I feel good."

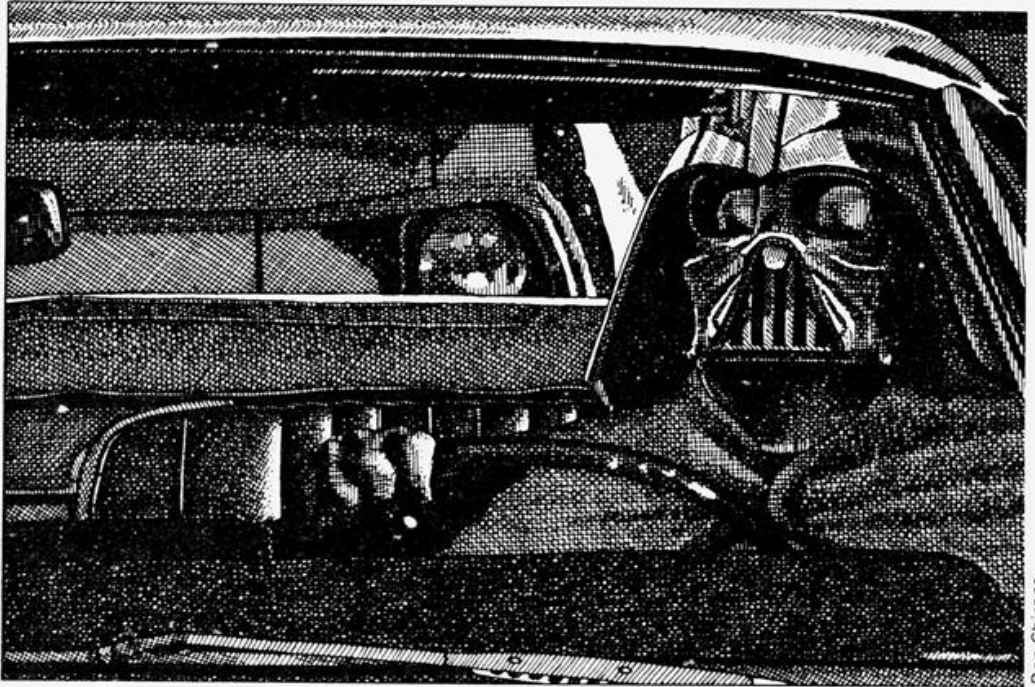
Officer Jim Fuda responded to complaints from Smith's neighbors that she had attacked her car with a baseball bat. When he arrived, he found a broken bat, a badly smashed car and, according to reports, "one satisfied woman."

"Car Wars" Death Toll Rises on L.A. Freeways

LOS ANGELES—Long-distance car duels and chases inspired by TV stunt driving have caused soaring accident rates in Southern California. Police attribute it to "freeway frustration," the sudden release of pent-up rage by motorists impatient with being stalled in California's notorious hours-long traffic jams. But reports of high-speed automobile dueling, with cars sideswiping each other repeatedly and cutting each other off for 60 miles at a stretch, resemble more the pure exhilaration of the Indy 500 than petty traffic-jam frustration.

One veritable steeplechase through the hills and deserts outside Los Angeles involved four cars dueling dangerously across the six-lane superhighway and lasted for nearly an hour. "They battled each other for 50 miles," recounts an Orange County accident investigator. "It was two-on-two. They smashed in the sides of their cars trying to force one another off the road. We finally stopped them when one of the drivers decided he'd had enough and tried to retreat up an off-ramp. The others followed him, and we caught the whole bunch."

Nobody, astonishingly enough, was injured in that four-car melee, though dozens were hurt a few weeks later when one driver went berserk on the Ventura Freeway and conducted a one-man demolition derby. In over 20 miles of premeditated mayhem he sideswiped 32 cars and drove several more straight off the highway. When he finally cracked his own car up in the center strip, he climbed out and commandeered the station wagon he'd just bashed into, hauling the driver out bodily and continuing his high-speed rampage. Several miles farther on he plowed into a tractor, ricocheted into a Volkswagen and finally totalled himself out of commission. Police charged him on nearly



Ron Chirona

100 counts of "vehicular assault with a deadly weapon."

Over 400 such intentional car attacks are recorded in California every year. "People are beginning to lose control," speculates Los Angeles Police Department shrink Dr. Martin Reisser. "People tend to elongate their body and personal territory to include their cars. They take it as a personal attack when someone invades their space. They see it as an attack on their person. For many people, cars are an extension of their egos. Cars are a part of their minds and bodies. If someone strikes you, you either run away or strike back. It's the same on the freeway."

Most car duels, police say, begin when an impatient driver winds up behind a driver who's observing California's 55-mph speed limit. The impatient driver becomes

incensed at this: when he finally gets a chance to pull around the slower vehicle, he purposely slows down in front of it in revenge. This is offered and accepted as a personal challenge, and the other driver either retaliates in kind or bashes in the first car's taillights. "They explode," says Dr. Reisser. "Their car becomes a weapon and they strike out with it."

In the long-distance vehicular battle that commonly ensues, innocent bystanders generally get the worst of it. Very often these duels go entirely unreported, the drivers primarily involved being both at fault, and the sideswiped bystanders are too busy controlling their vehicles to pick up any license numbers. "Lord only knows how many really occur," says Dick Briggs, administrator at the LAPD's traffic division.

Crazy Horse Statue Nears Completion

CUSTER, SOUTH DAKOTA—Sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski and his sons recently finished the inscription at the base of their 150-foot high statue of Chief Crazy Horse astride his pony: "My lands are where my dead lie buried." The famed Sioux chief is depicted pointing eastward, in the direction of Mount Rushmore. Ziolkowski began the monument 30 years ago in response to Chief Standing Bear, Sitting Bull's grandson, who desired an equivalent to Rushmore so that "the white man will know that Indians have their heroes too."

The site of the statue, Thunderhead Mountain, was obtained from the U.S.

Department of the Interior in exchange for Indian land. Ziolkowski turned down a proffered \$10-million government grant and achieved the colossal feat by working under private donations and charging an

admittance fee from tourists. Now that some 5 million tons of rock have been chiseled and dynamited away to make the statue, Ziolkowski estimates only another seven years of polishing before it's finished.

Octogenarian Visits Disney World

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—Employees here held a day-long celebration last spring to commemorate the 500th visit of Millard C. Jones to Disney World. Millard, 86, received a free lifetime pass to Disney World three years ago to commemorate his 200th visit. "This is where my friends are," says

Millard. "I can't imagine ever getting tired of coming here." This year's celebration featured a parade down Main Street in his honor and a big kiss on the cheek for Millard from Snow White. "He needs us to keep him young, and he keeps us young," Goofy told reporters. "He is a dear man."

Exiled Revolutionary Invades Palace Lobby

LIMA, PERU—General Leonidas Rodriguez, leader of the left-wing Revolutionary Socialist Party and the single most-wanted individual in all Peru, walked calmly into the presidential palace here not long ago, past a series of armed security guards, and asked politely for an audience with President Francisco Morales Bermudez. Told that the president was currently tied up with the Chilean foreign minister, Gen. Rodriguez, assumed to be in hiding to avoid a deportation order, waited patiently for 20 minutes then signed the palace guest book and left. When the security guards finally recognized his name on the list, they rushed to the palace gate with automatic weapons at the ready—just in time to see



In happier days, Rodriguez (standing, second from right) enjoyed the company of Rosalynn Carter and President Bermudez.

Gen. Rodriguez climb onto the back of a motorcycle and roar away into the heavy traffic.

Colombian Witch Gets 50,000 Votes

BOGOTA—Soothsayer Regina Betancourt de Liska, notorious in Bogotá as the beautiful "Regina Once," is vigorously pressing her

campaign to gain national recognition for traditional witch-doctor practices. Although she lost the last presidential election, Ms. de Liska managed to become an official candidate by filing a 50,000-signature petition with the national election committee. This entitled her to four half-hour slots of free television time during the campaign. She was the first witch to appear on Colombian television in over ten years; witches have been banned from Colombian media since one of them claimed, on radio, to be able to restore virginity.

Claiming to be Colombia's "only salvation," Ms. de Liska also participated in frequent debates with opposing political figures. In a spirited discussion with Bogotá's mayor, Bernardo Gaitan Macheca, Regina called herself "the hen that lays Colombia's golden eggs." Responded the mayor, "If only I could get my hands on one of those eggs."

Colombian Doctors Use THC for Rheumatism, Asthma

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA—For four years now, two doctors in the Criminology Department of the Judicial Police here have been quietly experimenting with marijuana derivatives in the treatment of people suffering from rheumatism and asthma. Although many of their patients have reported significant alleviation of pain and discomfort, when word finally leaked out recently about the project a local scandal arose, with townswomen beseeching the Virgin in the Medellin Cathedral to rescue the souls of the doctors and their patients from the grip of the satanic weed.

For treating rheumatism, this inert cannabis derivative is dissolved in 40-grade ethyl alcohol and rubbed into the patient's skin over the inflamed area. The warming effect seemingly penetrates to the calcium crystals in the affected joints, easing the pain there for a long period of time.

For asthma, the extract is taken internally. "Since I was five years old I've suffered attacks of asphyxia," relates Carlos Alberto Velos, an insurance representative. "I felt that I was suffocating, especially during the night. But now the suffocation has ended, since the day that these two doctors had me drink five potions of marijuana seeds. The seeds are crushed first, then dissolved in orange juice."

Researcher Finds "Killer" Pot

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—A physician here, Dr. Alejandra Oseos Alvarado, reports that marijuana is not only addictive, but lethal in overdose quantities. Dr. Oseos revealed his startling findings to the daily tabloid *El Universal*, which ran them under a banner headline exclaiming THERE ARE MORE THAN 100 MILLION MARIJUANA ADDICTS IN THE WORLD TODAY! According to Dr. Oseos, grass addiction is irreversible and becoming endemic all over the globe. He particularly warned college students not to get high on grass in order to become stimulated and wide-awake before vital exams; information learned on dope, he warned, will be forgotten later.



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Sale of Dope Tacos Halted

ENSENADA, MEXICO—There won't be any more of those dynamite "Mexican Red-hots" floating around Ensenada. The federales finally caught up with taco-stand owner Felipe Reys, who'd been sprinkling his tacos with Seconal and peddling them for \$1.50 a shot to "special customers."

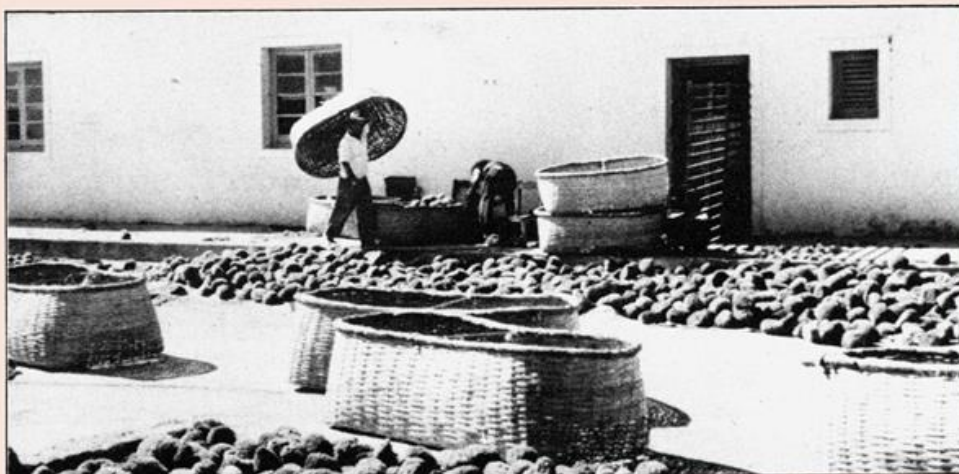
Big Profits in Bogota's Black Disney Market

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—"This country doesn't prepare anyone to do anything," explained 25-year-old Joel Toro Arce as he tried to hustle a quantity of smuggled-in Walt Disney comic decals to an uncomprehending tourist. Toro Arce, a sometimes cobbler from Menozales, far in Colombia's rural interior, had set up on Bogota's Carrera Septima thoroughfare, a colorful sidewalk display of smuggled-in American goods: peel-on decals of Mickey Mouse, Uncle Scrooge and Daisy Duck along with several cartons of bootleg Marlboros and a couple cases of Manischewitz table wine. "No one's going to work for 100 pesos a day [\$3]" he snorted, "when we can stand here and make 200 pesos in a few hours."

Having moved to Colombia at 22 with high hopes of a career in construction work, Toro was quickly disillusioned when he discovered that apprenticeship positions were virtually nonexistent in Bogota and available only to the sons of highly placed union officials. Like many other youths, he subsists mainly by odd jobs and by purchasing smuggled-in American novelties and luxuries from underworld contacts and retailing them at 100-percent markups in places like the Carrera Septima and the Unicentra Plaza. These places are actually licensed by the government to openly offer smuggled-in goods for sale, no questions asked; they're popularly called "San Andresitos," after the fabulous San Andres Island, a Colombian protectorate 600 miles north, off the Honduran coast, which thrives on duty-free trade.

Under this arrangement, smuggling goods into Colombia has become an industry nearly as profitable as the smuggling of grass, coke, coffee and emeralds out of the country. The *contrabandistas* engaged in both directions of illicit trade are widely regarded as necessary to Co-

Fishing Now Cuba's Boom Industry



In a Cuban fishing village, sponges are left in the sun to dry.

HAVANA—Prior to the revolution, Cuba's chief national resources after sugar were tourism, gambling and prostitution. Now fishing is Cuba's second largest industry. Export revenues from fishing were only \$5.6 million in 1958. Today, as a

result of development by the revolutionary Castro regime, fishing brings in nearly \$60 million a year. Cuba now exports fish to Canada, Italy, France and several Latin American and Eastern European countries.

lombia's moribund economy.

Says a Colombian economist: "It's a state of mind in which illegality has virtually become legalized." While the federal minimum wage guarantees each Colombian worker at least \$60 a month, a 30-percent inflation rate makes an honest livelihood tantamount to starvation for many people. Also, while the official unemployment rate here is only 8.68 percent, the rate of "underemployment"—employed people who can't possibly earn enough to live on—is estimated to be at least 25 percent.

"Would you rather have these people selling cigarettes and smuggled whiskey," this economist realistically pointed out to a Yankee visitor, "or ripping your watch off."

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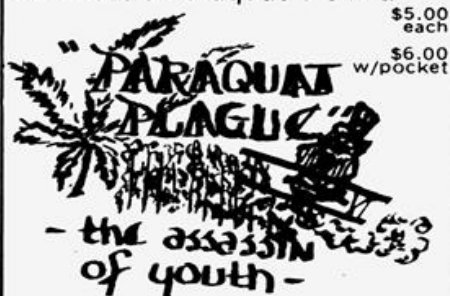


This castle, at Montsegur in the Pyrénées Mountains, was built by the Cathars, a medieval sect descended from the Gnostics and the Zoroastrians—some say even further back, from the Buddhists and the Druids. The castle is actually a fortified solar temple with two slender windows through which, at sunrise on the day of the summer solstice, the rays of the sun (considered by the sect to be Pure Light, escaped from the Demon-body) shine directly for a few instants. In those instants, one experiences, in the words of Paul Gironat, an American professor of languages, a "spiritual shock. You hear a sound, a kind of celestial music. It lasts less than a minute, but all who are present will share it."

Gironat has made the trip from Boston to Montsegur each summer for the past 20 years to see the solstice, but only twice has the effect been observable; the winds of the Pyrénées send changing weather that blots out the sun most years. So it was this year. Rain fell at 5:17, when the sun was scheduled to rise. The moment having passed in darkness, the 40 who had braved the elements, coming from all over Europe (and half a dozen from America too), slowly made their way down.

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Deals to Dealers

Fire-Eater Busted for Drunk Driving

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND—Professional fire-eater Barry Silva was recently fined £65 by Manchester Crown Court and had his driver's license suspended, after police stopped him while driving with twice the legal limit of alcohol in his bloodstream. Silva imbibes methyl alcohol and lighter fluid in his act and had been through a very long rehearsal that day. He says his arrest only illustrates another professional hazard of fire-eating.

Kon-Tiki Captain Quits the Sea

LONDON—Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian explorer who crossed the Pacific by raft in 1947 to prove his "diffusionist" theory of prehistoric migration patterns, has retired from sailing.

Heyerdahl's most recent voyage was a 6,200-mile cruise on the *Ra II*, a reed boat he built to prove that the Egyptians could have circumnavigated Africa thousands of years before the birth of Christ.

"Although I have no scientific evidence, I am quite convinced after this voyage by reed craft that there is some interrelationship between many large civilizations which started about 3000 B.C.," he said of the voyage, which ended April 3, 1978, when he burned the *Ra II* in the Red Sea as a protest against pollution.

Heyerdahl is 63.



Thor Heyerdahl and friend.

Wide World



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Athens Air Pollution Dooms Classical Maidens

ATHENS, GREECE—The beautiful Caryatid Maidens, five marble women six feet six inches tall apiece, have held up the entablature of the Erechtheid Temple on Acropolis Hill here for nearly three millennia; but this year industrial pollution is finally driving them indoors. "The Caryatid Maidens have spent some 2,500 years exposed to the trials of wars, natural catastrophes, bad weather and, more recently, industrial pollution," declares Culture Minister George Plytas. "This year will be their last."

Air pollution has been severely eroding the features of the statues, and so they're to be moved to an indoors museum and replaced at the Erechtheum with fresh marble copies. The original maidens were installed around 500 B.C. during the Golden Age of Pericles along with many other classical statues including the Parthenon Temple. The Parthenon was actually maintained in mint condition until 1687, when a supply of Turkish gunpowder stored within it was accidentally detonated, giving the building its present ruined appearance.

Inspection, repair and reconstruction of the ancient Acropolis is being carried out under a \$30-million UNESCO fund.



Pollution is destroying what 2,500 years of war and weather couldn't.

Dog Slays Millionaire

BUENAVENTURA, ITALY—A murderous German-shepherd guard dog owned by shipping millionaire Francisco Rocca may have been indirectly responsible for his death. Rocca tripped over the dog and fell down. Later he was found dead. His estate was valued at \$20 million.

Kids Blind, Rob Drivers

CALI, ITALY—The street urchins of this impoverished Italian town earn pocket money by throwing powder in the eyes of motorists stopped for traffic lights. While the driver is blinded, he or she is robbed of watches, jewelry and whatever else can be grabbed through the cars' windows.

West Germans Face Extinction

MUNICH—The population of West Germany may be zero in the year 2078. West Germany today has the world's lowest birth rate—10 live births per 1,000 inhabitants. If the trend continues, by the middle of the twenty-first century there will probably be half as many West Germans as there are today. In 100 years, there may be none left.

According to the conservative opposition party, the decline is the result of the left-liberal coalition government led by Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. Schmidt, they claim, has not only destroyed West German patriotism but also the moral fiber of society by permitting abortions, easy divorce and birth-control pills.

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Russians to Make Sex Mandatory?

MOSCOW—Poll takers for the newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda were appalled to learn that in 90 out of 100 Moscow households they visited, the wives claimed to be head of the family, and the husbands agreed. Only in one single household did the wife herself describe the husband as ruler of the roost; and when the poll takers told the man he'd won a prize for that, he turned to his spouse and asked: "What shall I choose, Maria?"

The emancipation of Russian women is being regarded with considerable anxiety by Soviet officials. In other countries, women's liberation has boded a sharp dip in fertility rates. This has already occurred among Slavic households in urban areas of the USSR, where virtually all women work outside the home. Coupled with the spiraling Russian divorce rate—800,000 last year—the plummeting fertility of the Slavs has given Kremlin officials, themselves largely Slavic, cause for concern. With this prospect in mind, the Soviet Academy of Sciences is recommending that novel

measures be taken to encourage conception among young married (and even unmarried) couples.

Since there are many more young women than men in Russia, a vigorous media campaign is underway to "legitimize" out-of-wedlock motherhood. Computer matchmaking facilities are being officially installed in every town across the USSR, along with marriage-counseling bureaus. A newspaper in Sverdlovsk has had so much success with matrimonial ads that the Tass news service itself may commence running them nationwide.

But by far the most radical—even downright racy—fertility-encouragement ploy is being undertaken by the government-controlled Trade Unions Council. The council is currently expanding its traditional policy of arranging workers' vacations to include special itineraries for unmarried men and women: virtual "singles daschas" on the Black Sea, along the Volga and in the Caucasus Mountains.



Nelia Sancho

Free High-Society Terrorist

MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES—Former Manila socialite, beauty-contest winner and urban guerrilla Nelia Sancho, 25, was finally paroled this summer after three years in military detention for "suspected Communist activities." Sancho had been implicated with other high-society personages in the clandestine support of the Philippines' leftist Muslim faction, banned by the Marcos government. Secret talks between Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile and opposition leader Lorenzo Tanada resulted in the dropping of one of the subversion charges against her, and she was paroled on the other, conditional on her good behavior.

Six months ago, Sancho's husband—also a military prisoner—was reassigned to her compound. She's due to have a baby in three months.

Reds Try to 86 Russian CB Buffs

MOSCOW, UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS—"Radio hooliganism" is a grave issue with Soviet authorities these days. CB radio transmitters are increasingly available on the Russian black market, and clandestine users are beginning to communicate with each other all up and down the electromagnetic spectrum. They use such imaginative "handles" as Demons, Phantoms, Pranksters and—more ominously to Communist Party officials—the Free Sons of the Ether. So far, according to reports from behind the iron curtain, Russian CB freaks mainly use the ether to broadcast banned Western rock music and mild political jokes; still, the Kremlin has been leery

enough of CB's obviously revolutionary possibilities to threaten severe labor-camp penalties for anyone caught using a CB.

Pick Dog Movie as Best '77 Film

MOSCOW—Twenty-two thousand Russians voted for a Walt Disney "Lassie"-type film about a lost dog called *The White Dog Bim with One Black Ear* as the best film of 1977.

The readers poll was held by Soviet Screen magazine. The magazine also announced that "worst movie of the year" status was divided between two films, both about youth: *Moscow Time* and *Cafe Isotope*.

Chinese Leaders Push Junk Food

PEKING, CHINA—With the hyper-radical Gang of Four consigned to permanent disgrace, China's new moderate bureaucracy appears to be adopting Western ways with truly avid—and possibly dangerous—enthusiasm. One of the few elements of traditional Chinese culture to survive Mao Tse-tung's Great Cultural Revolution was the fastidious and elaborate Chinese cuisine, a menu now under assault by the Hua Kuo-feng government, which seems determined to replace bird's-nest soup with Burger King Whoppers.

Terming Chinese cookery wastefully time-consuming, Peking think tankers have proposed to distribute dried instant noodles, refrigerated vegetables and frozen fish to factory workers. The time saved by quickly boiling up a meal from this junk food, they insist, should be donated to productive socialist endeavors.

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India Lifts Ban on Movie Smooches

ISLAMABAD, INDIA—For the first time in over a generation, Indian movie stars are kissing one another on camera—and getting it past the censors. Viewers at the July premiere of the Hindi-language epic *Phandebazz* were deeply startled by a scene in which the villain, played by superstar Prem Chopra, gathers the wayward heroine Binda in his arms and plants a passionate kiss onto her mouth. It was the first time since 1936—when the Indian Film Censorship and Inquiry Committee banned cinematic smooching as “antitraditional” and “un-Indian”—that an actual kiss had been seen in an Indian cinema. Naturally *Phandebazz* has played to sellout crowds ever since.

The 42-year kissing ban has always seemed anomalous to Indian filmmakers, who produce more movies per year than any other country in the world, movies mostly obsessed with raw sex, sadistic violence and slapstick comedy. Indian audiences are traditionally crazy about their flicks, in fact, the kissing ban was originally imposed after viewers had rioted in many Indian cities after particularly steamy kiss scenes, demanding repeated replays by the projectionist.

So actual kissing stayed rigorously forbidden for a generation of Indian cinema. Full frontal nudity was also unknown on screen, though Indian directors are celebrated for pioneering new pyrotechnics of cleavage and leg display.

Self-censorship became so automatic that when in 1969 the Censorship Committee suggested a relaxation of constraints hardly anyone took them up on it. Justice G.D. Khosla decreed in 1969: “If in telling the story it is logical, relevant or necessary to depict a passionate kiss or a nude human figure, there should be no question of excluding the shot, provided the theme is handled with delicacy and feeling, aiming at aesthetic expression and avoiding all suggestion at prurience and license.”

Despite this carefully worded official encouragement only one producer, K.S. Johar, produced a kiss scene that year, in *Johar Mehmed in Goa*. The scene showed him kissing beautiful Sonia Sahni, who portrayed a Portuguese peasant girl. The censors passed the scene, but a coordinated protest by self-appointed Indian “morality committees” resulted in the scene’s excision from *Johar Mehmed*.

This year, the Chopra-Binda clinch scene was mainly unopposed around the nation, so top producer-actor Raj Kapoor produced *Satyan Shiram Sundaram* exhibiting three separate kiss tableaux involving supercelebrities Zeenat Aman and Sashi Kapoor. The film also exhibited a very great deal of Ms. Kapoor’s anatomy, since it was set in the fifteenth century, when Indian



Indian film *Phandebazz* ends a 42-year ban on movie kissing.

village damsels actually competed with each other to wear the scantiest possible peasant outfits.

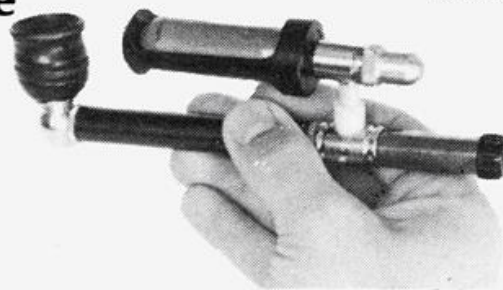
So far, kissing scenes in top-rated Hindi movies have not drawn fire from censors, so minority-language movies should soon be entertaining Bengali, Tamil, Malayan

and Marathi viewers with steamy kiss numbers. However, the heat is likely to come back down on the industry, many critics fear, when the producers of really sleazy movies—the actual majority of Indian cinema—begin throwing in smooches all over for no valid artistic reason.

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Zimbabwe Exile Leader Trains "Children's Army"

LUSAKA, ZAMBIA—Thousands of Rhodesian children in refugee camps near here are reportedly being fed, educated and trained in guerrilla warfare by the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), a military force of exiled Rhodesian guerrillas led by Ndbele chief Joshua Nkomo. The children, says ZAPU, are all orphans, their parents having been murdered by white Rhodesian security forces. Sources outside of ZAPU, however, suggest that many of them were deliberately separated from their refugee parents, who now live in the big U.N. refugee camps on the Zambezi River, 250 miles west of Lusaka. Some U.N. observers feel that Nkomo, intent on war with the new black-ruled government (shortly to be renamed "Zimbabwe"), is raising a whole new generation of guerrilla fighters.

The children's camps, located only 18 miles from the capital, are regarded as ZAPU showcases for foreign visitors. Although the children currently sleep in corrugated-metal dormitories, construction of cooler cinder-block buildings is proceeding apace. Food, medicine and other supplies are donated largely through the U.N., the World Lutheran Federation



9,000 "orphans" ready for guerrilla war.

and the Norwegian Refugee Fund. Paramedics treat an average of 200 children per day in a mud-walled beehive Bantu council hut—mostly for colds and vitamin-deficiency disorders—and a ZAPU doctor visits once a week.

Four thousand boys at the Jason Moyo Camp receive classroom instruction in an open-roofed *zeriba* of woven veldt grass and then practice prolonged military drill with sticks simulating rifles. The 5,000 girls

in the adjoining Victory Camp (fenced off to keep the boys out) study cross-legged on the floor of a metal warehouse and are trained as combat nurses. All the children are fed on thick white mealy porridge, a Bantu staple—"Twice a day when times are good," says a teacher—marching to the white Red Cross mess tents in military phalanx, chanting a two-beat Ndbele cadence count. Supposedly each child will graduate to real military training at the age of 20.

Whether Nkomo's envisioned children's army comes to fruition or not, it has already had the effect of significantly reducing Soviet and Cuban influence in Zambia. Altogether, ZAPU has considerably more soldiers in Zambia than the Zambian army itself. Zambia's president, Kenneth Kaunda, has clearly become concerned that if the Soviet-armed Zimbabwean exiles fail to achieve detente with the forthcoming Zimbabwean black government, then they might very well decide to try a takeover of Zambia itself. In recent months, therefore, he has quietly attempted to stem the influx of Soviet weapons and Cuban advisers into his country.

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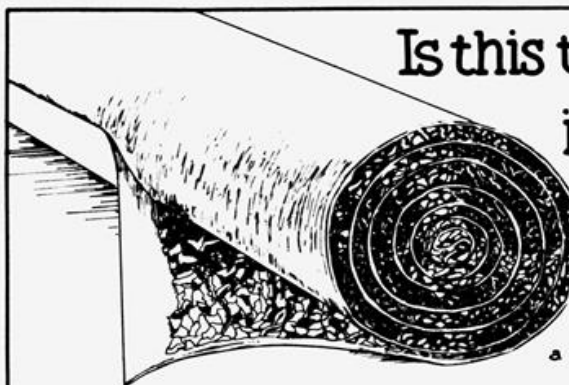
The National Science Foundation has revealed that temperatures at the South Pole this winter were unusually high, soaring to as much as 51 degrees below zero.

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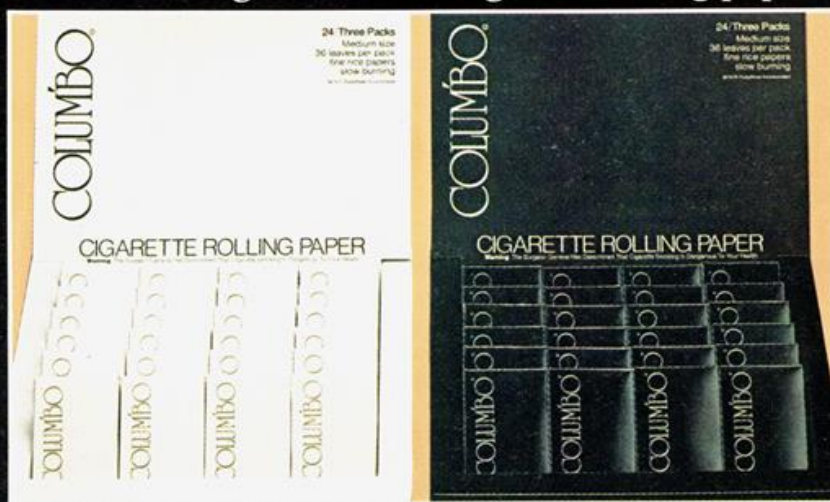
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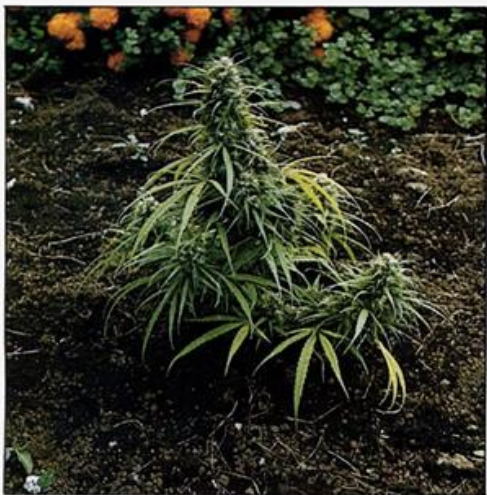
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Here, for your perusal and delight, is a gallery of more runner-up winners in the High Times Dope Photography Sweepstakes. These masterpieces will soon be on permanent display in the Smithsonian Institute, providing they accept them. Otherwise they will be presented to Mitchell's Bar & Grill in one of New York's most fashionable tenement and commercial loft districts.



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Sleep Dope Faces Cancer Ban

Methapyrilene hydrochloride, a key ingredient in most over-the-counter sleeping preparations, is likely to be banned early next year by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration as a possible carcinogen. The drug, which is generally mixed with scopolamine in sleep products like Somnifex, Compoz, Sleep-Eze and Somets, has been shown to produce tumors in lab animals at the National Cancer Institute. It is possible the companies that produce these over-the-counter drugs will continue to do so, replacing methapyrilene with some other antihistamine that induces mild stupor.

In a related action, the FDA is banning advertisements for "daytime" sedatives like Quiet World and Nervine, on the grounds that they could make afternoon drivers become drowsy at the wheel. The manufacturers indicate that they'll change their sales pitch to nighttime use.

Coke Is Better in the Stomach

For thousands of years the Indians of the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes have chewed coca leaves to augment strength and endurance, and some four million of them do so religiously to this day. Yet "civilized" drug experts and recreational users have been convinced throughout this century that coke is destroyed by stomach acids and have preferred to shoot or snort it. Finally, in the April 1978 issue of Science magazine a team of physicians at the Yale University School

of Medicine in New Haven, Connecticut, printed a study proving conclusively that coke in the belly is equally intoxicating—if not more so—as coke in the nose.

Four young male volunteers, all previous coke snorters, were administered cocaine by both routes: direct application of coke solution onto the nasal mucous membranes and, later on, swallowing of a gelatin cap of the same solution and dosage. The volunteers estimated the effects of the subsequent high on a six-point "high" scale, and blood samples were taken repeatedly for four hours after each administration.

When snorted, coke began showing up in the bloodstream about 15 minutes after ingestion. Blood coke levels reached a peak about one hour after ingestion and subsided gradually for two more hours. The subjects typically indicated that the peak of the high itself came at 30 minutes and diminished rapidly afterward.

Eaten, the same dose of coke took 30 minutes to appear in the bloodstream and then mounted rapidly to peak concentration at 50-90 minutes and wore off very gradually over five hours. Peak concentration levels were actually higher with snorting coke, and the effects lasted nearly twice as long. Three out of the four subjects reported that they rated a swallowed high significantly more effective than a snorted high.

The longer delay in waiting for the high was caused, the researchers indicate, by gastric acids in the subjects' stomachs, which ionized the coke but didn't destroy it. The coke was immediately reactivated when it reached the more alkaline parts of the digestive tract. Besides poking some holes in the capsules, it was suggested that a little salt added to the coke might possibly make for a quicker oral high. "Andean Indians may be empirically exploiting this principle," the authors speculated, "when they chew coca leaves with alkaline material to enhance its effects."

Iron-Rich Diets May Be Lethal to Men

Dr. K. Sigvard Olsson of Ostermund Hospital in Uppsala, Sweden, reports the contemporary upsurge of a rare hereditary blood disease in civilized countries may be due to the modern fad for iron-enriched diets. While many women tend to genuinely require iron supplements in their diets, Dr. Olsson is concerned that an overload of iron in men's diets can cause a chronic iron-storage disorder called hemochromatosis; it can be transmitted to the victim's offspring and can cause diabetes, liver disease, impotence, sterility, heart failure and even sudden death. In an aligned study, researchers with the Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation in La Jolla, California, indicated that the disease crops up in men conspicuously more often than in women. ■

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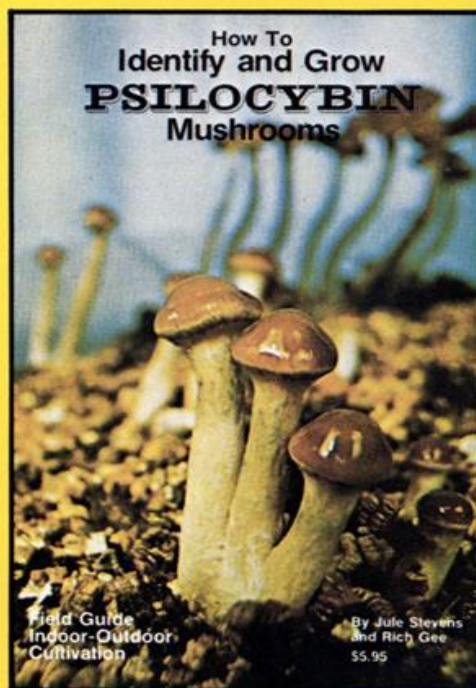
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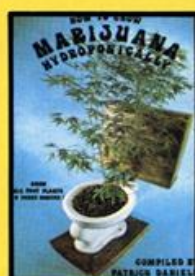
It's now the season for finding psilocybin mushrooms growing in the fields and woods. "How to Identify and Grow Psilocybin Mushrooms", considered by most people to be the most useful book on the subject, contains 30 color photos of psilocybin mushrooms from most parts of the U.S. Jule Stevens and Rich Gee have spent years perfecting the best and easiest methods for growing mushrooms in your home year around. In the back there is a catalog for ordering all growing supplies. You'll enjoy reading this book as well as the beautiful color and black and white photos.



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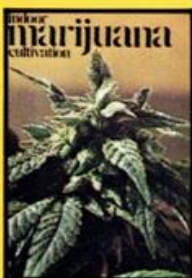
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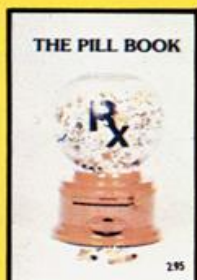
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Maui Farmers Can't Halt Copter Searches

A group of farmers from the Hawaiian island of Maui have lost their legal bid to prohibit narcotics agents from flying over their lands in search of marijuana plots.

The four farmers had brought a class-action suit against federal narcs, charging them with flying their helicopters so slowly and at such low altitudes that they violated the islanders' privacy and endangered their health and safety. Further, they claimed constitutional protection from "blanket searches."

Federal Judge Samuel King dismissed the suit on the grounds that the four did not represent all Maui residents, some of whom did not approve of growing pot on the island. King said he might have allowed the suit if the farmers had "defined the class as all those who grow marijuana illegally."

Grass-Therapy Research Stalls in Red Tape

Research into the usefulness of marijuana in the medical treatment of nausea, glaucoma and other maladies is proceeding at a snail's pace, many doctors complain, because of legal complexities brought about by federal agencies and the American Medical Association (AMA). "A lot of researchers have given up," reveals Dr. Thomas Ungerleider of UCLA. "It's just too damn hard to get authorization."

A fundamental problem is posed by the statutory registration of grass as a Schedule One controlled substance, the same classification as heroin. By legal definition, a Schedule One drug supposedly has no therapeutic properties in medicine and can't be dispensed or even researched except under stringent federal guidelines. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) last spring recommended that grass be redesignated as a Schedule Two drug, such as amphetamine or phenobarbital, so that research on it could proceed more quickly. Yet the AMA is staunchly holding out against any such move: in an exercise of purest Catch-22 logic, the AMA contends that no Schedule One drug can legally be shifted to Schedule Two unless there is already reason to believe, at the time of the rescheduling, that it has valid therapeutic properties. So until marijuana

research "proves" that the herb is helpful as medicine, it can't be placed in a legal category where extensive research can be done on it in the first place.

Despite this petty legal maneuvering in Washington, bills to permit medical research on grass have found surprisingly easy passage through several state legislatures (see "Reefer Reform," page 35 this issue).

One cogent reason for this unexpected development may be the incontrovertible fact that while no conventional antiemetic drug has been found effective in alleviating the nausea brought on by most cancer drugs, marijuana in scores of cases has proven to be a virtual godsend. After Judge Don Work of Imperial County Superior Court in California lost a son to leukemia last year, he had occasion to rule



Pot as medicine: snagged by a federal Catch 22.

in the case of a 21-year-old youth who had refused to undergo further cancer treatments, after sustaining repeated chemotherapy nausea attacks for up to ten days at a stretch. Judge Work ruled that the county sheriff was henceforth obliged to supply the boy with "as much as he wanted" of grass from the county evidence bin.

Judge Work's ruling, however, is bound to come under fire from officials at the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), which customarily supplies all clinical marijuana researchers with grass grown at its Mississippi farm.

This summer the FDA actually requested state legislatures to resist passing further marijuana-therapy bills, on the grounds that research restrictions on Schedule One drugs simply wouldn't permit such widespread experimentation with grass.

Florida Lifts Fume-Sniffing Ban

A Florida law that made it a crime to inhale fumes of chemical substances for "intoxication, elation, excitement or dulling of the nervous system" has been struck down by that state's supreme court. Under the law, the court said, people would be forbidden to inhale things such as tobacco smoke, perfume and nasal sprays. The justices wrote that the law was unconstitutional because "a man of common intelligence cannot be expected to discern what activity the statute is seeking to proscribe." ■

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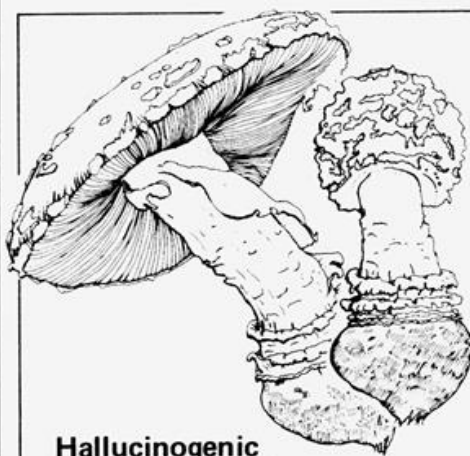
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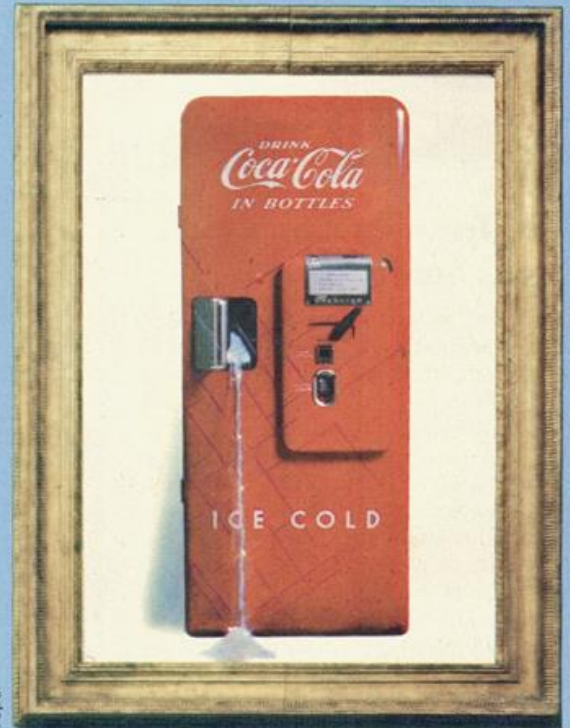
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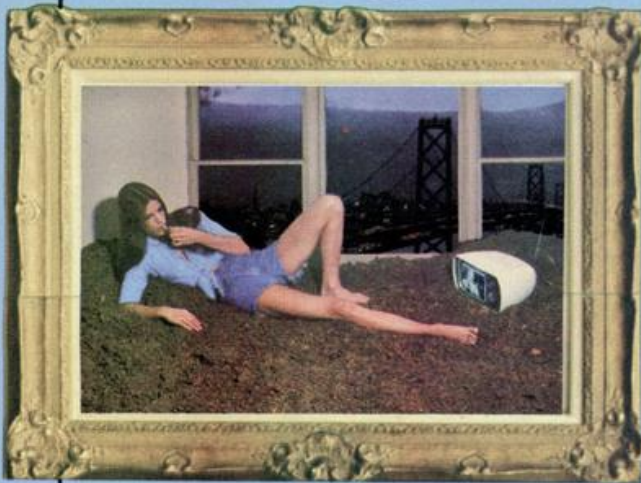
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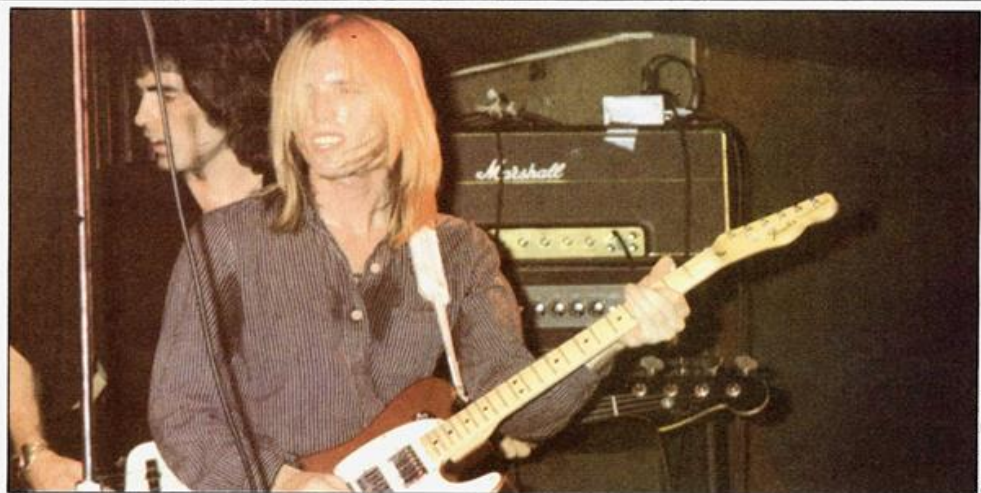


Tom Robinson likes to give the clenched-fist, power-to-the-people salute as often as possible but finds it hard to play guitar that way.

Pinko Punk Tom Robinson Denounces Pot Oppression

"Yer best mate getting sent down for possessing one joint of marijuana—it's everyday life for rock fans, for everyone who hasn't got a cushy job or rich parents," says agitprop punk Tom Robinson, who did the smash single "2-4-6-8 Motorway." "I got no illusions about the political left any more than the right: just a shrewd idea which of the two sides gonna stomp on us first. All of us—you, me, rock 'n' rollers, punks, longhairs, dope smokers, squatters, students, unmarried mothers, prisoners, gays, the jobless, immigrants, gypsies... I support causes I don't even know exist."

The Tom Robinson Band was top-billed group for the recent Anti-Nazi Carnival in England—also featuring the Clash, Steel Pulse and X-Ray Spex—for which 80,000 marched on Trafalgar Square to Victoria Park on London's East End. The parade route was lined with thousands of police, but the only outbreak of violence was shouts from a few National Front thugs littering the area. "The National Front is the nearest thing we have in Britain to a Nazi party. Their leaders are all ex-Nazis. Luckily, we have pictures of



Tom Petty with bass guitarist Ron Blair: what you get is what you sweat.

Petty Cashes In

"Screw the lasers and the smoke bombs. What does that have to do with rock 'n' roll?" asks Tom "American Girl" Petty, lead singer and guitarist for The Heartbreakers (not to be confused with the new-wave Heartbreakers led by ex-New York Doll Johnny Thunders). He understands the magic formula for hot rock in the '70s: a blend of sex, dope, booze and electric guitars.

"I like to play real loud—even had a destruct button built into the circuits of my guitar. It's a Telecaster with special pickups. When I hit the switch, it overdrives the signal by about 20. It's pretty wild." Although Petty believes in the advanced technology of today's studio, his credo is to create music "without any trapeze acts or any of that bullshit," just amps and guitars.

"I don't have cocktail parties at my sessions either. A bunch of junkies would be more okay because at least they would shut up and leave us alone to create. I'd rather make records than party any day. There's a whole lot of this West Coast sauna-studio shit happening. They're all loaded with whirlpool baths, steam rooms and automatic jack-off machines. It ain't got nothing to do with rock 'n' roll. 'Maybe I'll meet Stevie Nicks at the Jacuzzi'—it's all jive bullshit."

Petty, who is part Cherokee, pulls no punches on his new album *You're Gonna Get It* (ABC DA-52029). His rock vision is stripped of pretensions and put-ons, especially in the album's anthem to jukebox love, "Baby's a Rock and Roller." There's an abundance of guitar tracks crammed into the album's mix, with smoking dual lead solos (à la early Dead and Allman Brothers) between Petty and Mike Cleaveland. Petty's vocals slip easily into the strained upper registers, sometimes sounding like a '70s Dylan or Roger McGuinn, with the backing vocals harmonically stacked like the early Byrds.

—Charlie Frick

"Rock 'n' rollers, punks, longhairs, dope smokers, squatters, students, unmarried mothers, prisoners, gays, the jobless, immigrants, gypsies... I support causes I don't even know exist."

the leaders on file—in brown shirts with swastikas. They're putting up the front of being a respectable political party."

The Anti-Nazi Carnival was organized by Rock against Racism and the Anti-Nazi League. Rock against Racism, a grass-roots movement of rock fans, street bands and bands like the Clash, the ex-Sex Pistols, Generation X, Sham 69 and the Robinson Band itself, was started in reaction to the National Front and to such outrages as Eric Clapton supporting racist politician Enoch Powell ("Enock Powell's the man for me; there are too many foreigners in our country") and David Bowie saying "Hitler was the first superstar; he really did it right."

The Tom Robinson Band mixes hard-driving punk powerchords with working-class boozin' tunes. The lyrics are a culture-shock throwback to the Colonies' revolutionary rock era of the '60s. Titles like "Up against the Wall," "Ain't Gonna Take It," "Better Decide Which Side You're On." The debut double album *Power in the Darkness* (Harvest/Capitol STB-11778) features Robinson's Ray Davies-esque vocals (Davies still owns 10 percent of protégé Tom), drummer Brian "Dolphin" Taylor wielding two drumsticks in each hand with machine-gun blasts, Danny Kustow slashing violently on lead guitar and Mark Ambler's flashy keyboards (since the album, Ambler has

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been replaced by jazz-influenced Nick Plytas). "Sing If You're Glad to Be Gay" is the only outright reference to Robinson's much-ballyhooed homosexual preference; and for those sick of political rhetoric there's the thrills-on-the-road songs, "Grey Cortina" and "2-4-6-8 Motorway."

Robinson picked Sex Pistols producer Chris Thomas to produce the album because he believes the Pistols were the most important band since the Beatles. "By the standards up until the Beatles, the Beatles were shit," says Robinson. "The Pistols had their fingers right on the pulse of a time. They took a totally nihilistic stance. They helped redefine musical values, which must be constantly redefined for the music to stay alive." Johnny Lydon (nee Rotten) recently returned the compliment by coming up to Robinson, hissing "Never give in" and then puking on the carpet.

—Harry Wasserman

Lucky Stiffs

Jake Riviera's Stiff Records is a small but ambitious British company willing to produce guys like Elvis Costello and Ian Dury, who were considered by the rest of the record industry to be just a bunch of freaks, outcasts, degenerates, sleazoids, social retards, welfare-space cases, the unemployable, men who during a different age would have become hippie radicals.

"The Jesus of Cool," Nick Lowe, top-notch rock producer and former bass guitarist for the now-defunct pub-rock band Brinsley Schwarz, is the driving force behind Stiff, the producer of Elvis Costello's *My Aim Is True* (Columbia JC 35037) and *This Year's Model* (Columbia JC 35331), Ian Dury's *New Boots and Panties!* (Arista STF0002), the *Stiffs Live* anthology (Arista STF0001) and Lowe's debut album as lead singer, *Pure Pop for Now People* (Columbia JC 35329), titled *Jesus of Cool* in England.

Lowe's production is sparse but crisp; his songs on *Pure Pop*, like those of his protégé, get in quick, shoot their wad, then pull out fast. Wham, bam, thank you ma'am—nothing over 2½ minutes. "Rock 'n' roll is no work of art—it's trash music," says Lowe.

Elvis Costello is proud he's socially fucked up. He can't keep a girl friend, can't fuck right so she likes it; it took him years to make it—till he dressed like Buddy Holly, changed his name to Elvis, broke up with Bud Abbott, copped Graham Parker's vocal style and producer; so he's bitter, but like Dylan he directs his blue-balled anger not all at his girl friend, not just at women in general, but at society, government, the radio.

Ian Dury was crippled by polio as a little kid, so now his right side is limp; but he can still get it up if his bawdy reverie is to be believed. Because of his ragtag

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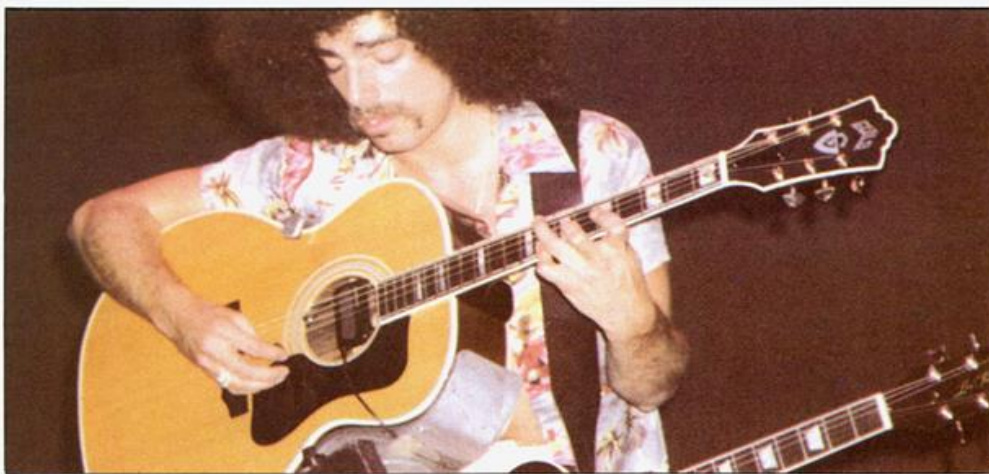
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Journey guitarist Neal Schon picked up this technique when he was a switch-hitter for Santana.

Elvis Costello is proud that he's fucked up, can't keep a girl friend, can't fuck so she likes it—but he directs his hostility at the government.

apparel Ian's been called "the shopping-bag lady of rock 'n' roll." While throwing clothespins and making dirty motions with luridly colored scarves, he croaks risqué burlesque ditties backed by Clap-tonesque guitar work, reggae-offbeat drums and plenty of music-hall piano. His theme song is "Sex and Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll"—and what else is there in life?

—Harry Wasserman

Frisco Hard-Rock Band Journey Donates Bucks to End POTHibition

Besides sex, the only thing that keeps most rock bands on the road is plenty of dope. But even in today's turned-on society, it's still very rare for a successful rock band to publicly declare that they are potheads and that they support the decriminalization of marijuana. Journey, San Francisco's favorite psychedelic sci-fi hard-rock band, whose latest album *Infinity* (Columbia JC 34912) has just turned platinum, recently donated the entire proceeds of a concert at Bill Graham's Winterland to NORML and other Bay Area pro-pot organizations.

"There were all these people and organizations trying to get the band to play for them, but we felt that there was only one cause that we felt strong enough about and that was the marijuana-legalization efforts of NORML and a couple of local Frisco-based groups," explains Herbie Herbert, Journey's powerhouse man of affairs. "We contacted Keith Stroup, director of NORML, and told him that we wanted to set up the premiere live performance of the *Infinity* music and the debut of Steve Perry as Journey's new lead singer for the benefit of NORML and for all our fans who smoke pot.

"So the concert was set up at Winterland, and we wound up making the largest single contribution any rock band has ever made to NORML—\$7,000. At first we thought that the money would go to a local effort—a black congressman, William Brown, was pushing a bill that would have decriminalized the growing of three pot plants per person. But when the parquat thing broke in the press, we felt that it was a much more crucial situation that the money could be used for. It was much more immediate, too, 'cause the kids who were our fans were having their lungs and bodies damaged by government efforts."

Journey is a '70s incarnation of the spirit and energy that was the great Bay Area hard-rock sound of a decade ago. Keyboard specialist Greg Rolie and string picker Neil Schon were half of the instrumental core of Santana's first four albums. Bassist Ross Valory graduated from the middle period of the Steve Miller Band. Percussionist par excellence Ainsley Dunbar left a position with Bowie's Spiders to return to the Frisco area and connect to a scene he left when he split Zappa's *Hot Rats*-era Mothers. As a quartet Journey made three highly accomplished instrumental albums in the sci-fi/jazz/rock genre.

Vocalist and composer Steve Perry joined the band during the sessions for their fourth album, *Infinity*. Though Perry credits Sam Cooke as a major vocal inspiration, his delivery tends to lean toward the ethereal English presence of Daltry with the Who or Plant with Led Zeppelin. The talents of producer Roy Thomas Baker, the studio magician who took Queen to the top of the charts, added the final musical step in Journey's journey to hard-rock heaven and to the pantheon of anti-POTHibition crusaders.

—Charlie Frick

(continued on page 121)



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Roberta Bayley

David Johansen uses slugs to ride the subway, and he'll slug anyone who tries to stop him.

Johansen: Funky but Chic

1977-78 is the time rock historians will remember as the comeback of the major early influences in punk rock. Iggy Pop did *The Idiot* and *Lust for Life*, and Lou Reed did *Street Hassle*. The albums were good, but the artists, feeling they already made their statements earlier and careful not to repeat themselves, changed directions and did different things that lacked the power and drive of earlier discs.

But David Johansen, former lead singer of the legendary New York Dolls, on his new solo album *David Johansen* (Blue Sky JZ 34926) carries on the drive, energy, persona and ingenuity that got the Dolls voted by one rock magazine's readers' poll as number-one "Best New Group" and number-one "Worst New Group" in the same year but dyes those qualities in a cleaner, funkier sound.

Being a major influence and transcending all the bullshit that entails, especially when you've been out of commission for a while, is hard, but putting out a commercial album that is high-strung, fun to dance to and not forgetful of its white-noise roots in the uncompromising fashion of the Dolls is even harder.

Yet Johansen has done just that, using old friends from Staten Island, guitarists Johnny Rao and Tommy Trask, bassist Buz Verno and Lou Reed's current producer Richard Robinson. The record sounds like the New York Dolls—if they cleaned up on health foods and fresh air for about a year. In other words, uplifting without losing that hard-rock edge.

With songs like "Funky but Chic," a hopping dance tune, Johansen proves he can rock without falling over the edge, and with "Girls" he proves he still can go over the edge. The album's most touching yet funny song, and most demonstrative of David's versatile style of rock 'n' roll, is "Frenchette." It starts with a nice clean piano riff and slowly builds with just the right pacing into a hard-rocking crescendo, David singing, "So let's just dance, so let's just dance, so let's just dance." Guaranteed, like the rest of David Johansen's *David Johansen*, to get even the most lead-footed drone hopping.

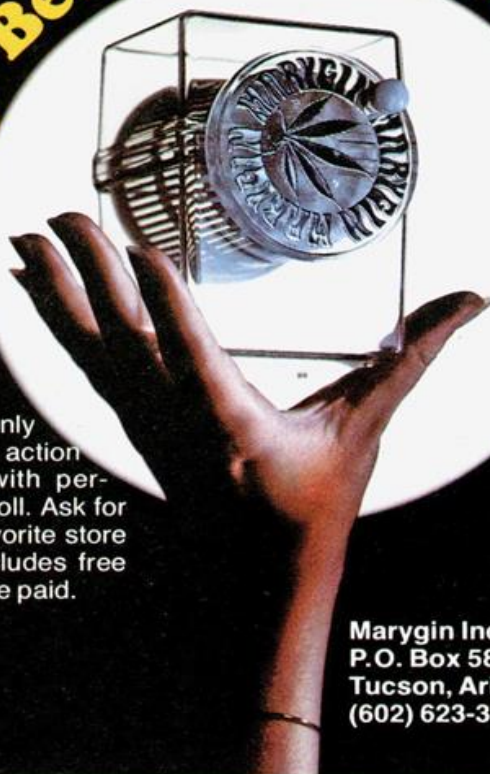
—Legs McNeil

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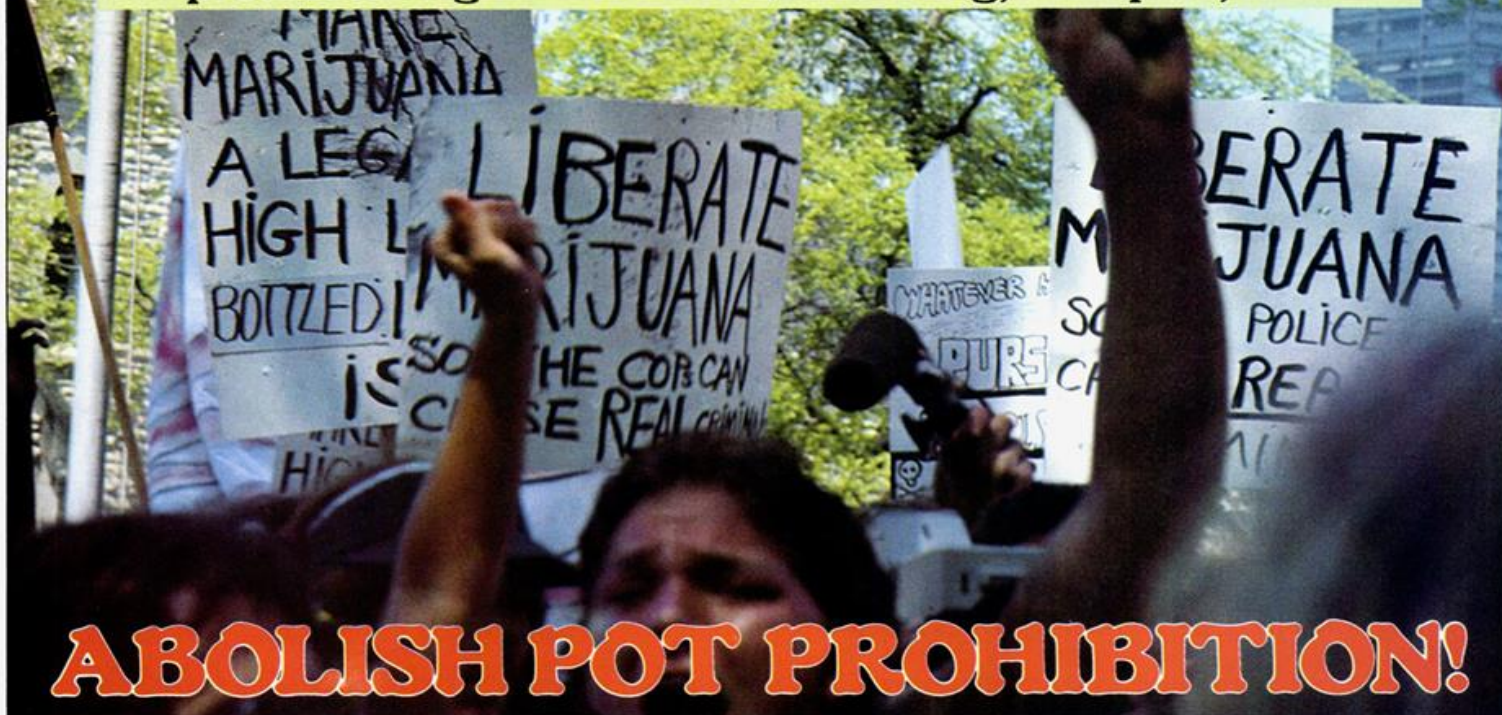
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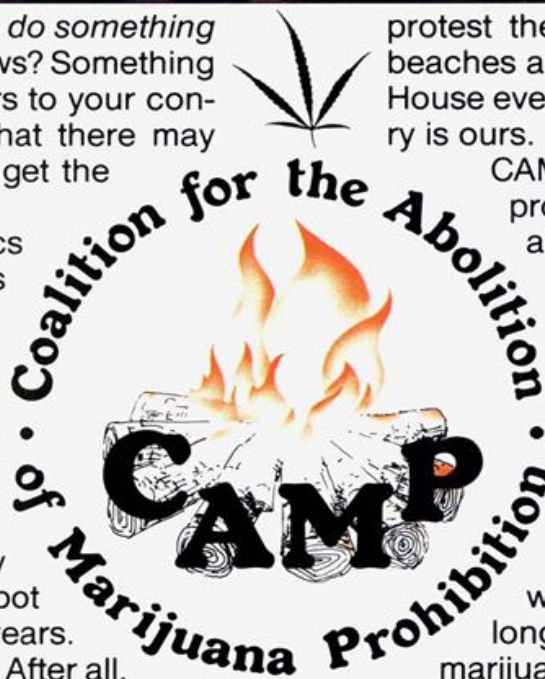
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Goebbels's Final Days

FINAL ENTRIES 1945: THE DIARIES OF JOSEPH GOEBBELS, edited by Hugh Trevor-Roper (New York: G. P. Putnam's, \$14.95).

Goebbels was the archetypal mediocrat. Communication, persuasion, art, entertainment, information—these pretensions had nothing to do with his propaganda, which embraced all German media and most aspects of national culture from 1933 to 1945 and aimed only at the "total political structuring of the will of the German nation." In this Goebbels succeeded, for he was a cynical master of mass psychology and knew exactly which buttons to push to achieve any desired result—including, finally, the "will" to fight to self-destruction.

Like any successful magazine, for example, Nazi Germany was thoroughly orchestrated, edited and art directed to caress the readers' identities, tickle their little anxieties and motivate them to buy the products advertised therein. The self-styled "intellectual" of the Third Reich, this Pavlov of public opinion set down some of his media theories in *The Goebbels Diaries*, edited by Louis Lochner in 1949, to which the *Final Entries* now form a bizarre appendix.

There is precious little in the way of Goebbels's practical media theory or practice herein, however; in fact, the reader requires considerable prior knowledge of it to fully appreciate the excruciating boredom of the present volume, mildly relieved by Sir Hugh's astute and graceful intro. (Indeed, as with the memoirs of Caesar, Napoleon and Nixon, the unrelieved, pompous monotony of our hero's narrative is the best guarantee of its authenticity.)

Goebbels and Hitler viewed their long and flagitious careers as an overture to the

As with Caesar, Napoleon and Nixon, the unrelieved monotony of Goebbels's memoirs guarantees their authenticity.

"Gottterdammerung" they staged in and around the Führerbunker in 1945; while they spoke of a continuance of Nazi ideology, the egotistical force of their own death wish was such that they saw in their inexorably approaching demises the ultimate swan song of Western civilization. Hence there was no need for Goebbels, in these final exhortations, to lecture non-existent acolytes on methods of effective suasion; instead, he meditates on Frederick the Great, plots to win the war at the last minute and gloats over the "successful" Nazi revolution against the British Empire and bourgeois democracy.

The media pro gives way to the guru as Goebbels constructs the last justification of his life and times. History, he believed, would adore him. Thus, *Final Entries* is a sort of interminable monologue-meditation on history and politics while the



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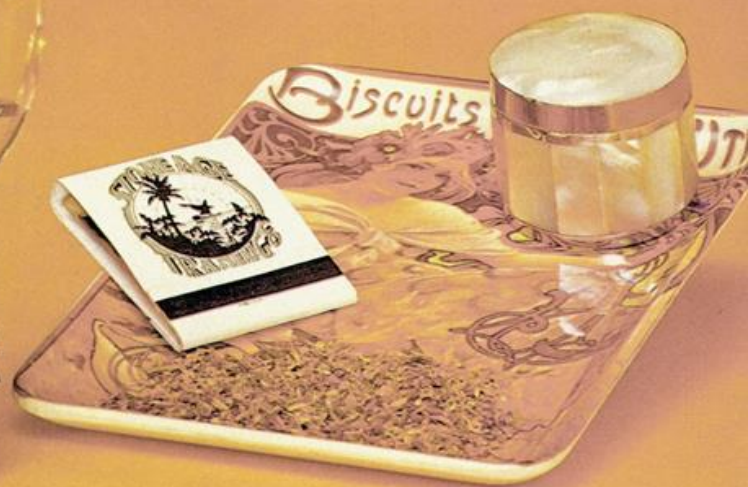
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bombs are falling. Unfortunately, Dr. Goebbels understood little of either; and while the Gerry Rafshoons of today might dream longingly of the total artistic freedom once enjoyed by this primal PR man, his ideas have little application to the realities of media manipulation today. With the possible exception of Bill Graham, that is.

—Eric Kibble

HERBS OF ECUADOR, by Alan White (ZIKR Publications, distributed by Libri Mundi, Juan Leon Mera 851, Casilla 3029, Quito, Ecuador, 1.80 sucre). The Ecuadorean sierra is renowned for the luxuriance of its plant life, a profusion that makes a compendium like this useful far beyond Riobamba. Ecuador has been one of the continent's main sources of medicines

HERBS OF ECUADOR

by Alan White

and intoxicants since far back in the Indian past, and plants like sarsaparilla (an early syphilis remedy) and quinine (for malaria) helped save the Spanish ass from jungle rot after the conquest.

Though neither a botanist nor a doctor, White's collection is useful for two reasons. One, it's in both English and Spanish. Two, he learned from the primary sources, the *curanderas* and vendor women who gather, dry and sell the herbs in open-air markets like the Santa Clara del Sur in Quito. In fact, White credits the book's genesis to Mariana, a local nurse who led him tramping through the mud on collecting expeditions and imbued him with her love and reverence for the greenery.

You'll find it in this book, whether you're looking for fresh chilca leaves to stop the bleeding from a bandito-inflicted knife wound or for an exotic tranquilizer like sauco or ñachag (Spanish needles or swamp beggars tick) to uncoke you for the afternoon siesta. Drawings are adequate, although not everything is illustrated, and the old faithfuls like opium poppy, marihuana, San Pedro cactus and ayahuasca are truthfully described, as well as those less well known north of the equator.

—Gary Stimeling

JAMAICA: BABYLON ON A THIN WIRE, by Adrian Boot and Michael Thomas (New York: Schocken, \$6.95).



Jamaican kids go into the ganja trade to earn a buck, and they'd do anything to get a chance to cut a record for just \$10, even giving up their royalties like Jimmy Cliff did in *The Harder They Come*. The rude boys carry around portable radios glued to their ears thinking they can be another Bob Marley while carrying



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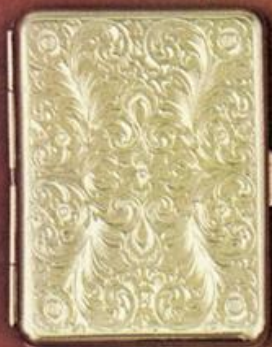
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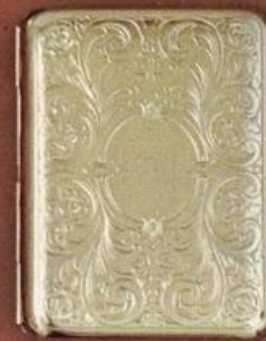
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knives and machetes in their back pockets. Outlawism is a way of life in West Kingston, which remains "a bomb-site landscape of live garbage and boxwood and unlikely greenery," says author Boot. No wonder, then, that "God gave man a little herb to feed his meditation," sayeth the Rastas.

Jamaica: Babylon on a Thin Wire is a welcome addition to author Stephen Davis's and photographer Peter Simon's definitive *Reggae Bloodlines*. Adrian Boot's sharp narrative compellingly portrays the country's upheaval (the book's title means that Jamaica is threatening to come apart at the seams in its struggle to cope with postcolonial adolescence), while Michael Thomas's arresting photographs capture the struggle and beauty of Jamaica's inhabitants and landscapes. The book is an engaging study of a culture most of us only know through its lush smoke and sensual music.

—Bob Grossweiner

THE ANNOTATED FRANKENSTEIN, by Mary Shelley, edited by Leonard Wolf (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, \$14.95).

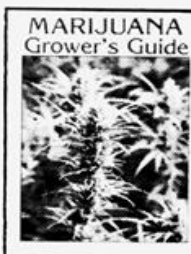
Mary Shelley was an 18-year-old blonde who'd been listening all night long to husband Percy Shelley and Lord Byron swapping horror stories halfway up a stormy Alp one night in 1816. She shrieked awake from a nightmare later and sat right down to scribble off *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus* over the next six months.

She was in a condition of perpetual crawling horror all through it, too, being pregnant by Shelley. Pregnancy was a wrenching anxiety in Mary's case: her mother had survived Mary's birth for one long excruciating fortnight, having the infected afterbirth futilely peeled out through her cervix with surgical forceps. Every time Mary was got up with child in her life—five times in eight years—she went through an exceptionally Gothic kind of hell. Thus *Frankenstein's* pervasive atmosphere of gloom and dread, implacable cold, immemorial ice, gnawing physical pain and the monumental hatred of the doomed creature for the man who inseminated it with Life.

Mary and Percy first trysted on her mother's tombstone; and when his drowned body washed up on the Italian strand in 1822, she had to go through hell to retrieve his half-cremated heart from his fans. After that she stayed largely continent the rest of her life, except for a heartbreaking fling at Washington Irving. And this is only a *scintilla* of the sentimental fascination to be gleaned from the notes in this gorgeous illustrated book. If you've got 15 bucks to spare, this is well worth a lid of Colombian.

—Dean Latimer

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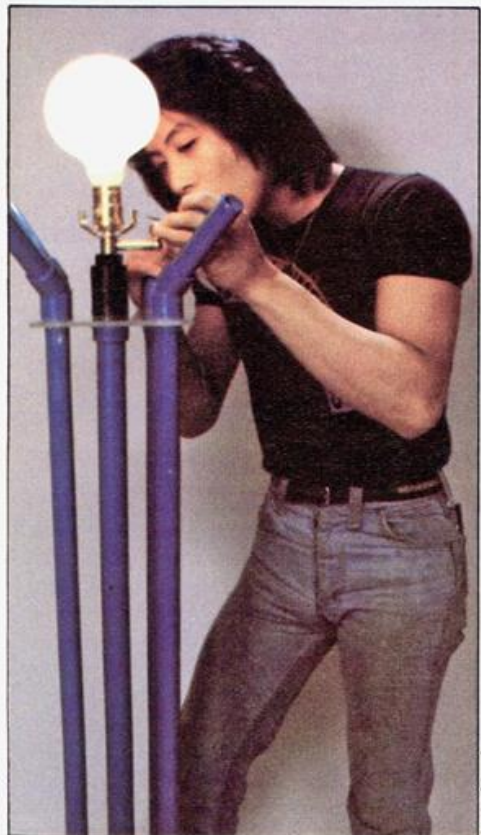
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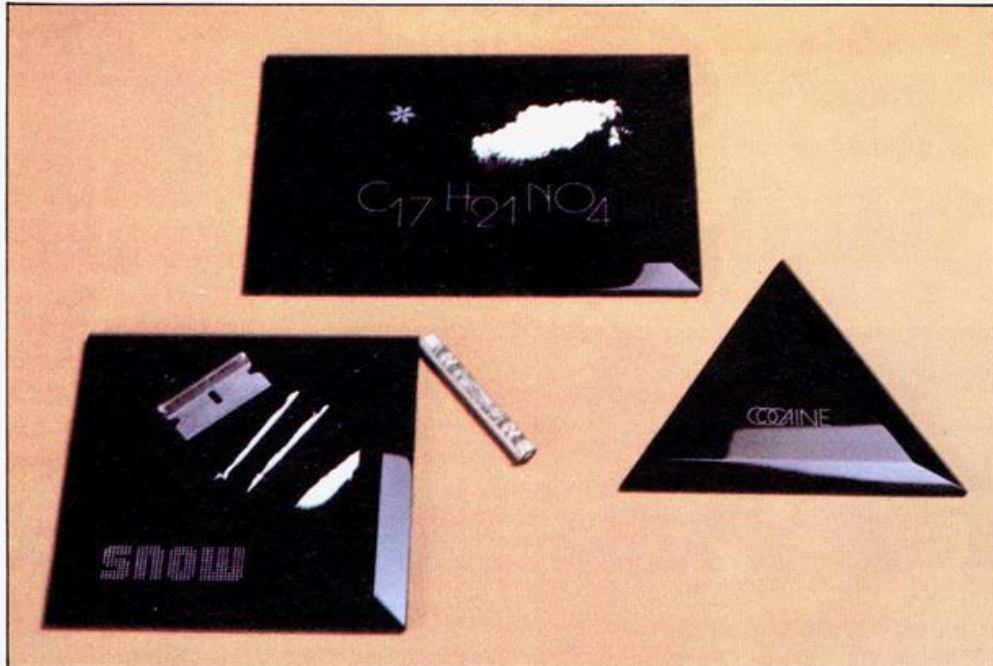
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black velvet, just right for highlighting powdery white controlled substances. Each comes embellished with a design (formula, \$15; "snow," \$12.50; "cocaine," \$10). Order from Spacific Designs, Box 341, Fairfax, California 94930.



Jack Abraham

Cosmic Craps

If there are casinos on Mars, you can bet that they're playing Cosmic Wimpout there. The dice game for heads is played with five dice embellished with cosmic symbols and numbers; the object of the

game is to accumulate points by rolling designated combinations. No mercy is shown to "wimps," and the game can be played by two to six players. Cosmic Wimpout is perfect for the semi-high and comatose alike. A \$5 diversion from Cosmic Wimpout, Inc., P.O. Box 345, Allston, Massachusetts 02134.

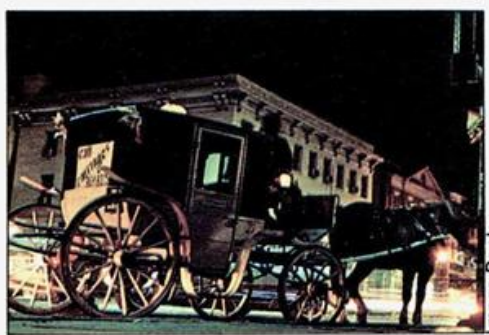


Image Bank

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, send it to the Flash editor. ☐



Christopher Makos

Gives Great Ed

Feature Editor Ed Dwyer, author of "I Was a Dope-Crazed Sex Fiend" on p. 68, assures us that his aphrodisiacal essay is absolutely the *last* word on the subject. "My research into the aphrodisiacs of the world was concluded some three years ago. I am no longer in the business of traveling the globe to taste weird screw brews, and I do not accept offers to dabble with homemade concoctions. At present, I have all I desire: my '48 woodie, my Connecticut farmhouse and my blue hair."

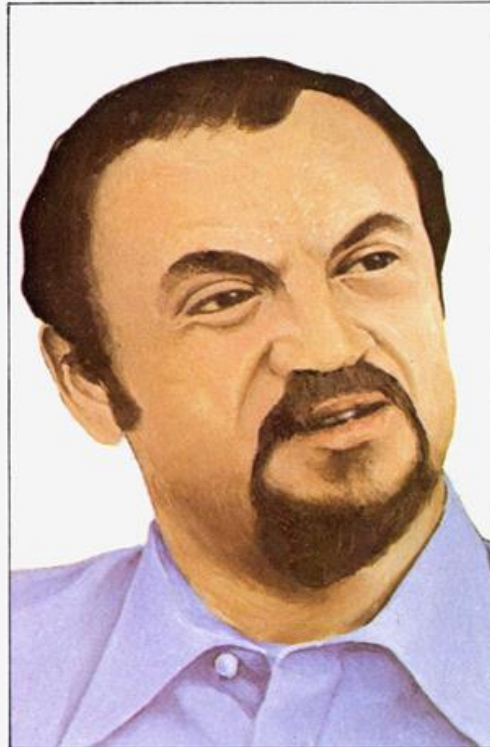


Gangster of Hate

We reached Catherine Guinness—she wrote "Why I Hate My Boyfriend"—at her home in London. "It's drifting to a close," she reports, "the scale is tipping too much toward hate." Possessing an M.A. in philosophy from the University of Dublin, Guinness is European editor of Andy Warhol's Interview. She has taught fencing in Ireland's Abbey Theater and contributed articles to Britain's Deluxe magazine. As for future love/hate, Guinness would like to "get down to real men with chains, not just leather queens."

Ladies Man

Mel Frank, author of "A Harvest-Time Exclusive!," is one of the world's leading experts on marijuana cultivation. With Ed Rosenthal he wrote Level Press's best-selling *Indoor/Outdoor Marijuana Grower's Guide* (335,000 copies in print) and the even more deluxe *Marijuana Grower's Guide* (And/Or Press)—both volumes indispensable assets for the professional or amateur pot farmer. Frank lives pseudonymously in Berkeley, photographing wild (and some not-so-wild) flowers and losing his royalties to Rosenthal in poker.



George Janoff

Wanted by the KGB

Like Alexandr Solzhenitsyn, Andrei Sakharov and other leading Soviet dissidents, Russian-born Yuri Brokhin—author of "Dope in Russia"—has risked the violent displeasure of the world's mightiest, most secretive dictatorship to tell the world the truth about the communist "utopia." In his 1975 book *Hustling on Gorky Street: Sex and Crime in Russia Today*, Brokhin gave the West its first authentic look at the hustlers, prostitutes, rogues, black marketeers, gamblers and dope smugglers in the Worker's Paradise. His latest Random House book, *The Big Red Machine*, shows how the Kremlin junta cynically breeds and trains athletes to lead a privileged life as examples of socialist superiority. This month Brokhin breaks another KGB taboo in *High Times* by reporting on the thriving dope scene that's challenging the puritanical Soviet social code—and risking its life to get high. Brokhin now lives in the United States and is writing another book on sports. ☐



Earl Hokenes

TRY 3000 R.P.M.'S!

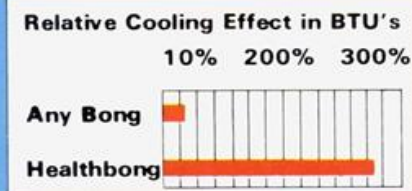
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